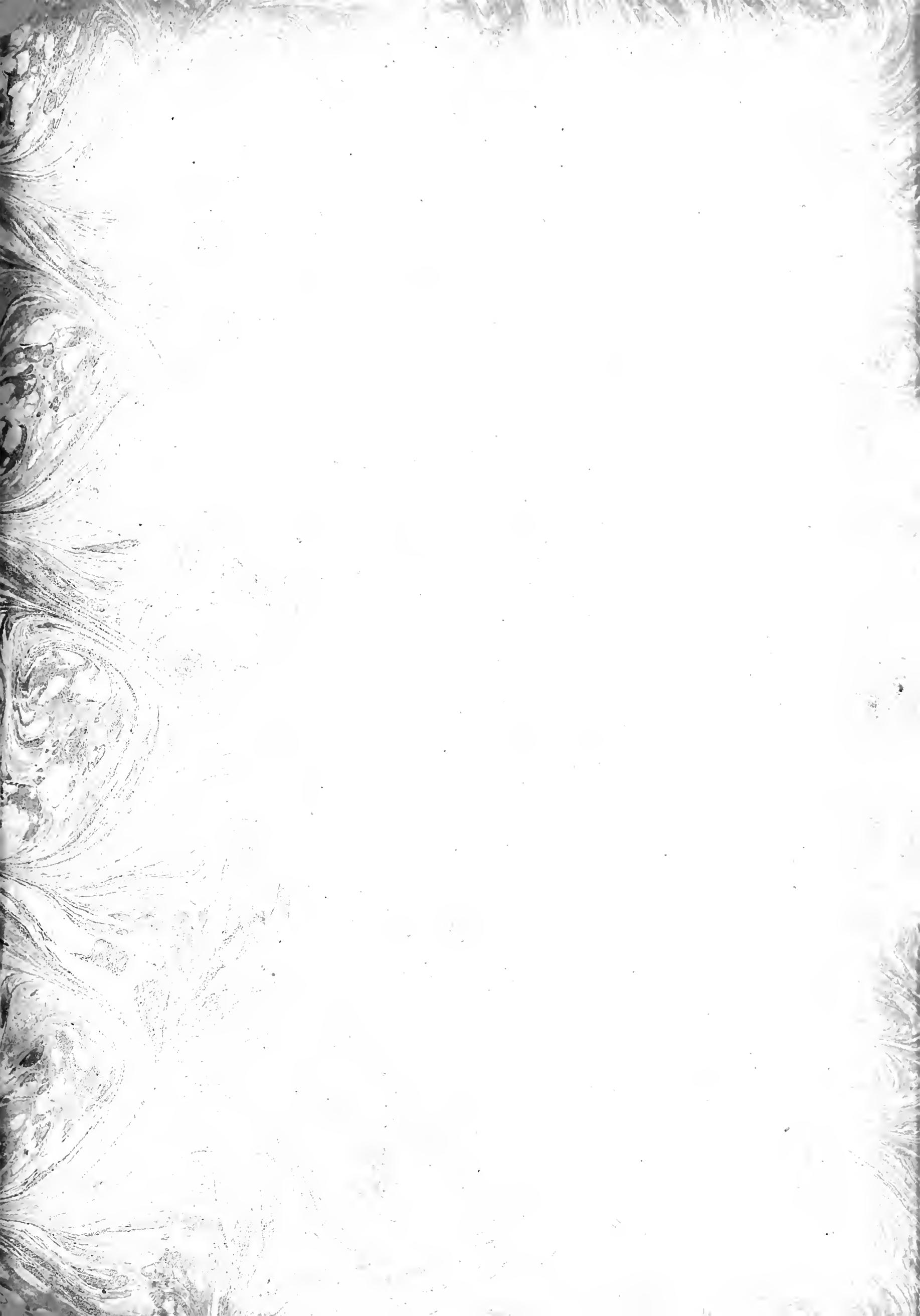




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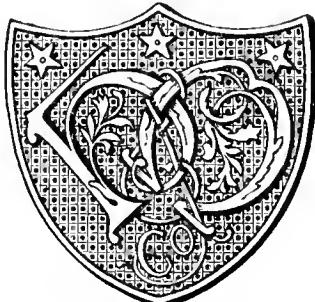
ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH

POPULAR BALLADS

EDITED BY

FRANCIS JAMES CHILD

PART III

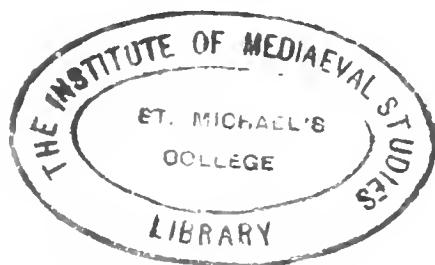


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THE CHERRY-TREE CAROL

A. **a.** 'Joseph was an old man,' Sandys, Christmas Carols, p. 123. **b.** Sandys, Christmastide, p. 241.

B. **a.** 'The Cherry-Tree Carol,' Husk, Songs of the Nativity, p. 59. **b.** Hone's Ancient Mysteries, p. 90. **c.** 'The Cherry-Tree Carol,' Sylvester, A Garland of Christmas Carols, p. 45. **d.** 'The Cherry-Tree,' Birmingham chap-book, of about 1843, in B. Harris Cowper's Apocryphal Gospels, p. xxxviii.

C. 'The Cherry-Tree Carol,' Bramley and Stainer, Christmas Carols, p. 60.

D. Notes and Queries, Fourth Series, XII, 461.

THE proper story of this highly popular carol is derived from the Pseudo-Matthew's gospel, chapter xx; Tischendorf, *Evangelia Apocrypha*, p. 82; Thilo, *Codex Apocryphus Novi Testamenti, Historia de Nativitate Mariae et de Infantia Salvatoris*, p. 395. What succeeds, after **A** 9, **B** 8, **C** 7, **D** 6, is probably founded on the angel's words to the shepherds in Luke ii, and on Jesus's predictions in the authentic gospels. This latter portion is sometimes printed as an independent carol, under the title of 'Joseph and the Angel.'*

On the third day of the flight into Egypt, Mary, feeling the heat to be oppressive, tells Joseph that she will rest for a while under a palm-tree. Joseph helps her to light from her beast, and Mary, looking up from under the tree, and seeing it full of fruit, asks for some. Joseph somewhat testily expresses his surprise that she should think of such a thing, considering the height of the tree: he is much more concerned to get a supply of water. Then Jesus, sitting on his mother's lap, bids the palm to bow down and refresh his mother with its fruit. The palm instantly bends its top to Mary's feet.

The truly popular carol would be sure to adapt the fruit to its own soil. In English the tree is always a cherry. We have the story also in the fifteenth of the Coventry

Mysteries, ed. Halliwell, p. 146 (not omitting Joseph's quip in **A** 5, etc.), with the addition of a little more miracle: for it is not the season for cherries, and Mary's wish is anticipated by the tree's blooming before she has uttered it. In Catalan and Provençal the tree is an apple. On the way from Bethlehem to Nazareth, Mary and Joseph come upon a gardener who is climbing an apple-tree, and Mary asks for an apple. He politely gives her leave to pluck for herself. Joseph, who this time has not been disobliging, tries, but the branches go up; Mary tries, and the branches come to her: † Milá, *Romancerillo*, p. 3, No 4. Also p. 63, No 55, where again Joseph is *molt felló*, very crusty; further, Briz, III, 228; Arbaud, *Chants populaires de la Provence*, 'Lou premier Miracle,' I, 23, and 'La Fuito en Egypto,' II, 237 f. In other legendary ballads, not so entirely popular, the palm-tree is preserved: Meinert, p. 262; Böhme, p. 628, No 523 = Weinhold, *Weihnachtsspiele*, p. 385; Lexer, *Kärntisches Wörterbuch*, p. 310; Feifalik, *Die Kindheit Jesu*, pp 101, 106 = Pailler, *Weihnachtlieder aus Oberösterreich*, No 314, p 338 f; Pailler, p. 332, No 310; Hoffmann, *Horæ Belgicæ*, Part Ten, p. 59; Alberdingk Thijm, I, 212. In Schmitz, *Sitten und Sagen des Eifler Volkes*, I, 116, and Pailler, as above, No 311, we have a fig-tree.

* A copy of the Cherry-Tree carol in *The Guardian*, Dec. 27, 1871, is partly compiled "from several ancient sources," and partly composed by the contributor: see *Notes and Queries*, Fourth Series, X, 73.

Some of these are very imperfect, or have even lost chief points in the story.

There are many narratives of the childhood of Jesus, based on the apocryphal gospels, in which this legend must needs be found: as,

Cursor Mundi, ed. Morris, II, 668 f, v. 11,657 ff; Horstmann, Altenglische Legenden, 1875, p. 6, 1878, pp 102, 112; Stephens, Fornsvenskt Legendarium, p. 71; Pitré, Canti popolari siciliani, II, 333.*

A

a. Sandys, Christmas Carols, p. 123, West of England.
b. Sandys, Christmastide, p. 241.

1 JOSEPH was an old man,
and an old man was he,
When he wedded Mary,
in the land of Galilee.

2 Joseph and Mary walked
through an orchard good,
Where was cherries and berries,
so red as any blood.

3 Joseph and Mary walked
through an orchard green,
Where was berries and cherries,
. as thick as might be seen.

4 O then bespake Mary,
so meek and so mild :
'Pluck me one cherry, Joseph,
for I am with child.'

5 O then bespake Joseph,
with words most unkind :
'Let him pluck thee a cherry
that brought thee with child.'

6 O then bespake the babe,
within his mother's womb :

' Bow down then the tallest tree,
for my mother to have some.'

7 Then bowed down the highest tree
unto his mother's hand ;
Then she cried, See, Joseph,
I have cherries at command.

8 O then bespake Joseph :
' I have done Mary wrong ;
But cheer up, my dearest,
and be not cast down.'

9 Then Mary plucked a cherry,
as red as the blood,
Then Mary went home
with her heavy load.

10 Then Mary took her babe,
and sat him on her knee,
Saying, My dear son, tell me
what this world will be.

11 'O I shall be as dead, mother,
as the stones in the wall ;
O the stones in the streets, mother,
shall mourn for me all.'

12 'Upon Easter-day, mother,
my uprising shall be ;
O the sun and the moon, mother,
shall both rise with me.'

B

a. Husk, Songs of the Nativity, p. 59, from a Worcester broadside of the last century. b. Hone's Ancient Mysterics, p. 90, from various copies. c. Sylvester, A Garland of Christmas Carols, p. 45. d. Birmingham chap-book, of about 1843, in B. Harris Cowper's Apocryphal Gospels, p. xxxviii.

1 JOSEPH was an old man,
and an old man was he,
And he married Mary,
the Queen of Galilee.

2 When Joseph was married,
and Mary home had brought,

* Liber de Infantia Mariæ et Christi Salvatoris, O. Schade, 1869, p. 38 f, follows almost word for word the Pseudo-Matthew. In note 234 the editor points out passages

where the story occurs in Hróthsvítha, and other mediæval poetry. See, also, Schade, Narrationes de vita et conversatione beatae Mariae Virginis, 1870, pp 16, 24.

Mary proved with child,
and Joseph knew it not.

3 Joseph and Mary walked
through a garden gay,
Where the cherries they grew
upon every tree.

4 O then bespoke Mary,
with words both meek and mild :
'O gather me cherries, Joseph,
they run so in my mind.'

5 And then replied Joseph,
with words so unkind :
'Let him gather thee cherries
that got thee with child.'

6 O then bespoke our Saviour,
all in his mother's womb :
'Bow down, good cherry-tree,
to my mother's hand.'

7 The uppermost sprig
bowed down to Mary's knee :
'Thus you may see, Joseph,
these cherries are for me.'

8 'O eat your cherries, Mary,
O eat your cherries now ;
O eat your cherries, Mary,
that grow upon the bough.'

9 As Joseph was a walking,
he heard an angel sing :
'This night shall be born
our heavenly king.'

10 'He neither shall be born
in housen nor in hall,
Nor in the place of Paradise,
but in an ox's stall.

11 'He neither shall be clothed
in purple nor in pall,
But all in fair linen,
as were babies all.'

12 'He neither shall be rocked
in silver nor in gold,
But in a wooden cradle,
that rocks on the mould.'

13 'He neither shall be christened
in white wine nor red,
But with fair spring water,
with which we were christened.'

14 Then Mary took her young son,
and set him on her knee :
'I pray thee now, dear child,
tell how this world shall be.'

15 'O I shall be as dead, mother,
as the stones in the wall ;
O the stones in the street, mother,
shall mourn for me all.'

16 'And upon a Wednesday
my vow I will make,
And upon Good Friday
my death I will take.'

17 'Upon Easter-day, mother,
my rising shall be ;
O the sun and the moon
shall arise with me.'

18 'The people shall rejoice,
and the birds they shall sing,
To see the uprising
of the heavenly king.'

C

Bramley and Stainer, Christmas Carols, p. 60.

1 JOSEPH was an old man,
an old man was he,
He married sweet Mary,
the Queen of Galilee.

2 As they went a walking
in the garden so gay,
Maid Mary spied cherries,
hanging over yon tree.

3 Mary said to Joseph,
with her sweet lips so mild,

1 'Pluck those cherries, Joseph,
for to give to my child.'

4 O then replied Joseph,
with words so unkind,
'I will pluck no cherries
for to give to thy child.'

5 Mary said to cherry-tree,
'Bow down to my knee,
That I may pluck cherries,
by one, two, and three.'

6 The uppermost sprig then
bowed down to her knee :
'Thus you may see, Joseph,
these cherries are for me.'

7 'O eat your cherries, Mary,
O eat your cherries now,
O eat your cherries, Mary,
that grow upon the bough.'

8 As Joseph was a walking
he heard angels sing,
'This night there shall be born
our heavenly king.'

9 'He neither shall be born
in house nor in hall,

Nor in the place of Paradise,
but in an ox-stall.

10 'He shall not be clothed
in purple nor pall,
But all in fair linen,
as wear babies all.'

11 'He shall not be rocked
in silver nor gold,
But in a wooden cradle,
that rocks on the mould.'

12 'He neither shall be christened
in milk nor in wine,
But in pure spring-well water,
fresh sprung from Bethine.'

13 Mary took her baby,
she dressed him so sweet ;
She laid him in a manger,
all there for to sleep.

14 As she stood over him
she heard angels sing,
'Oh bless our dear Saviour,
our heavenly king.'

D

Notes and Queries, Fourth Series, XII, 461 ; taken from
the mouth of a wandering gypsy girl in Berkshire.

1 O JOSEPH was an old man,
and an old man was he,
And he married Mary,
from the land of Galilee.

2 Oft after he married her,
how warm he were abroad,
.

3 Then Mary and Joseph
walkd down to the gardens cool ;
Then Mary spied a cherry,
as red as any blood.

4 'Brother Joseph, pluck the cherry,
for I am with child :'
'Let him pluck the cherry, Mary,
as is father to the child.'

5 Then our blessed Saviour spoke,
from his mother's womb :
'Mary shall have cherries,
and Joseph shall have none.'

6 From the high bough the cherry-tree
bowd down to Mary's knee ;
Then Mary pluckt the cherry,
by one, two, and three.

7 They went a little further,
and heard a great din :
'God bless our sweet Saviour,
our heaven's love in.'

8 Our Saviour was not rocked
in silver or in gold,
But in a wooden cradle,
like other babes all.

9 Our Saviour was not christend
in white wine or red,
But in some spring water,
like other babes all.

A. b. 2. When Joseph and Mary
walked in the garden good,
There was cherries and berries,
as red as the blood.

And she shall gather cherries,
by one, by two, by three:
Now you may see, Joseph,
those cherries were for me.

3 is wanting.
4³. some cherries. 5². so unkind.
5³. the cherries.
6¹, 2. bespoke Jesus in.
6⁴. that my mother may.
7¹, 2. tallest tree, it bent to Mary's.
After 8 :

Then Joseph and Mary
did to Bethlehem go,
And with travals were weary,
walking to and fro.

They sought for a lodging,
but the inns were filld all,
They, alas ! could not have it,
but in an ox's stall.

But before the next morning
our Saviour was born,
In the month of December,
Christmas Day in the morn.

9-12 are wanting.

B. b. 2². and his cousin Mary got.
2⁴. by whom Joseph knew not.
3¹. As Joseph. 3². the garden.
4³. Gather me some.
4⁵, 6. Gather me some cherries,
for I am with child.
5¹. O then bespoke. 5². with words most.
6. O then bespoke Jesus,
all in his mother's womb :
Go to the tree, Mary,
and it shall bow down.
7. Go to the tree, Mary,
and it shall bow to thee,
And the highest branch of all
shall bow down to Mary's knee.

13³. with the spring.

15. This world shall be like
the stones in the street,
For the sun and the moon
shall bow down at thy feet.

(my feet in a Warwickshire broadside:
Sylvester.)

17. And upon the third day
my uprising shall be,
And the sun and the moon
shall rise up with me.

18 is wanting.

For 9-13 we have, as a separate carol, in
Chappell's Christmas Carols, edited by Dr
E. F. Rimbault, p. 22, the following
verses, traditional in Somersetshire : *

1 As Joseph was a walking
he heard an angel sing :
' This night shall be the birth-time
of Christ, the heavnly king.'

2 ' He neither shall be born
in housen nor in hall,
Nor in the place of Paradise,
but in an ox's stall.'

3 ' He neither shall be clothed
in purple nor in pall,
But in the fair white linen
that usen babies all.'

4 ' He neither shall be rocked
in silver nor in gold,'

* The same in Christmas and Christmas Carols [by J. F. Russell], p. 26, with an additional modern-sounding stanza.

But in a wooden manger,
that resteth on the mould.'

5 As Joseph was a walking
there did an angel sing,
And Mary's child at midnight
was born to be our king.

6 Then be ye glad, good people,
this night of all the year,
And light ye up your candles,
for his star it shineth clear.

c. 1³. When he. 2 is omitted.

After 3 :

Joseph and Mary walked
through an orchard good,
Where were cherries and berries,
as red as any blood.

5 is omitted.

6, 7. Go to the tree, Mary,
and it shall bow to thee,
And the highest branch of all
shall bow down to Mary's knee.

Go to the tree, Mary,
and it shall bow to thee,
And you shall gather cherries,
by one, by two, and three.

Then bowed down the highest tree
unto his mother's hand :
See, Mary cried, see, Joseph,
I have cherries at command.

17². my uprising. 17³. moon, mother.

17⁴. shall both rise.

18 is wanting, and is suspiciously modern.

d. 1¹. When Joseph. 1². and wanting.

2¹, 2. When Joseph he had
his cousin Mary got.

2⁴. by whom Joseph knew not.

3¹. As Joseph. 3². the garden gay.

3³, 4. Where cherries were growing
upon every spray.

4³, 4. Gather me some cherries,
for I am with child.

5. Gather me some cherries,
they run so in my mind.

Then bespoke Joseph,
with wordes so unkind,

I will not gather cherries.
Then said Mary, You shall see,
By what will happen,
these cherries were for me.

6¹. Then bespoke Jesus.

6³, 4. Go to the tree, Mary,
and it shall bow down.

7. And the highest branch
shall bow to Mary's knee,
And she shall gather cherries,
by one, two, and three.

8 wanting. 10 wanting.

11³. But in fine.

13¹, 2. He never did require
white wine and bread.

13³. But cold spring. 13 precedes 12.

14³, 4. Come tell me, dear child, how.

15. This world shall be
like the stones in the street,
For the sun and the moon
shall bow down at my feet.

The rest is wanting.

D. 3². to the garden school.

*The first stanza is said to have this variation in
Worcestershire :*

Joseph was a hoary man,
and a hoary man was he.

Notes and Queries, Fourth Series, III, 75.

55

THE CARNAL AND THE CRANE

‘The Carnal and the Crane.’ **a.** Sandys, Christmas Carols, p. 152, Christmastide, p. 246, from a broadside. **b.** Husk, Songs of the Nativity, p. 97, appar-

ently from a Worcester broadside. **c.** Birmingham chap-book, of about 1843, in B. Harris Cowper’s Apocryphal Gospels, p. xli.

MR HUSK, who had access to a remarkably good collection of carols, afterwards unfortunately dispersed, had met with no copy of ‘The Carnal and the Crane’ of earlier date than the middle of the last century. Internal evidence points us much further back. The carol had obviously been transmitted from mouth to mouth before it was fixed in its present incoherent and corrupted form by print.*

The well-informed Crane instructs his catechumen, the Crow, in several matters pertaining to the birth and earliest days of Jesus: the Immaculate Conception; the Nativity; the conference of Herod with the Wise Men, including the miracle of the roasted cock; the Flight into Egypt, with the Adoration of the Beasts and the Instantaneous Harvest; the Massacre of the Innocents. Of the apocryphal incidents, the miracle of the cock, sts 10, 11, has been spoken of under No 22. The adoration of the beasts, sts 15, 16, is derived from the *Historia de Nativitate Mariæ*, etc. (Pseudo-Matthæi *Evangelium*), c. 19, Thilo, p. 394, Tischendorf, p. 81, and is of course frequent in legendaries of the infancy of the Saviour,† but is not remarkable enough to be popular in carols. The miraculous harvest, by which the Holy Family evade Herod’s pursuit, is, on the contrary, a favorite subject with popular poetry, as also, like the bowing of the palm-tree, with pictorial art. I do not know where

and when this pretty and clever legend was invented. In the Greek Gospel of Thomas, ch. 12, Jesus sows one grain of wheat, in the Latin Gospel of Thomas, ch. 10, and ch. 34 of the Pseudo-Matthew, a very little, and reaps an immense crop at harvest time; Tischendorf, pp 143 f, 165 f, 97: but this passage would hardly even suggest the miracle in question.‡ In a Swedish carol, ‘Staffans-Visan,’ reprinted from a recent broadside, in *Dansk Kirketidende*, 1861, cols 35, 36, by Professor George Stephens, and afterwards by Grundtvig, *Danmarks Folkeviser*, III, 882, the legend of the Cock and that of the Sower are combined, as here. The legend of the Sower is followed by that of the Palm-tree, and others, in *La Fuite en Egypte*, Arbaud, *Chants p. de la Provence*, II, 235. Another Provençal version of the Sower is given by Briz, IV, 70; a Catalan at pp 65 and 68, ‘Lo rey Herodes;’ ten Catalan versions by Milá, ‘Herodes,’ Romancerillo, pp 6-9, No 10. To these add: ‘La Fuite en Egypte,’ Poésies p. de la France, MS., I, fol. 226, ‘Le roi Hérode,’ VI, 192; ‘De Vlucht naar Egypten,’ Lootens et Feys, p. 32, No 20, Hoffmann von Fallersleben, *Horæ Belgicæ*, Part Ten, p. 22, No 4; ‘Die Flucht Maria’s,’ Haupt und Schmäler, *Volkslieder der Wenden*, I, 275, No 283; Bezsonof, Kalyeki Pere-khozhie, II, 116, No 319. The legend of the Sower occurs also in *Le Geu des Trois Roys*,

* Carnal, *cornicula*, *corneille*, might be thought to have been long obsolete from the word not occurring in ordinary dictionaries, if in any: but it is hazardous to build conclusions on the omissions of dictionaries.

† As, Horstmann, *Altenglische Legenden*, 1875, p. 4, 1878, pp 101, 112; *Cursor Mundi*, 11,629 ff, Morris, II, 660; *Fornsvenskt Legendarium*, p. 71; *Feifalik*, *Kindheit Jesu*,

p. 103; Schade, *Liber de Infantia*, etc., p. 38, and note 226; etc.

‡ In *Cursor Mundi*, v. 12,323 ff, II, 707, the sowing is according to the Apocrypha. In Luzel’s *Breton Ballads*, I, 80, the Virgin, to keep a poor widow from killing one of her children to feed two others, makes corn sown at Christmas in early morning ripe before day.

Jubinal, *Mystères inédits du 15^e Siècle*, II, 117–131.

It is ordinarily Mary, and not Jesus, who operates the miracle; in the French mystery

it is perhaps Joseph.* In the Provençal and Catalan ballads the Virgin commonly hides behind a sheaf or a stack, and does not pass on.†

1 As I passd by a river side,
And there as I did reign,
In argument I chanced to hear
A Carnal and a Crane.

2 The Carnal said unto the Crane,
If all the world should turn,
Before we had the Father,
But now we have the Son!

3 'From whence does the Son come,
From where and from what place?'
He said, In a manger,
Between an ox and ass.

4 'I pray thee,' said the Carnal,
'Tell me before thou go,
Was not the mother of Jesus
Conceivd by the Holy Ghost?'

5 She was the purest virgin,
And the cleanest from sin;
She was the handmaid of our Lord
And mother of our king.

6 'Where is the golden cradle
That Christ was rocked in?
Where are the silken sheets
That Jesus was wrapt in?'

7 A manger was the cradle
That Christ was rocked in:
The provender the asses left
So sweetly he slept on.

8 There was a star in the east land,
So bright it did appear,
Into King Herod's chamber,
And where King Herod were.

9 The Wise Men soon espied it,
And told the king on high
A princely babe was born that night
No king could eer destroy.

10 'If this be true,' King Herod said,
'As thou tellest unto me,
This roasted cock that lies in the dish
Shall crow full fences three.'

11 The cock soon freshly featherd was,
By the work of God's own hand,
And then three fences crowed he,
In the dish where he did stand.

12 'Rise up, rise up, you merry men all,
See that you ready be;
All children under two years old
Now slain they all shall be.'

13 Then Jesus, ah, and Joseph,
And Mary, that was so pure,
They travell'd into Egypt,
As you shall find it sure.

14 And when they came to Egypt's land,
Amongst those fierce wild beasts,
Mary, she being weary,
Must needs sit down to rest.

* Joseph stops a moment to speak to the sower, asks the direct road to Egypt, and begs that if any inquiry is made he will say that nobody has passed that way. The sower is not punctilious, and answers, *Je le feray très volontiers, que je voy bien qu'estez prodoms.* The Swede is scrupulous. When the Virgin says, If anybody asks after us, say that you have seen nobody, he replies, I have promised my God never to tell a lie, "thinking she was only a lady." In the Wendish ballad the Virgin's demand is simply, If the Jews pass, conceal me not, reveal me not.

† In one Provençal version, Arbaud, II, 245 f, Joseph and Mary ask a man at work in the fields to save them from

Herod, and he tells them to hide under mint. The mint depresses its leaves so as to afford no concealment. For this the mint is cursed; though it flower, it shall not seed. The good man then tells them to hide under sage; the sage stretches itself out to cover them. The mint betrays the Virgin in many of the Catalan ballads: She is under the stack! The salvia answers in Milá, C, 'ment la menta y mentirá.' In D parsley is the good plant: the mint is cursed with barrenness as before. In Milá, J, the partridge (one symbol of the devil) sings: *Catxacatatzá! Sota la garbera la Mare de Deu está!* for which its head is cursed, never to be eaten. So Briz, IV, 69.

15 'Come sit thee down,' says Jesus,
 'Come sit thee down by me,
 And thou shalt see how these wild beasts
 Do come and worship me.'

16 First came the lovely lion,
 Which Jesus's grace did bring,
 And of the wild beasts in the field
 The lion shall be king.

17 We 'll choose our virtuous princes
 Of birth and high degree,
 In every sundry nation,
 Wherever we come and see.

18 Then Jesus, ah, and Joseph,
 And Mary, that was unknown,
 They travelled by a husbandman,
 Just while his seed was sown.

19 'God speed thee, man,' said Jesus,
 'Go fetch thy ox and wain,
 And carry home thy corn again
 Which thou this day hast sown.'

20 The husbandman fell on his knees,
 Even upon his face:
 'Long time hast thou been looked for,
 But now thou art come at last.'

21 'And I myself do now believe
 Thy name is Jesus called;
 Redeemer of mankind thou art,
 Though undeserving all.'

22 'The truth, man, thou hast spoken,
 Of it thou mayst be sure,
 For I must lose my precious blood
 For thee and thousands more.'

23 'If any one should come this way,
 And enquire for me alone,
 Tell them that Jesus passed by
 As thou thy seed did sow.'

24 After that there came King Herod,
 With his train so furiously,
 Enquiring of the husbandman
 Whether Jesus passed by.

25 'Why, the truth it must be spoke,
 And the truth it must be known;
 For Jesus passed by this way
 When my seed was sown.'

26 'But now I have it reapeen,
 And some laid on my wain,
 Ready to fetch and carry
 Into my barn again.'

27 'Turn back,' says the captain,
 'Your labor and mine 's in vain;
 It 's full three quarters of a year
 Since he his seed has sown.'

28 So Herod was deceived,
 By the work of God's own hand,
 And further he proceeded
 Into the Holy Land.

29 There 's thousands of children young
 Which for his sake did die;
 Do not forbid those little ones,
 And do not them deny.

30 The truth now I have spoken,
 And the truth now I have shown;
 Even the Blessed Virgin
 She 's now brought forth a son.

a. 8¹. West land. 16². spring; *perhaps a preposition has been dropped.*

b. 1². did rein. 2². Sure all the world will turn.

3¹. Whence does the Son come from.

3². Out of the land of Egypt. 4². goest.

5². all sin. 5³. of the. 7⁴. slept in.

8¹. East land. 9⁴. No prince should.

10². tellest me. 12⁴. Now slaughtered shall be.

13¹. aye and. 13². Egypt land. 13⁴. find most.

14¹. Egypt. 14². Among some.

14³. Mary grown quite.

15³. see that these. 15⁴. Will come.

16². did bring. 16⁴. be king.

17³. every nation of the world.

18¹. aye and. 18². passed by.

18⁴. As he his seed had. 19⁴. hath sown.

20^{3,4}. And made a lowly reverence

To Jesus Christ His grace.

21. Long time thou hast been looked for,
But now thou art come at last;
And I myself do now believe
Thy name is Jesus called.

22³. must shed. 23⁴. seed had sown.
24². train most. 25¹. spoken.
25⁴. As I my seed had sown. 26¹. And now.
26³. The other you see is fit to carry.
26⁴. barns.
27¹. said the Captain of the guard.
29¹. There were.
29². Who for. 29³. these little.

30³. Thus the. 30⁴. Brought forth our Lord the
Son.
c. 1-7. *not given.*

8. There was a star in the west land,
Which shed a cheerful ray
Into King Herod's chamber,
And where King Herod lay.

12⁴. Now shall destroyed be.
21, 22. *not given.*
25⁴. When I my seed had sown.
29, 30. *not given.*

56

DIVES AND LAZARUS

A. 'Dives and Lazarus.' a. Sylvester's Christmas Carols, p. 50. b. Husk, Songs of the Nativity, p. 94.

B. 'Diverus and Lazarus,' F. S. L., in Notes and Queries, Fourth Series, III, 76.

A BALLET "of the Ryche man and poor Lazarus" was licensed to Master John Wallye and Mistress Toye, 19 July, 1557 – 9 July, 1558. W. Pekerynge pays his license for printing "of a ballett, Dyves and Lazarus," 22 July, 1570 – 22 July, 1571. Arber, Registers of the Company of Stationers, I, 76, 436. A fiddler in Fletcher's Monsieur Thomas, printed 1639, says he can sing The merry ballad of Diverus and Lazarus: Act 3, Scene 3, Dyce, VII, 364. The name Diverus is preserved in C, and F. S. L., who contributed this copy to Notes and Queries, had heard only Diverus, never Dives. Dr Rimbault, Notes and Queries, as above, p. 157, had never met with Diverus. Hone cites two stanzas, a 10, b 11, nearly, in his Ancient Mysteries, p. 95, and Sandys the last three stanzas, nearly as in a, in Notes and Queries, p. 157, as above.

A copy in Bramley and Stainer's Christmas Carols, p. 85, seems to have been made up from Sylvester's and another copy. The few variations are probably arbitrary.

The subject could not escape the popular muse: e. g., Socard, *Noëls et Cantiques imprimés à Troyes, Histoire de Lazare et du Mauvais Riche*, p. 118 ff; 'El mal rico,' Milá, Romancerillo, p. 16, No 16, A-F; 'Lazarus,' Des Dülkener Fiedlers Liederbuch, p. 53, No 63; 'Lazar a bohatec,' Sušil, *Moravské Národní Písňě*, p. 19, No 18, Wenzig, *Bibliothek Slavischer Poesien*, p. 114; Bezsonof, Kalyeki Perekhozhie, I, 43–47, Nos 19–27.

There is a very beautiful ballad, in which the Madonna takes the place of Lazarus, in *Roadside Songs of Tuscany*, Francesca Alexander and John Ruskin, 'La Madonna e il Riccone,' p. 82.

A

a. Sylvester, A Garland of Christmas Carols, p. 50, from an old Birmingham broadside. b. Husk, Songs of the Nativity, p. 94, from a Worcestershire broadside of the last century.

- 1 As it fell out upon a day,
Rich Dives he made a feast,
And he invited all his friends,
And gentry of the best.
- 2 Then Lazarus laid him down and down,
And down at Dives' door :
'Some meat, some drink, brother Dives,
Bestow upon the poor.'
- 3 'Thou art none of my brother, Lazarus,
That lies begging at my door;
No meat nor drink will I give thee,
Nor bestow upon the poor.'
- 4 Then Lazarus laid him down and down,
And down at Dives's wall :
'Some meat, some drink, brother Dives,
Or with hunger starve I shall.'
- 5 'Thou art none of my brother, Lazarus,
That lies begging at my wall ;
No meat nor drink will I give thee,
But with hunger starve you shall.'
- 6 Then Lazarus laid him down and down,
And down at Dives's gate :
'Some meat, some drink, brother Dives,
For Jesus Christ his sake.'
- 7 'Thou art none of my brother, Lazarus,
That lies begging at my gate ;
No meat nor drink will I give thee,
For Jesus Christ his sake.'
- 8 Then Dives sent out his merry men,
To whip poor Lazarus away ;

B

From memory, as sung by carol-singers at Christmas, in Worcestershire, at Hagley and Hartlebury, 1829-39 : F. S. L., in Notes and Queries, Fourth Series, III, 76.

- 1 As it fell out upon one day,
Rich Diverus he made a feast,

They had no power to strike a stroke,
But flung their whips away.

- 9 Then Dives sent out his hungry dogs,
To bite him as he lay ;
They had no power to bite at all,
But licked his sores away.
- 10 As it fell out upon a day,
Poor Lazarus sickened and died ;
Then came two angels out of heaven
His soul therein to guide.
- 11 'Rise up, rise up, brother Lazarus,
And go along with me ;
For you've a place prepared in heaven,
To sit on an angel's knee.'
- 12 As it fell out upon a day,
Rich Dives sickened and died ;
Then came two serpents out of hell,
His soul therein to guide.
- 13 'Rise up, rise up, brother Dives,
And go with us to see
A dismal place, prepared in hell,
From which thou canst not flee.'
- 14 Then Dives looked up with his eyes,
And saw poor Lazarus blest :
'Give me one drop of water, brother Lazarus,
To quench my flaming thirst.'
- 15 'Oh had I as many years to abide
As there are blades of grass,
Then there would be an end, but now
Hell's pains will ne'er be past.'
- 16 'Oh was I now but alive again,
The space of one half hour !
Oh that I had my peace secure !
Then the devil should have no power.'

And he invited all his friends,
And gentry of the best.

- 2 And it fell out upon one day,
Poor Lazarus he was so poor,
He came and laid him down and down,
Evn down at Diverus' door.

3 So Lazarus laid him down and down
Even down at Diverus' door :
' Some meat, some drink, brother Diverus,
Do bestow upon the poor.'

4 ' Thou art none of mine, brother Lazarus,
Lying begging at my door :
No meat, no drink will I give thee,
Nor bestow upon the poor.'

5 Then Lazarus laid him down and down,
Even down at Diverus' wall :
' Some meat, some drink, brother Diverus,
Or surely starve I shall.'

6 ' Thou art none of mine, brother Lazarus,
Lying begging at my wall ;
No meat, no drink will I give thee,
And therefore starve thou shall.'

7 Then Lazarus laid him down and down,
Even down at Diverus' gate :
' Some meat, some drink, brother Diverus,
For Jesus Christ his sake.'

8 ' Thou art none of mine, brother Lazarus,
Lying begging at my gate ;
No meat, no drink will I give thee,
For Jesus Christ his sake.'

9 Then Diverus sent out his merry men all,
To whip poor Lazarus away ;
They had not power to whip one whip,
But threw their whips away.

10 Then Diverus sent out his hungry dogs,
To bite poor Lazarus away ;
They had not power to bite one bite,
But licked his sores away.

11 And it fell out upon one day,
Poor Lazarus he sickened and died ;
There came two angels out of heaven,
His soul thereto to guide.

12 ' Rise up, rise up, brother Lazarus,
And come along with me ;
There is a place prepared in heaven,
For to sit upon an angel's knee.'

13 And it fell out upon one day
Rich Diverus he sickened and died ;
There came two serpents out of hell,
His soul thereto to guide.

14 ' Rise up, rise up, brother Diverus,
And come along with me ;
There is a place prepared in hell,
For to sit upon a serpent's knee.'

A. a. 14-16. *There are only these trifling variations in the stanzas cited by Sandys :*

16². of an. 16³. I'd made my peace.
b. 1³. his guests.
7³. I'll give to thee.
8³. But they. 8⁴. And flung.
9³. But they. 9⁴. So licked.
10³. came an angel. 10⁴. there for.
11². come along.
11³. For there's a place in heaven provided.
12³. There came a serpent.
12⁴. there for.

13²⁻⁴. And come along with me,
For there's a place in hell provided
To sit on a serpent's knee.

14¹. lifting his eyes to heaven.
14². And seeing.
15^{3, 4}. Then there would be an ending day,
But in hell I must ever last.
16^{3, 4}. I would make my will and then secure
That the.

B. 13, 14 differ but slightly in Hone :
13¹. As it. 13². Rich Dives. 13⁴. therein.
14¹. Dives. 14³. For you've a place pro-
vided. 14⁴. To sit.

57

BROWN ROBYN'S CONFESSION

Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 110. Motherwell's MS., p. 580.

THE only known version of 'Brown Robyn's Confession' is the one printed in Ballads of the North of Scotland, the copy in Motherwell's MS. having been derived from Buchan.

The ballad, as we have it in English, celebrates a miracle of the Virgin, and is our only example of that extensive class of legends, unless we choose to include 'The Jew's Daughter,' and to take Robin Hood's view of the restoration of his loan, in the fourth Fit of the Little Gest. Of rescues on the sea, by which Mary "vere maris stella indicis evidentissimis comprobatur," we have two in most of the collections of the Virgin's miracles, e. g., Vincent of Beauvais, l. VII, cc 88, 89, Gautier de Coincy, ed. Poquet, pp 515, 605. The deliverance, however, is for honor done to Mary, and *not* for a fair confession.

A fine ballad, very common in Sweden, and preserved by tradition also in Denmark and Norway, has the same story with a tragical termination for the hero, saving a single instance, in which there is also a supernatural interference in his behalf.

Swedish. 'Herr Peders Sjöresa.' A, Afzelius, II, 31, No 36, new ed. No 30, from oral traditions, compared with a printed copy of the date 1787. B, Atterbom's Poetisk Kalender, 1816, p. 52, apparently from Gyllenmärs' Visbok, after which it is given by Bergström, Afzelius, II, 158. C, Arwidsson, II, 5, No 67, one of three closely resembling copies. D, 'Herr Peder,' Wigström, Folkdiktning, I, 43,

No 21. E, Fagerlund, p. 194, No 4. F, G, Aminson, IV, 20, 22.

Norwegian. 'Unge herr Peder pá sjöen,' Landstad, p. 617, No 82.

Danish. A, manuscript of the fifteenth century, in a copy communicated by Professor Grundtvig. B, 'Jon Rimaardssøns Skriftemaal,' Vedel, 1591, It Hundrede udvalde Danske Viser, p. 3, No 2 (Bergström); Danske Viser, II, 220, No 92. C, 'Lodkastningen,' Kristensen, I, 16, No 6. D, 'Sejladsen,' the same, p. 322, No 119.

Swedish C-E, the Norwegian version, Danish C, D, are all from recent oral tradition.

With a partial exception of Danish A, B,* the story of these ballads is this. Sir Peter asks his foster-mother what death he shall die. You are not to die in your bed, she says, and not in fight, but beware of the waves. Peter cares not for the waves, and builds a splendid ship, the hulk and masts of whalebone (elm, Swedish D; walnut, Norwegian, Danish D), the flags of gold (oars, Danish A). Let us drink to-day, while we have ale, says Peter; to-morrow we will sail where gain shall guide. The skipper and helmsman push off, forgetful of God the Father, God's Son, and the Holy Ghost. They sail a year or two on the boiling sea, and when they come where water is deepest the masts begin to go, Swedish A; the ship stops, Swedish C, D, F, Norwegian, Danish A, C, D;† will not mind her helm, Danish B. They cast lots to see who is the

* Danish B begins very like 'Sir Patrick Spens.' A skeely skipper Haagen eyes the sky and tells his master that any one who sails to-day will never come back alive, etc.

† In Danish A the ship is stopped by a sea-troll that lay on the bottom. The helmsman crying out, Why does not the ship sail? the troll replies, You have a sinful man among you; throw him over. It certainly looks officious of a heathen

troll to be arresting sinners. See also 'Germand Gladensvend,' Grundtvig, No 33, and the corresponding 'Sætrölls kvaði,' Íslenzk fornkvæði, No 5.

Hysmine is selected by lot and thrown over, in a storm, "according to sailor's custom," in the Greek romance of Hysmine and Hysminias, VII, 12, 15.

Serpents (någas) stop a ship in mid ocean and demand that

sinner ; the skipper and captain do this while Peter is in his cabin sleeping,* in Swedish D, Norwegian, Danish C, D. The lot falls on Peter. He makes his shrift, since there is no priest, before the mast (which, with the yard, forms a cross), Swedish A, B, Norwegian, Danish B, C ; before an oar, on which Our Lord stands written, Danish A. "Churches have I plundered, and convents have I burned, and stained the honor of many a noble maid. I have roamed the woods and done both robbery and murder, and many an honest peasant's son buried alive in the earth :" Swedish A. He then says his last words, Danish C, D, and nearly all.

'If any of you should get back to land,
And my foster-mother ask for me,
Tell her I'm serving in the king's court,
And living right merrily.'

'If any of you should get back to land,
And my true-love ask for me,
Bid her to marry another man,
For I am under the sea.' †

In Swedish C, D, Danish C, they throw Peter over, on the larboard in the first, and the ship resumes her course ; in Swedish D, F, he wraps a cloak round him and jumps in himself ; in Swedish A the ship goes down.

a certain holy man whose instructions they desire shall be delivered to them ; when the holy man has thrown himself in, the vessel is free to move : Burnouf, *Introduction à l'Histoire du Buddhisme indien*, p. 316 f. (Rambaud, *La Russie Épique*, pp 175 f, 178 f.)

* A resemblance to Jonah, but a circumstance not unlikely to be found in any such story. In Danish C, Kristensen, I, 16, after the skipper and steersman have informed Peter that he is to be thrown overboard, they suggest the confession which he elsewhere makes unprompted. So Joshua to Achan, Joshua vii, 19, and Saul to Jonathan, 1 Samuel xiv, 43, in a similar emergency.

† These touching verses, which are of a kind found elsewhere in ballads (see 'The Twa Brothers,' I, 436 f), are preceded by a vow in Swedish A, and the same vow ends Swedish E :

'And if God would but help me,
That I might come to some land,
So surely would I build a church
All on the snow-white sand.'

'And if I might but come to some town,
And God would so much stead,
So surely would I build a church,
And roof it over with lead.'

In Danish B Jon Rimaardssøn binds three bags about him, saying, He shall never die poor that will bury my body.‡ It was a sad sight to see when he made a cross on the blue wave, and so took the wild path that lay to the sea's deep bottom. Sir Peter, in Danish A, made this cross and was ready to take this path ; but when he reached the water the wild sea turned to green earth.

Sir Peter took horse, the ship held her course,
So glad they coasted the strand ;
And very glad was his true-love too
That he had come to land.§

No explanation is offered of this marvel. In the light of the Scottish ballad, we should suppose that Sir Peter's deliverance in Danish A was all for the fair confession he made upon the sea.||

Saxo relates that, in the earlier part of Thorkill's marvellous voyage, the crews of his three ships, when reduced almost to starving, coming upon an island well stocked with herds, would not heed the warning of their commander, that if they took more than sufficed to mitigate their immediate sufferings they might be estopped from proceeding by the local divinities, but loaded the vessels with carcasses. During the night which followed,

Slavic examples of these affecting messages are found in Roger, No 141, p. 80 = Konopka, No 14, p. 114 ; Woicicki, Pieski, I, 76, II, 328, W. z Oleska, p. 507, No 27 ; Zegota Pauli, P. I. polskiego, p. 97, No 9, Lipiński, p. 90, No 47 ; Kolberg, No 16, pp 196-205, c, d, 1, m, p, s, x ; Kozłowski, p. 43, No 8 ; Sakarof, Pyesni, IV, 8. See also 'Mary Hamilton,' further on.

‡ Lord Howard throws Sir Andrew Barton's body over the hatchbord into the sea,

And about his middle three hundred crowns ;
'Wherever thou land, this will bury thee !'

§ Herrc Peder han red, og skibet det skred,
De fulgte så glade hit strand ;
Så glad da var hans fæstemæ
At han var kommen til land.

|| The importance of confession for the soul's welfare is recognized by Jon Rimaardssøn.

'Now would I render thanks for his grace
To bountiful Christ in heaven,
For in great peril my soul had been
Had I gone hence unshrunken.'

the ships were beset by a crowd of monsters, the biggest of whom advanced into the water, armed with a huge club, and called out to the seafarers that they would not be allowed to sail off till they had expiated the offence they had committed by delivering up one man for each ship. Thorkill, for the general safety, surrendered three men, selected by lot, after which they had a good wind and sailed on. Book VIII; p. 161, ed. 1644.

King Half on his way home from a warlike expedition encountered so violent a storm that his ship was nigh to foundering. A resolution was taken that lots should be cast to determine who should jump overboard. But no lots were needed, says the saga (implying, by the way, that a vicarious atonement was sufficient), for the men vied with one another who should go overboard for his comrade. *Fornaldar Sögur*, Rafn, II, 37 f.*

A very pretty Little-Russian *duma*, or ballad, also shows the efficacy of confession in such a crisis: 'The Storm on the Black Sea,' Maksimovitch, Songs of Ukraine, p. 14, Moscow, 1834, p. 48, Kief, 1849; translated by Bodenstedt, Die poetische Ukraine, p. 118. The Cossack flotilla has been divided by a storm on the Black Sea, and two portions of it have gone to wreck. In the third sails the hetman. He walks his deck in sombre composure, and says to the sailors, Some offence has been done, and this makes the sea so wild: confess then your sins to God, to the Black Sea, and to me your hetman; the guilty man shall die, and the fleet of the Cossacks not perish. The Cossacks stand silent, for no one knows who is guilty, when lo, Alexis, son of the priest of Piriatin, steps forth and says, Let me be the sacrifice; bind a cloth round my eyes, a stone about my neck, and throw me in; so shall the fleet of the Cossacks not perish. The men are astounded: how can a heavy sin be resting on Alexis, who reads them the sacred books, whose example has kept them

from wickedness! Alexis left home, he says, without asking his father's and mother's blessing, and with an angry threat against his brother; he wrenched the last crust of bread from his neighbors; he rode along the street wantonly spurning the breasts of women and the foreheads of children; he passed churches without uncovering, without crossing himself: and now he must die for his sins. As he makes this shrift the storm begins to abate; to the amazement of the Cossacks, the fleet is saved, and not one man drowned.

The rich merchant Sadko, the very entertaining hero of several Russian popular epics, is nowhere more entertaining than when, during one of his voyages, his ship comes to a stop in the sea. He thinks he has run upon a rock or sand-bank, and tries to push off, but the vessel is immovable. Twelve years we have been sailing, says Sadko, and never paid tribute to the king of the sea. A box of gold is thrown in as a peace-offering, but floats like a duck. It is clear that the sea-king wants no toll; he requires a man. Every man is ordered to make a lot from pine-wood and write his name on it. These lots are thrown into the sea. Every one of them swims like a duck but Sadko's, and his goes down like a stone. That is not the proper wood for a lot, says Sadko: make lots of fir-wood. Fir lots are tried: Sadko's goes down like a stone, the rest swim like ducks. Fir is not right, either; alder, oak, are tried with the same result. We are quite wrong, says Sadko; we must take cypress, for cypress was the wood of the cross. They try cypress, and still Sadko's lot sinks, while all the others float. I am the man, says Sadko. He orders his men to get for him an oblation of silver, gold, and pearls, and with this, taking an image of St Nicholas in one hand and his gusli in the other, commits himself to the sea, and goes down like a stone. But not to drown. It was quite worth his while for the rare adventures that followed.†

* Cited by Dr Prior, Ancient Danish Ballads, II, 227, as also Saxo.

† Rybnikof, Pěsni, III, 241-48, No 41, reprinted in Kiryeevski, V, 34-41. Other versions in Rybnikof, I, 363-80, Nos 61-64, III, 248 f, No 42; Hilferding, Onezhskiya By-

liny, No 70, coll 384-99, No 146, coll 738-40, No 174, coll 877-80; Kirsha Danilof, ed. Kalaidovitch, 1878, No 26, pp 182-87, Kiryeevski, V, 47-55, and No 44, pp 234-39, Kiryeevski, V, 41-47. (I owe this note to Dr Theodor Vetter.) There is much variety in the details, as might be expected.

The casting of lots to find out the guilty man who causes trouble to a ship occurs in William Guiseman, Kinloch's Ancient Scottish Ballads, p. 156, Kinloch MSS, V, 43, a copy, improved by tradition, of the "lament" in 'William Grismond's Downfal,' a broadside of 1650, which is transcribed among the Percy papers, from Ballard's collection.

Captain Glen is thrown overboard without a lot, on the accusation of the boatswain, and

with the happiest effect; broadside in the Roxburghe collection, Logan's Pedlar's Pack, p. 47, Kinloch MSS, V, 278.

Translated by Gerhard, p. 66, Knortz, L. u. R. Altenglands, p. 155, No 40. Swedish A by the Howitts, Literature and Romance of Northern Europe, I, 276; Danish B by Prior, II, 227.

- 1 It fell upon a Wodensday
Brown Robyn's men went to sea,
But they saw neither moon nor sun,
Nor starlight wi their ee.
- 2 'We 'll cast kevels us amang,
See wha the unhappy man may be ;'
The kevel fell on Brown Robyn,
The master-man was he.
- 3 'It is nae wonder,' said Brown Robyn,
'Altho I dinna thrive,
For wi my mither I had twa bairns,
And wi my sister five.
- 4 'But tie me to a plank o wude,
And throw me in the sea ;
And if I sink, ye may bid me sink,
But if I swim, just lat me bee.'
- 5 They 've tyed him to a plank o wude,
And thrown him in the sea ;

He didna sink, tho they bade him sink ;
He swimd, and they bade lat him bee.

- 6 He hadna been into the sea
An hour but barely three,
Till by it came Our Blessed Lady,
Her dear young son her wi.
- 7 'Will ye gang to your men again,
Or will ye gang wi me ?
Will ye gang to the high heavens,
Wi my dear son and me ?'

- 8 'I winna gang to my men again,
For they would be feared at mee ;
But I woud gang to the high heavens,
Wi thy dear son and thee.'

- 9 'It's for nae honour ye did to me, Brown Robyn,
It's for nae guid ye did to mee ;
But a' is for your fair confession
You 've made upon the sea.'

4^a. if I sink.

In Kirsha Danilof, No 44, Sadko's lot is a feather, the others of cork. He whose lot floats is a righteous soul; he whose lot sinks is to be thrown overboard. All the lots swim like

ducks but Sadko's. Now make lots out of twigs, says Sadko, and he whose lot sinks is a righteous soul. Sadko's lot is some forty pounds of metal, and his the only one that floats.

58

SIR PATRICK SPENS

A. a. 'Sir Patrick Spence,' Percy's Reliques, 1765, I, 71. b. 'Sir Andrew Wood,' Herd's Scots Songs, 1769, p. 243. 11 stanzas.

B. 'Sir Patrick Spence,' Herd's MSS, II, 27, I, 49. 16 stanzas.

C. 'Sir Patrick Spens,' Motherwell's MS., p. 493. 20 stanzas.

D. 'Sir Andro Wood,' Motherwell's MS., p. 496. 8 stanzas.

E. 'Young Patrick,' Motherwell's MS., p. 348. 16 stanzas.

F. 'Skipper Patrick,' Motherwell's MS., p. 153. 14 stanzas.

G. 'Sir Patrick Spence,' Jamieson's Popular Ballads, I, 157. 17 stanzas.

H. 'Sir Patrick Spens,' Scott's Minstrelsy, III, 64, ed. 1803. 29 stanzas.

I. 'Sir Patrick Spens,' Buchan's Ballads of the North

of Scotland, I, 1; Motherwell's MS., p. 550. 29 stanzas.

J. 'Sir Patrick Spens,' Harris MS., fol. 4. 24 stanzas.

K. 'Sir Patrick Spens,' communicated by Mr Murison. 14 stanzas.

L. 'Sir Patrick,' Motherwell's Note-Book, p. 6, Motherwell's MS., p. 156. 5 stanzas.

M. Buchan's Gleanings, p. 196. 4 stanzas.

N. 'Earl Patricke Spensse,' Dr J. Robertson's Adversaria, p. 67. 4 stanzas.

O. 'Sir Patrick Spens,' Gibb MS., p. 63. 3 stanzas.

P. 'Earl Patrick Graham,' Kinloch MSS, I, 281. 4 stanzas.

Q. Finlay's Scottish Ballads, I, xiv. 2 stanzas.

R. 'Sir Patrick Spence,' communicated by Mr Macmath. 1 stanza.

STANZAS of **E** and of **L**, a little altered, are given by Motherwell in his 'Introduction, pp xlvi, xlvi. The ballad in the Border Minstrelsy, **H**, was made up from two versions, the better of which was **G**, and five stanzas, 16–20, recited by Mr Hamilton, sheriff of Lanarkshire. Mr Hamilton is said to have got his fragment "from an old nurse, a retainer of the Gilkersleugh family," when himself a boy, about the middle of the last century.* The copy in Finlay's Scottish Ballads, I, 49, is Scott's, with the last stanza exchanged for

the last of **A**, and one or two trifling changes. The imperfect copies **K**, stanzas 6–10, **M** 1, 3, show admixture with the more modern ballad of 'Young Allan.' **L** 1, with variations, is found in 'Fair Annie of Lochroyan,' Herd, 1776, I, 150, and may not belong here. But ballad-ships are wont to be of equal splendor with Cleopatra's galley: see, for a first-rate, the Scandinavian 'Sir Peter's Voyage,' cited in the preface to 'Brown Robyn's Confession.' †

This admired and most admirable ballad is

* Scott's Minstrelsy, ed. 1833, I, 295; Notes and Queries, Second Series, X, 237.

† Christie, I, 7, makes up a copy from Scott and Buchan, "with some alterations from the way the editor has heard" the ballad "sung." I have not felt called upon always to register Christie's cursory variations, but the fourth stanza may be given as he prints it :

The first word that Sir Patrick read
A licht licht laugh gae he;
But ere he read it to an end
The saut tear blint his ee.

'Sir Patrick Spens,' Aberdeen, printed by John Duffus, 1866, is composed from several versions, as Scott's, Buchan's, Aytoun's.

one of many which were first made known to the world through Percy's Reliques. Percy's version remains, poetically, the best. It may be a fragment, but the imagination easily supplies all that may be wanting; and if more of the story, or the whole, be told in **H**, the half is better than the whole.

The short and simple story in **A-F** is that the king wants a good sailor to take command of a ship or ships ready for sea. Sir Patrick Spens* is recommended, and the king sends him a commission. This good sailor is much elated by receiving a letter from the king, but the contents prove very unwelcome.† He would hang the man that praised his seamanship, if he knew him, **B**; though it had been the queen herself, she might have let it be, **F**; had he been a better man, he might ha tauld a lee, **D**. The objection, as we learn from **A 5**, **C 5**, is the bad time of year. Percy cites a law of James III, forbidding ships to be freighted out of the realm with staple goods between the feast of Simon and Jude and Candlemas, October 28–February 2. There is neither choice nor thought, but prompt obedience to orders. The ship must sail the morn, and this without regard to the fearful portent of the new moon having been seen *late* yestreen with the auld moon in her arm. They are only a few leagues out when a furious storm sets in. The captain calls for a boy to take the steer in hand while he goes to the topmast to spy land, **B**; or, more sensibly, sends up the boy, and sticks to the rudder, **C, E**. The report is not encouraging, or is not waited for, for the sea has everything its own way, and now the

* Sir Patrick Spens, or Spence, **A, B, C, G, H, J, M**; Young Patrick, **E**; Skipper Patrick, **F**; Young Patrick Spens, **I, K**; Sir Patrick, **L**; Earl Patrick Spens, **N**; Sir Andrew Wood, **A b, D**; Earl Patrick Graham, **P**.

† It is so with the Conde Dirlós, when he receives a letter from the emperor:

De las cartas placer hubo,
de las palabras pesar;
que lo que las cartas dicen
á él parece muy mal.
(Wolf y Hofmann, Primavera, II, 129.)

‡ There is a falling off in **C, E**, with the wives sewing their silken seams and rocking the cradle, and in **B**, waiting with their babies in their hands, till in **M** the ladies, still so called, are reduced to fishers' wives, "wi their gown-tails owre their crown!"

nobles, who were loath to wet their shoes, are overhead in water, and now fifty fathoms under. It would be hard to point out in ballad poetry, or other, happier and more refined touches than the two stanzas in **A** which portray the bootless waiting of the ladies for the return of the seafarers.†

In **G-J** we meet with additional circumstances. The destination of the ship is Norway. The object of the voyage is not told in **G**; in **H** it is to bring home the king of Norway's daughter; in **J** to bring home the Scottish king's daughter; in **I** to take out the Scottish king's daughter to Norway, where she is to be queen. The Scots make the passage in two days, or three, **G, H, I**. After a time the Norwegians begin to complain of the expense caused by their guests, **G, H**; or reproach the Scots with staying too long, to their own king's cost, **I**. Sir Patrick tells them that he brought money enough to pay for himself and his men, and says that nothing shall induce him to stay another day in the country. It is now that we have the omen of the new moon with the old moon in her arm, in **G, H**. In **I** this comes before the voyage to Norway,§ and in **G** the stanza expressing apprehension of a storm, without the reason, occurs twice,|| before the voyage out as well as before the return voyage. In **J**, as in **A-F**, the ship is lost on the voyage out. In **G**, therefore, and **I** as well, two different accounts may have been blended.

Whether there is an historical basis for the shipwreck of Scottish nobles which this ballad sings, and, if so, where it is to be found,

§ The reading in **I 9**, "To Noroway, wi our king's daughter," has been treated as if important. This version, says Buchan, was taken down from the recitation of "'a wight of Homer's craft,' who, as a wandering minstrel, blind from his infancy, has been travelling in the North as a mendicant for these last fifty years. He learned it in his youth from a very old person." The mendicant was, no doubt, James Rankin, "the blind beggar whom I kept travelling through Scotland, collecting ballads for me, at a heavy expense" (frontispiece to Buchan's MSS, vol. i.). A large part of Buchan's ballads have the mint-mark of this minstrel beggar and beggarly minstrel, who collected for pay. No confidence can be placed in any of his readings: his personal inspiration was too decided to make him a safe reporter.

|| For consistency's sake, it has here been dropped from the place where it first occurs, after stanza 4.

are questions that have been considerably discussed. A strict accordance with history should not be expected, and indeed would be almost a ground of suspicion.* Ballad singers and their hearers would be as indifferent to the facts as the readers of ballads are now ; it is only editors who feel bound to look closely into such matters. Motherwell has suggested a sufficiently plausible foundation. Margaret, daughter of Alexander III, was married, in 1281, to Eric, King of Norway. She was conducted to her husband, "brought home," in August of that year, by many knights and nobles. Many of these were drowned on the return voyage,† as Sir Patrick Spens is in **G**, **H**, **I**.

Margaret, Eric's queen, died in 1283, leaving a newly born daughter ; and Alexander III, having been killed by being thrown from his horse, in 1286, the crown fell to the granddaughter. A match was proposed between the infant Margaret, called the Maid of Norway, and the eldest son of Edward I of England. A deputation, not so splendid as the train which accompanied the little maid's mother to Norway, was sent, in 1290, to bring the Princess Margaret over, but she died on the way before reaching Scotland. The *Scalacronica* speaks of only a single envoy, Master Weland, a Scottish clerk. If "the chronicle will not lie," the Maid of Norway and the Scottish clerk perished, we must suppose in a storm, on the coasts of Boghan ‡ (Buchan ?). This is not quite enough to make the ballad out of, and there is still less material in the marriage of James III with the daughter of the king of Norway in 1469, and no shipwreck chronicled at all.

No such name as Patrick Spens is historically connected with any of these occurrences. Spens has even been said not to be an early Scottish name. Aytoun, however, points to a

* Or a pure accident. Wyntoun says that Margaret sailed the 12th of Augnst. Motherwell found, "from a laborious calculation," that the 12th of August, 1282 (a misprint, I suppose, for 1281), was a Monday, the sailing day in **G** 5. The account in **H** is probably taken from **G**.

† *Fordun*, ed. Skene, I, 307.

‡ *Scalacronica*, ed. Stevenson, p. 110. *Fordun* mentions Michael of Wemyss and Michael Scot as the envoys, I, 311.

notable exploit by one Spens as early as 1336, and Mr Macmath has shown me that the name occurred in five charters of David II, therefore between 1329 and 1370. We might allege that Spens, though called Sir Patrick in later days, was in reality only a skeely skipper,§ and that historians do not trouble themselves much about skippers. But this would be avoiding the proper issue. The actual name of the hero of a ballad affords hardly a presumption as to who was originally the hero. This ballad may be historical, or it may not. It might be substantially historical though the command of the ship were invariably given to Sir Andrew Wood, a distinguished admiral, who was born a couple of centuries after the supposed event ; and it might be substantially historical though we could prove that Patrick Spens was only a shipmaster, of purely local fame, who was lost off Aberdour a couple of hundred years ago. For one, I do not feel compelled to regard the ballad as historical.

A mermaid appears to the navigators in **J**, **L**, **P**, **Q**, and informs them, **J**, that they will never see dry land, or are not far from land, **L**, **P**, **Q**, which, coming from a mermaid, they are good seamen enough to know means the same thing. The appearance of a mermaid to seamen is a signal for despair in a brief little ballad, of no great antiquity to all seeming, given further on under the title of 'The Mermaid.' If nothing worse, mermaids at least bode rough weather, and sailors do not like to see them : *Faye, Norske Folke-Sagn*, ed. 1844, p. 55 (Prior). They have a reputation for treachery : there is in a Danish ballad, *Grundtvig*, II, 91, No 42, B 14, one who has betrayed seven ships.

The place where the ship went down was half owre to Aberdour, **A**, **C**, **F** ? ; ower by Aberdour, **I**, **J**, **N** ; forty miles off Aberdeen, **G**, **H** (**H** may only repeat **G**) ; nore-east, nore-

§ He was not even that, according to **G** 4, which has the silly reading,

For I was never a good seaman,
Nor ever intend to be.

So in a mixed ballad which will be put with 'Young Allan.'

west frae Aberdeen, D; between Leith and Aberdeen, K. B and E transfer the scene to St Johnston (Perth), and P to the Clyde, down below Dumbarton Castle. We may fairly say, somewhere off the coast of Aberdeenshire, for the southern Aberdour, in the Firth of Forth, cannot be meant.

The island of Papa Stronsay is said to be about half way between Aberdour in Buchan and the coast of Norway, half owre to Aberdour; and on this island there is a tumulus, which Mr Maidment informs us is known now, and *has always been* known, as the grave of Sir Patrick Spens. Nothing more has been transmitted, we are assured, but only the name as that of a man buried there: Maidment, Scottish Ballads and Songs, Historical and Traditionary, I, 31 f. "The Scottish ballads were not early current in Orkney, a Scandinavian contry," says Aytoun, "so it is very unlikely that the poem could have originated the name." With regard to this Orcadian

grave of Patrick Spens, it may first be remarked that Barry, who, in 1808, speaks of the Earl's Knowe in Papa Stronsay, says not a word of the tradition now affirmed to be of indefinite long-standing (neither does Tudor in 1883). The ballad has been in print for a hundred and twenty years. There are Scots in the island now, and perhaps there "always" have been; at any rate, a generation or two is time enough for a story to strike root and establish itself as tradition.*

A a is translated by Herder, Volkslieder, I, 89, Bodmer, I, 56, Döring, p. 157, Rosa Warrens, Schottische Volkslieder, No 16, 1; G, by Loëve-Veimars, p. 340; H, by Grundtvig, Engelske og skotske Folkeviser, No 2, Schubart, p. 203, Wolff, Halle der Völker, I, 60, Fiedler, Geschichte der schottischen Liederdichtung, I, 13; I, by Gerhard, p. 1. Aytoun's ballad, by Rosa Warrens, Schottische Volkslieder, No 16, 2.

A

a. Percy's Reliques, 1765, I, 71: "given from two MS. copies, transmitted from Scotland." b. Herd's Scots Songs, 1769, p. 243.

- 1 THE king sits in Dumferling toune,
Drinking the blude-reid wine :
'O whar will I get guid sailor,
To sail this schip of mine ?'
- 2 Up and spak an eldern knicht,
Sat at the kings richt kne :
'Sir Patrick Spence is the best sailor
That sails upon the se.'
- 3 The king has written a braid letter,
And signd it wi his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spence,
Was walking on the sand.
- 4 The first line that Sir Patrick red,
A loud lauch lauched he ;

The next line that Sir Patrick red,
The teir blinded his ee.

5 'O wha is this has don this deid,
This ill deid don to me,
To send me out this time o' the yeir,
To sail upon the se !

6 'Mak hast, mak haste, my mirry men all,
Our guid schip sails the morne :'
'O say na sae, my master deir,
For I feir a deadlie storme.'

7 'Late late yestreen I saw the new moone,
Wi the auld moone in hir arme,
And I feir, I feir, my deir master,
That we will cuin to harme.'

8 O our Scots nobles wer richt laith
To weet their cork-heild schoone ;
Bot lang owre a' the play wer playd,
Thair hats they swam aboone.

* I have not felt called upon to say anything of the attempt of the late Mr Robert Chambers to prove 'Sir Patrick Spens' a piece of literary work of the last century, by arguments which would make Lady Wardlaw author not only of most of the romantic Scottish ballads, but also of a good

part of the ballads of Europe. The flimsy plea of Mr Chambers has been effectually disposed of by Mr Norval Clyne, The Romantic Scottish Ballads and the Lady Wardlaw Heresy, Aberdeen, 1859, and by Mr James Hutton Watkins, Early Scottish Ballads, Glasgow, 1867.

9 O lang, lang may their ladies sit,
Wi thair fans into their hand,
Or eir they se Sir Patrick Spence
Cum sailing to the land.

10 O lang, lang may the ladies stand,
Wi thair gold kems in their hair,

Waiting for thair ain deir lords,
For they 'll se thame na mair.

11 Haf owre, haf owre to Aberdour,
It 's fiftie fadom deip,
And thair lies guid Sir Patrick Spence,
Wi the Scots lords at his feit.

B

Herd's MSS., II, 27, I, 49.

1 THE king he sits in Dumferling,
Drinking the blude reid wine : O
'O where will I get a gude sailor,
That 'l sail the ships o mine ?' O

2 Up then started a yallow-haird man,
Just be the kings right knee :
'Sir Patrick Spence is the best sailor
That ever saild the see.'

3 Then the king he wrote a lang letter,
And sealld it with his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spence,
That was lyand at Leith Sands.

4 When Patrick lookd the letter on,
He gae loud laughters three ;
But afore he wan to the end of it
The teir blindit his ee.

5 'O wha is this has tald the king,
Has tald the king o me ?
Gif I but wist the man it war,
Hanged should he be.

6 'Come eat and drink, my merry men all,
For our ships maun sail the morn ;
Bla 'd wind, bla 'd weet, bla 'd sna or sleet,
Our ships maun sail the morn.'

7 'Alake and alas now, good master,
For I fear a deidly storm ;
For I saw the new moon late yestreen,
And the auld moon in her arms.'

8 They had not saild upon the sea
A league but merely three,
When ugly, ugly were the jaws
That rowd unto their knee.

9 They had not saild upon the sea
A league but merely nine,
When wind and weit and snaw and sleet
Came blawing them behind.

10 'Then where will I get a pretty boy
Will take my steer in hand,
Till I go up to my tap-mast,
And see gif I see dry land ?'

11 'Here am I, a pretty boy
That 'l take your steer in hand,
Till you go up to your tap-mast,
And see an you see the land.'

12 Laith, laith were our Scottish lords
To weit their coal-black shoon ;
But yet ere a' the play was playd,
They wat their hats aboon.

13 Laith, laith war our Scottish lords
To weit their coal-black hair ;
But yet ere a' the play was playd,
They wat it every hair.

14 The water at St Johnston's wall
Was fifty fathom deep,
And there ly a' our Scottish lords,
Sir Patrick at their feet.

15 Lang, lang may our ladies wait
Wi the tear blinding their ee,
Afore they see Sir Patrick's ships
Come sailing oer the sea.

16 Lang, lang may our ladies wait,
Wi their babies in their hands,
Afore they see Sir Patrick Spence
Come sailing to Leith Sands.

C

Motherwell's MS., p. 493, "from the recitation of —— Buchanan, alias Mrs Notman, 9 September, 1826."

- 1 THE king sat in Dunfermline toun,
Drinking the blude red wine :
'Where will I get a bold sailor,
To sail this ship o mine ?'
- 2 Out then spak an auld auld knicht,
Was nigh the king akin :
'Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
That ever sailed the main.'
- 3 The king's wrote a large letter,
Sealed it with his own hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on dry land.
- 4 The first three lines he looked on,
The tears did blind his ee ;
The neist three lines he looked on
Not one word could he see.
- 5 ' Wha is this,' Sir Patrick says,
' That's tauld the king o me,
To set me out this time o the year
To sail upon the sea !'
- 6 ' Yestreen I saw the new new mune,
And the auld mune in her arm ;
And that is the sign since we were born
Even of a deadly storm.
- 7 ' Drink about, my merry boys,
For we maun sail the morn ;
Be it wind, or be it weet,
Or be it deadly storm.'
- 8 We hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league but only ane,
Till cauld and watry grew the wind,
And stormy grew the main.
- 9 We hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league but only twa,
Till cauld and watry grew the wind,
Come hailing owre them a'.
- 10 We hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league but only three,

Till cold and watry grew the wind,
And grumly grew the sea.

- 11 ' Wha will come,' the captain says,
' And take my helm in hand ?
Or wha 'll gae up to my topmast,
And look for some dry land ?'
- 12 ' Mount up, mount up, my pretty boy,
See what you can spy ;
Mount up, mount up, my pretty boy,
See if any land we 're nigh.'
- 13 ' We 're fifty miles from shore to shore,
And fifty banks of sand ;
And we have all that for to sail
Or we come to dry land.'
- 14 ' Come down, come down, my pretty boy,
I think you tarry lang ;
For the saut sea 's in at our coat-neck
And out at our left arm.'
- 15 ' Come down, come down, my pretty boy,
I fear we here maun die ;
For thro and thro my goodly ship
I see the green-waved sea.'
- 16 Our Scotch lords were all afraid
To weet their cork-heeled shoon ;
But lang or a' the play was played,
Their hats they swam abune.
- 17 The first step that the captain stept,
It took him to the knee,
And the next step that the captain stepped
They were a' drownd in the sea.
- 18 Half owre, half owre to Aberdour
It's fifty fadoms deep,
And there lay good Sir Patrick Spens,
And the Scotch lords at his feet.
- 19 Lang may our Scotch lords' ladies sit,
And sew their silken seam,
Before they see their good Scotch lords
Come sailing owre the main.
- 20 Lang lang may Sir Patrick's lady
Sit rocking her auld son,
Before she sees Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing owre the main.

D

Motherwell's MS., p. 496, communicated by Kirkpatrick Sharpe.

- 1 THE king sits in Dumferling town,
Drinking the blood red wine : O
'Where will I get a good skipper,
To sail seven ships o mine ?' O
Where will, etc.
- 2 O up then spake a bra young man,
And a bra young man was he :
'Sir Andrew Wood is the best skipper
That ever sauld the sea.'
- 3 The king has written a bra letter,
And seal'd it wi his hand,
And ordered Sir Andrew Wood
To come at his command.
- 4 'O wha is this, or wha is that,
Has tauld the king o me ?
For had he been a better man,
He might ha tauld a lee.'

* * * * *

- 5 As I came in by the Inch, Inch, Inch,
I heard an auld man weep :
'Sir Andrew Wood and a' his men
Are drowned in the deep !'
- 6 O lang lang may you ladies stand,
Their fans into their hands,
Before they see Sir Andrew Wood
Come sailing to dry land.
- 7 O laith laith were our Scottish lords
To weit their cork-heeld shoon ;
But ere that a' the play was plaid,
They wat their heads aboon.
- 8 Nore-east, nore-west frae Aberdeen
Is fifty fathom deep,
And there lies good Sir Andrew Wood,
And a' the Scottish fleet.

E

Motherwell's MS., p. 348.

- 1 THE king sits in Dumfermline toun,
Sae merrilie drinking wine ; O
Says, Whare will I get a fine skipper,
Wud sail these ships of mine ? O
- 2 Out and spak an auld rich knicht,
And an ill death may he die !
Says, Young Patrick is the best skipper
That ever set sail on sea.
- 3 The king did write a lang letter,
Sealed it with his own hand,
And he sent it to Young Patrick,
To come at his command.
- 4 When Young Patrick read the letter lang,
The tear blindit his ee ;
Says Wha is this, or wha is that,
That's tauld the king of me ?
Altho he had been better than what he is,
He micht hae askt leave of me.

- 5 'But busk, O busk, my merry men a',
O busk and mak you braw,
For blow the wind what airt it will,
Our ship she must awa.
- 6 'Drink, O drink, my merrie men all,
Drink o the beer and wine,
For gin Wedensday by twal o'clock
We'll a' be in our lang hame.'
- 7 Out and spak a pretty little boy :
'I fear a deadlie storm ;
For I saw the new mune late yestreen,
And the old ane in her arm,
And readilie, maister,' said he,
'That's the sign of a deadly storm.'
- 8 Aye they sat, and aye they drank,
They drank of the beer and wine,
And gin Wedensday gin ten o'clock,
Their hair was wat abune.
- 9 'Whare wuld I get a pretty little boy,
That wants to win hose and shoon,

Wuld up to the top of my mainmast go,
See if he could spy land ?'

10 'O here am I, a pretty little boy,
Wants to win hose and shoon ;
I 'll up to the top of your mainmast go,
Though I should neer come doun.'

11 'Come doun, come doun, my pretty little boy,
I think thou tarries lang ;
For the jawe is coming in at my coat-neck,
Going out at my richt hand.'

12 But there cum a shouir out o the Norewest,
Of dreidfu hail and rain,
It made Young Patrick and his men
A' flat wi the sea faem.

13 O is na it a great pitye
To see feather-beds on the main ?

But it is a greater pitye, I think,
To see men doing the same.

14 There 's a brig at the back o Sanct John's
toun,
It 's fifty fadom deep,
And there lies a' our brau Scots lords,
Young Patrick 's at their feet.

15 Young Patrick 's lady sits at hame,
She 's sewing her silken seam ;
And aye when she looks to the salt sea waves,
' I fear he 'll neer return.'

16 Young Patrick 's lady sits at hame
Rocking her oldest son ;
And aye when she looks to the salt sea waves,
' I 'm feared he 'll neer come hame.'

F

Motherwell's MS., p. 153, from the recitation of Mrs Thomson.

1 THE king he sits on Dunfermline hill,
Drinking baith beer and wine ; O
Says, Whare shall I get a good skipper,
That will sail the salt sea fine ? O

2 But out then speaks an Irish knight,
Sat by the king's right knee :
' Skipper Patrick is the best skipper
That ever my eyes did see.'

3 The king has written a lang letter,
And sealed it wi his hand,
And sent it to Skipper Patrick,
As he walked alang the sand.

4 'O wha is this, or wha is that,
That 's tauld the king of me ?
For tho it had been the queen hersell,
She might hae let it be.

5 'But busk you, O busk, my merry men all,
Sae merrily busk and boune,
For blow the wind where eer it will,
Our guude ship sails the morn.'

6 'O no, O no, our dear master,
It will be a deidly storm ;
For yestreen I saw the new new mune,
Wi the auld mune in her arm ;
It 's a token, maister, or ye were born,
It will be a deadly storm.'

7 'But busk, O busk, my merrie men all,
Our guude ship sails the morn,
For blow the wind whereer it will,
Our guude ship sails the morn.'

8 They had na sailed a day, a day,
A day but scarsely five,
Till Skipper Patrick 's bonny ship
Began to crack and rive.

9 It 's bonny was the feather beds
That swummed alang the main,
But bonnier was our braw Scots lords,
They neer returned again.

10 Our Scots lords they are all laith
To weet their coal black shoon ;
But I trow or a' the play was played,
They wat their hair abune.

11 Our ladies may stand upon the sand,
Kembing down their yellow hair,
But they will neer see Skipper Patrick's ship
Come sailing in nae mair.

12 Our ladies may stand upon the sand
Wi gloves upon their hand,
But they will never see Skipper Patrick's ship
Come sailing into the land.

13 O your and o your to bonnie Aberdour
It's fifty fadoms deep ;
There you will find young Patrick lye,
Wi his Scots lords at his head.

14 Row owre, row owre to Aberdour,
It's fifty fadom deep ;
And there lies Earl Patrick Spens,
His men all at his feet.

G

Jamieson's Popular Ballads, I, 157, communicated by Scott.

1 THE king sits in Dunfermlin town,
Sae merrily drinkin the wine :
'Whare will I get a mariner,
Will sail this ship o mine ?'

2 Then up bespak a bonny boy,
Sat just at the king's knee :
'Sir Patrick Spence is the best seaman,
That eer set foot on sea.'

3 The king has written a braid letter,
Seald it wi his ain hand ;
He has sent word to Sir Patrick,
To come at his command.

4 'O wha is this, or wha is that,
Has tald the king o me ?
For I was never a good seaman,
Nor ever intend to be.'

5 They mounted sail on Munenday morn,
Wi a' the haste they may,
And they hae landed in Norraway,
Upon the Wednesday.

6 They hadna been a month, a month
In Norraway but three,
Till lads o Norraway began to say,
Ye spend a' our white monie.

7 'Ye spend a' our good kingis goud,
But and our queenis fee :'
'Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud,
Sae weel 's I hear you lie.'

8 'For I brought as much white money
As will gain my men and me ;
I brought half a fou o good red goud
Out oer the sea with me.'

9 'Be 't wind or weet, be 't snaw or sleet,
Our ships maun sail the morn :'
'O ever alack ! my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm.'

10 'I saw the new moon late yestreen,
Wi the auld moon in her arm ;
And if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we 'll suffer harm.'

11 'They hadna sailed a league on sea,
A league but barely ane,
Till anchors brak, and tap-masts lap ;
There came a deadly storm.'

12 'Whare will I get a bonny boy
Will tak thir sails in hand,
That will gang up to the tap-mast,
See an he ken dry land ?'

13 Laith, laith were our good Scots lords
To weet their leathern shoon ;
But or the morn at fair day-light,
Their hats were wat aboon.

14 Mony was the feather bed,
That flotterd on the faem,
And mony was the good Scots lord
Gaed awa that neer cam hame,
And mony was the fatherless bairn
That lay at hame greetin.

15 It's forty miles to Aberdeen,
And fifty fathoms deep;
And there lyes a' our good Scots lords,
Wi Sir Patriek at their feet.

16 The ladies crackt their fingers white,
The maidens tore their hair,

A' for the sake o their true loves,
For them they neer saw mair.

17 Lang, lang may our ladies stand,
Wi their fans in their hand,
Ere they see Sir Patrick and his men
Come sailing to the land.

H

Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, III, 64, ed. 1803; I, 299, ed. 1833; "taken from two MS. copies, collated with several verses recited by the editor's friend, Robert Hamilton, Esq., Advocate."

1 THE king sits in Dunfermline town,
Drinking the blude-red wine: O
'O whare will I get a skeely skipper,
To sail this new ship of mine?' O

2 O up and spake an eldern knight,
Sat at the king's right knee:
'Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
That ever sailde the sea.'

3 Our king has written a braid letter,
And seal'd it with his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the strand.

4 'To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway oer the faem;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'T is thou maun bring her hame.'

5 The first word that Sir Patriek read,
Sae loud, loud laughed he;
The neist word that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blinded his ee.

6 'O wha is this has done this deed,
And tauld the king o me,
To send us out at this time of the year
To sail upon the sea ?

7 'Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet,
Our ship must sail the faem;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'T is we must fetch her hame.'

8 They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn,
Wi a' the speed they may;
They hae landed in Noroway,
Upon a Wodensday.

9 They hadna been a week, a week
In Noroway but twae,
When that the lords o Noroway
Began aloud to say:

10 'Ye Scottishmen spend a' our king's goud,
And a' our queenis fee!'
'Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud,
Fu loud I hear ye lie!

11 'For I brought as much white monie
As gane my men and me,
And I brought a half-fou o gude red goud
Out oer the sea wi me.

12 'Make ready, make ready, my merrymen a',
Our gude ship sails the morn :'
'Now, ever alake! my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm !

13 'I saw the new moo late yestreen,
Wi the auld moon in her arm;
And if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we 'll come to harm.'

14 They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
And gurly grew the sea.

15 The ankers brak, and the topmasts lap,
It was sic a deadly storm,
And the waves came oer the broken ship,
Till a' her sides were torn.

16 'O where will I get a gude sailor,
To take my helm in hand,
Till I get up to the tall topmast,
To see if I can spy land ? '

17 'O here am I, a sailor gude,
To take the helm in hand,
Till you go up to the tall topmast;
But I fear you 'll neer spy land.'

18 He hadnna gane a step, a step,
A step but barely ane,
When a bout flew out of our goodly ship,
And the salt sea it came in.

19 'Gae fetch a web o the silken claih,
Another o the twine,
And wap them into our ship's side,
And letna the sea come in.'

20 They fetched a web o the silken claih,
Another o the twine,
And they wapped them roun that gude ship's side,
But still the sea came in.

21 O laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
To weet their cork-heeld shoon;
But lang or a' the play was playd,
They wat their hats aboon.

22 And mony was the feather-bed
That flattered on the faem,

23 The ladyes wrang their fingers white,
The maidens tore their hair,
A' for the sake of their true loves,
For them they 'll see na mair.

24 O lang, lang may the ladyes sit,
Wi their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand.

25 And lang, lang may the maidens sit,
Wi their goud kaims in their hair,
A' waiting for their ain dear loves,
For them they 'll see na mair.

26 O forty miles off Aberdeen
'T is fifty fathoms deep,
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
Wi the Scots lords at his feet.

I

Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 1; Motherwell's MS., p. 550.

1 THE king sits in Dunfermline town,
A-drinking at the wine;
Says, Where will I get a good skipper,
Will sail the saut seas fine?

2 Out it speaks an eldren knight
Amang the companie:
'Young Patrick Spens is the best skipper
That ever sauld the sea.'

3 The king he wrote a braid letter,
And seald it wi his ring;
Says, Ye 'll gie that to Patrick Spens,
See if ye can him find.

4 He sent this not wi an auld man,
Nor yet a simple boy,
But the best o nobles in his train
This letter did convoy.

5 When Patrick lookd the letter upon
A light laugh then gae he;
But ere he read it till an end,
The tear blinded his ee.

6 'Ye 'll eat and drink, my merry men a',
An see ye be weell thorn;

For blaw it weet, or blaw it wind,
My guid ship sails the morn.'

7 Then out it speaks a guid auld man,
A guid death mat he dee!
'Whatever ye do, my guid master,
Tak God your guide to bee.'

8 'For late yestreen I saw the new moon,
The auld moon in her arm :'
'Ohon, alas!' says Patrick Spens,
'That bodes a deadly storm.'

9 'But I maun sail the seas the morn,
And likewise sae maun you;
To Noroway, wi our king's daughter,
A chosen queen she 's now.'

10 'But I wonder who has been sae base
As tauld the king o mee;
Even tho he ware my ae brither,
An ill death mat he dee !'

11 Now Patrick he riggd out his ship,
And sailed ower the faem,
But mony a dreary thought had hee,
While hee was on the main.

12 They hadna sauld upon the sea
A day but barely thre,

Till they came in sight o Noroway,
It's there where they must bee.

13 They hadna stayed into that place
A month but and a day,
Till he causd the flip in mugs gae roun,
And wine in cans sae gay.

14 The pipe and harp sae sweetly playd,
The trumpets loudly soun;
In every hall where in they stayd,
Wi their mirth did reboun.

15 Then out it speaks an auld skipper,
An inbearing dog was hee:
'Ye 've stayd ower lang in Noroway,
Spending your king's monie.'

16 Then out it speaks Sir Patrick Spens:
'O how can a' this bee?
I hae a bow o guid red gowd
Into my ship wi mee.'

17 'But betide me well, betide me wae,
This day I'se leave the shore,
And never spend my king's monie
Mong Noroway dogs no more.'

18 Young Patrick hee is on the sea,
And even on the faem,
Wi five-an-fifty Scots lords' sons,
That langd to bee at hame.

19 They hadna saild upon the sea
A day but barely three,
Till loud and boistrous grew the wind,
And stormy grew the sea.

20 'O where will I get a little wee boy
Will tak my helm in hand,
Till I gae up to my tapmast,
And see for some dry land?'

21 He hadna gane to his tapmast
A step but barely three,

Ere thro and thro the bonny ship's side
He saw the green haw sea.

22 'There are five-an-fifty feather beds
Well packed in ae room;
And ye 'll get as muckle guid canvas
As wrap the ship a' roun.'

23 'Ye 'll pict her well, and spare her not,
And mak her hale and soun: '
But ere he had the word well spoke
The bonny ship was down.

24 O laith, laith were our guid lords' sons
To weet their milk-white hands;
But lang ere a' the play was ower,
They wat their gowden bands.

25 O laith, laith were our Scots lords' sons
To weet their coal-black shoon;
But lang ere a' the play was ower,
They wat their hats aboon.

26 It's even ower by Aberdour
It's fifty fathoms deep,
And yonder lies Sir Patrick Spens,
And a's men at his feet.

27 It's even ower by Aberdour,
There's mony a craig and fin,
And yonder lies Sir Patrick Spens,
Wi mony a guid lord's son.

28 Lang, lang will the ladyes look,
Into their morning weed,
Before they see young Patrick Spens
Come sailing ower the fleet.

29 Lang, lang will the ladyes look,
Wi their fans in their hand,
Before they see him Patrick Spens
Come sailing to dry land.

J

Miss Harris's MS., fol. 4, from the singing of her mother.

1 HIE sits oor king in Dumfermline,
Sits birlin at the wine;
Says, Whare will I get a bonnie boy
That will sail the saut seas fine?
That will hie owre to Noraway,
To bring my dear dochter hame?

2 Up it spak a bonnie boy,
Sat by the king's ain knie:
'Sir Patriek Spens is as gude a skipper
As ever sailed the sea.'

3 The king has wrote a broad letter,
And signed it wi his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
To read it gif he can.

4 The firsten line he luikit on,
A licht lauchter gae he ;
But ere he read it to the end,
The tear blindit his ee.

5 'O wha is this, or wha is that,
Has tauld oor king o me ?
I wad hae gien him twice as muckle thank
To latten that abee !

6 'But eat an drink, my merrie young men,
Eat, an be weel forn ;
For blaw it wind, or blaw it weet,
Oor gude ship sails the morn.'

7 Up it spak his youngest son,
Sat by Sir Patrick's knie :
' I beg you bide at hame, father,
An I pray be ruled by me.'

8 'For I saw the new mune late yestreen,
Wi the auld mune in her arms ;
An ever an alake, my father dear,
It's a token o diedly storms.'

9 'It's eat an drink, my merrie young men,
Eat, an be weel forn ;
For blaw it wind, or blaw it weet,
Oor gude ship sails the morn.'

10 They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league but only three,
When the whirlin wind an the ugly jaws
Cam drivin to their knie.

11 They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league but only five,
When the whirlin wind an the ugly jaws
Their gude ship began to rive.

12 They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league but only nine,
When the whirlin wind an the ugly jaws
Cam drivin to their chin.

13 'O whaur will I get a bonnie boy
Will tak the steer in hand,
Till I mount up to oor tapmast,
To luik oot for dry land ? '

14 'O here am I, a bonnie boy,
Will tak the steer in hand,
Till you mount up to oor tapmast,
To luik oot for dry land.'

15 He's gaen up to the tapmast,
To the tapmast sae hie ;
He luikit around on every side,
But dry land he couldna see.

16 He luikit on his youngest son,
An the tear blindit his ee ;
Says, I wish you had been in your mother's
bowr,
But there you 'll never be.

17 'Pray for yourselves, my merrie young men,
Pray for yourselves an me,
For the first landen that we will land
Will be in the boddam o the sea.'

18 Then up it raise the mermaiden,
Wi the comb an glass in her hand :
'Here's a health to you, my merrie young
men,
For you never will see dry land.'

19 O laith, laith waur oor gude Scots lords
To weet their cork-heeled shoon ;
But lang, lang ere the play was played,
Their yellow locks soomed aboun.

20 There was Saturday, an Sabbath day,
An Monnonday at morn,
That feather-beds an silken sheets
Cam floatin to Kinghorn.

21 It's och, och owre to Aberdour,
It's fifty faddoms deep ;
An there lie a' oor gude Scots lords,
Wi Sir Patrick Spens at their feet.

22 O lang, lang will his lady sit,
Wi the fan into her hand,
Until she see her ain dear lord
Come sailin to dry land.

23 O lang, lang will his lady sit,
Wi the tear into her ee,
Afore she see her ain dear lord
Come hieing to Dundee.

24 O lang, lang will his lady sit,
Wi the black shoon on her feet,
Afore she see Sir Patrick Spens
Come drivin up the street.

K

Communicated by Mr Murison, as taken down from recitation in Old Deer by Mrs Murison.

* * * * *

1 It's when he read the letter ower
A licht lauch then leuch he ;
But lang ere he wan the end o it
The saut tear filled his ee.

2 'O woe be to the man,' he says,
'That's tauld the king o me ;
Altho he be my ain brither,
Some ill death mat he dee !

3
'For be it weet, or be it win,
My bonnie ship sails the morn.'

* * * * *

4 'For late the streen I saw the new meen,
Bit an the auld ane tee,
An it fears me sair, my good maister,
For a tempest in the sea.'

5
Till up it rase the win an storm,
An a tempest i the sea.

6
It's throch an throu the comely cog
There comes the green raw sea.

* * * * *

7 'Call upo your men, maister,
An dinna call on me,
For ye drank them weel ere ye tuke the gate,
But O name gae ye me.'

8 'Ye beat my back, an beat my sides,
When I socht hose an sheen ;
So call upo your men, maister,
As they lie drunk wi wine.'

9 'Come doon, come doon, my bonnie boy,
An tak my helm in han ;
Gin ever we live to gae to lan,
I'll wed ye wi my daughter Ann.'

10 'Ye used me ill, my guid maister,
When we was on the lan,
But nevertheless, my gude maister,
I'll tak your helm in han.'

11 O laith, laith was oor bonny boys
To weet their cork-heeled shoes ;
But lang ere a' the play was played,
They wat their yallow broos.

12 O laith, laith was oor bonny boys
To weet their cork-heeled sheen ;
But lang ere a' the play was played,
They wat their hair abeen.

13 'O lang, lang will my lady leuk,
Wi the lantern in her han,
Afore she see my bonnie ship
Come sailin to dry lan.'

14 Atween Leith an Aberdeen
Lies mony a craig an sea,
An there it lies young Patrick Spens,
An mony bonnie boys him wi.

L

Motherwell's Note-Book, p. 6, Motherwell's MS., p. 156,
from Mrs Gentles, Paisley, February 1825.

1 OUR ship it was a gudely ship,
Its topmast was of gold,
And at every tack of needlework
There hung a silver bell.

2 Up started the mermaid by our ship,
Wi the glass and the comb in her hand :
'Reek about, reek about, my merrie men,
Ye are not far from land.'

3 'You lie, you lie, you pretty mermaid,
Sae loud as I hear you lie ;
For since I have seen your face this nicht,
The land I will never see.'

4 We hadna sailed a league but ane,
 A league but barely three,
 Till all we and our goodly ship
 Was all drowned in the sea.

5 Lang lang may our ladies stand,
 Wi their seams into their hand,
 Looking for Sir Patrick's ship,
 That will never come to land.

M

Buchan's Gleaning, p. 196, "from a very intelligent old man."

1 THERE shall no man go to my ship
 Till I say mass and dine,
 And take my leave of my lady ;
 Go to my bonny ship syne.

2 When he was up at the top-mast head
 Around could naething see,

But terrible storm in the air aboon,
 And below the roaring sea.

3 'Come down, come down, my good master,
 You see not what I see ;
 For thro an thro your bonny ship's side
 I see the green salt sea.'

4 Lang lang will the ladies look,
 Wi their gown-tails owre their crown,
 Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
 Sailing to Dunferline town.

N

Noted down from a female servant, by Joseph Robertson,
 July 15, 1829, *Adversaria*, p. 67.

1 OWER and ower by Aberdour
 There's mony a cloudy stone,
 And there is mony a gude lord's son
 I fear will never come home.

2 Lang, lang will his lady look,
 Wi her baby in her arms,

But she'll never see Earl Patrick Spens
 Com walkin up the stran.

3 'I have a table in my room,
 It cost me guineas nine ;
 I wad sink it in the sea
 For ae sight o dry lan.

4 'There's a coat o green velvet on my back,
 I got it for my fee ;
 But tho I wad gie ten thousan punds,
 Dry land I will never see.'

O

Gibb MS., p. 63.

1 BONNY were the feather beds
 Cam sailin ower the faem,
 But bonnier was the sixteen lords
 Gaed out and neer cam hame.

2 Lang, lang may the nourice sit,
 Wi the bonny babe on her knee,

Ere ever she see her good lord come,
 To pay to her her fee.

3 An lang, lang will the lady sit,
 Wi the gowd fan in her hand,
 Ere ever she see her ain gude lord
 Come skipping to dry land.

P

Kinloch MSS, I, 281.

1 Fu laith, fu laith was our braw Scots lords
 To weet their coal black shoon ;
 But ere the battle a' was foucht,
 Their hats war weet aboun.

2 Out and starts the mermaiden,
 Wi a fan into her hand :

'Keep up your hearts, my merry men a',
 For ye're near the dry land.'

3 Out and spak Earl Patrick Graham,
 Wi the saut tear in his ee :
 'Now sin we've seen the mermaiden,
 Dry land we'll never see.'

4 Down below Dunbarton castle,
 Full fifty fathoms deep,
 There lies a' our braw Scots men,
 Earl Patrick at their feet.

Q

Finlay's Scottish Ballads, I, xiv, from a recited copy.

1 THEN up an cam a mermaid,
 Wi a siller cup in her han :
 'Sail on, sail on, my gude Scotch lords,
 For ye sune will see dry lan.'

2 'Awa, awa, ye wild woman,
 An let your fleechin be ;
 For sen your face we've seen the day,
 Dry lan we'll never see.'

R

Communicated by Mr Macmath, from Mr William Traquair, S. S. C., Edinburgh; obtained originally in Perthshire.

'T was late, late on a Saturday night,
 And early on a Sunday morn,

That robes of silk and feather beds
 Came floating to Kean-Gorn.

A. a. 1³. quhar. 5¹. quha.
 5³. zeir. 11¹. have owre, have ovr.
 b. *In this copy Sir Andrew Wood replaces Sir Patrick Spens throughout.*
 8⁴. They wat thair heads aboone.
At the end of version B Herd says: The foundation of the preceding song seems to have been the same story with that under the title of 'Sir Andrew Wood' in the former volume [of 1769]. In the Relicks of Antient Poetry is a copy somewhat different from either. *We cannot suppose, after this, that Herd took his copy from Percy and altered it, and yet, excepting the variations noted above, and haff for have in 11¹, the copies are the same to a letter. If Herd's copy was one of the two used by Percy, what was the other? Was there, after all, but one copy again, as in the case of 'King Estmere'?*
 B. O is added, in singing, to every second and fourth verse. Also in D, E, F, H.

C. 14². I thing.
 F. 14. *In a smaller hand, and detached from the preceding, as if added later.*
 G. *After 4 occurs this stanza, almost verbally repeated in 9, and improperly anticipating matters, according to the arrangement of the story in this version :*

Be 't wind, be 't weet, be 't snaw, be 't sleet,
 Our ships maun sail the morn :
 Ever alack ! my master dear,
 For I fear a deadly storm.

H. 24⁴. *perhaps driven.*
 K. 'Spendin the queen's meat an her fee' was said by the reciter to belong to the ballad, though the connection was not remembered.
 13². *Var. : An langer will she stan.*
 L. 1 is 5 and 5 is 1 in the MS.

59

SIR ALDINGAR

A. 'Sir Aldingar,' Percy MS., p. 68; Hales and Furnivall, I, 166.

B. 'Sir Hugh le Blond,' Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, III, 51, 1803.

C. 'Sir Hugh le Blond,' Dr Joseph Robertson's Note-Book, January 1, 1830, p. 6.

THIS ballad, one of the most important of all that the Percy manuscript has saved from oblivion, was first given to the world in the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, II, 48, ed. 1765, II, 49, ed. 1767, with conjectural emendations by the editor, and the insertion of some stanzas to complete the story. A second version, very much humbled in diction, and otherwise corrupted, but of indubitable antiquity, as Scott remarks, was published in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* in 1803, as communicated by Mr Williamson Burnet, of Monboddo, from the recitation of an old woman. The story which this version relates was then, we are informed, universally current in the Mearns, and was supposed to be authenticated by the sword of the hero, preserved nearly down to that time by his reputed descendants.

Tales of the same general description — of a noble lady accused to her husband of infidelity, believed by him to be guilty, and in process of time demonstrated to have been faultless, to his entire conviction — are, as might be expected, extremely often to be met with in ballad, romance, chronicle, or saga; nor is the number small of those which have the special traits that the accusation is made by a trusted officer of the husband, who has attempted to seduce the lady, and has failed, and that the wife is cleared by a judgment of God. Our ballad belongs with a very distinct Scandinavian variety of these last, but has adopted one characteristic trait from another source.

The English version, as written down about the middle of the seventeenth century, narrates that Sir Aldingar, steward of King Henry, repulsed by the queen whom he has sought to make his paramour, cannot rest till he has revenge. He takes a lazarus that happens to come to the king's gates, and lays him in the queen's bed, promising that in two hours the blind and lame shall be whole and sound; he then goes to fetch the king. The king, convinced by his eyes, says he will hang the lazarus and burn his wife, and immediately proceeds to tell the queen his discovery. The queen sees the hand of Aldingar in this, and also the meaning of a dream she has had: how a vulture, or griffin, had carried her crown away, and would have taken her to his nest * had it not been for a merlin, a little hawk, that came flying from the east and struck the big bird down. She claims the right to maintain her innocence by battle, and the king gives her forty days to provide herself with a champion, which failing she shall be burnt. No man in all the south country will undertake her cause, but a messenger who rides into the east meets what seems to be a child, who interrogates him, and, getting a slow answer, bids the queen by him to remember her dream and be of good cheer, for when bale is highest boot shall be nighest. The days of grace being out, and no champion found, the queen is put into a tun to burn, and looks only for death. At this moment a child is seen riding from the east, who, when he comes to the fire, or-

* Such dreams are not unusual in this connection: the empress has a like one in Octavian, Weber, *Metrical Romances*, III, 165, v. 195 ff; the emperor in *The Erl of Toulous*, Lüdtke, st. 68; the duke in the *German Hirlanda*.

ders the brands to be withdrawn and Aldingar to be produced. Aldingar, a very large man, would not have minded fifty such. The child claims the first stroke, and if Aldingar can give a second he need not spare him. Aldingar's legs are cut off at the knee with this stroke. Aldingar asks for a priest to shrive him, confesses everything, and begs the queen's forgiveness. The child enjoins King Harry to take back his wife and love her, for she is true as stone; the lazarus under the gallows becomes a sound man at the same instant, and is made steward in Aldingar's place.

The Scottish ballad repeats the main part of this story, dropping all that is miraculous save the simple judgment of God. Rodingham, who represents Aldingar, does not cajole the leper with the promise of being restored to health, but intoxicates him with sweet liquors, and lays him asleep in the queen's bed. The king wishes to believe the queen guiltless, and proposes that she shall find a champion. The champion is an ordinary knight; the leper is neither better nor worse for the part he is made to play; and the knight is rewarded with a gift of lands. That the Scottish ballad is the original of the English is a singularly unhappy idea of Sir Walter Scott's, and it is hard to conceive what suggested such a notion, unless it were the allegation that the sword with which Sir Hugh defended the queen's honor was until a late day producible by his posterity, whereas no one pretends to have the other. But Sir Walter could not seriously have credited this tradition, for he himself observes that there is no instance in history in which the honor of a queen of Scotland was committed to the chance of a duel.

Cousin to the English ballad is the Scandinavian 'Ravengaard og Memering,' Grundtvig, No 13, I, 177-213, 426 f, II, 640-45, III, 779-82, IV, 722-31. There are eleven versions in all, besides a Norwegian copy, extant at the end of the last century, of which now only the story is at our command. Eight of the

eleven texts are Danish, A-C, G-L. A is from a manuscript of the middle of the sixteenth century, and so a hundred years older than 'Sir Aldingar.' The other Danish copies are from recent tradition,* and so are Färöe D, E. An Icelandic version, F, is from a seventeenth-century manuscript.

The old Danish ballad affords the following story. Gunild [Gunder] lives at Spire, and many nobles from all quarters of the compass sue for her hand, which Henry, Duke of Brunswick and Schleswig, obtains. Henry, going to the wars, commits to Ravengaard the protection of his land, and especially of his wife. But no sooner is the duke fairly away than Ravengaard goes to "the queen," and demands of her the sword Adelring, which she has in keeping. This being refused, Ravengaard threatens that he will tell false tales of her, but the lady is not intimidated. The duke comes home, and asks Ravengaard how things are. The country remains as it was, but Gunild has been acting ill. The duke will not believe anything wrong of Gunild; but Ravengaard affirms that he has seen the archbishop with her with his own eyes. Henry, after repeating this charge to Gunild, beats her severely, and nobody dares come to the rescue, or to speak for her, save two ladies of the court, who maintain that Ravengaard has lied. Then let her find a man who will fight with him, says the duke. Bare-headed and bare-foot Gunild goes to the hall where the knights are drinking. They all rise; but when she asks, Is there anybody here who will fight for a woman? there is no response except from Memering. He had served her father fifteen years; never had he seen her so wretched, bare-shouldered, bare-foot. Ravengaard had had more of her father's bounty than anybody, and he has been the first to betray her. Memering had always been last when gifts were giving; but he will go into the lists for her if he can have the sword Adelring, and this Gunild promises him. A ring

* All these Scandinavian versions were printed for the first time by Grundtvig, save two out of eleven copies of K: these two in Kristensen, I, 124, No 49, 'Mimering,' and II, 306, No 87, 'Fru Gunder i Spire.' F was subsequently

printed in Íslensk Fornkvæði, No 12, I, 78, 'Gunnhildar kvæði.' Grundtvig devoted particular attention to this ballad, and has elucidated the history of the subject in a masterly way.

is marked on the ground for the fight. Ravengaard requires Memering to swear that he knows not of the sword Adelring. Memering (who has thrust the blade into the earth) swears that he does not know of more than the hilt being above ground, and exacts in turn that Ravengaard shall swear that he has no knowledge of the sword Sudevind [Saadering], to which Ravengaard makes oath without qualification. With the first blow Ravengaard cuts Memering's sword in two. This shows, says the duke, what deeds you have been doing. Memering strikes, and cuts Ravengaard's sword in two. Ravengaard asks his adversary to wait a moment till he can tie his shoe, stoops, and picks up the sword Sudevind; for which perjury, says Memering, thy foul soul is lost. Ravengaard now cuts a second sword of Memering's in two. Memering asks for time to tie his shoe, stoops down, and produces the sword Adelring; for which perjury, says Ravengaard, thy foul soul is lost. But Memering had been careful to swear with circumstance: he had sworn that he knew of nothing but the hilt being above ground. With one stroke he cuts Sudevind in two, and with a second Ravengaard's neck. And now Gunild may say to the duke, You see Ravengaard lied. Henry begs forgiveness. Memering, who has a broken head and leg, demands nothing more than bread the rest of his days, but Gunild says she will herself be his leech, and he shall have both bread to eat and scarlet to wear.

The trick of reserving a peculiarly formidable sword is a commonplace in northern sagas,* and we are not obliged to suppose that it belonged to the ballad from the beginning. No trace of it is found in the other Scandinavian versions.

The Danish versions from recent oral tradition, B, C, G-L, relate that Henry, going off on

an expedition, commits Gunild to the care of Ravnlil, who forthwith demands that she shall do his will, otherwise he will tell a great lie about her. She trusts in the triumph of honesty, and defies him. Henry comes back, and inquires of Ravnlil about his wife, and Ravnlil tells his great lie: Gunild spares neither monk nor priest; he has seen the archbishop with her, C. Henry seizes Gunild by the hair, throws her to the ground and beats her; thus shall she be served till she find a kemp that will fight for her. Gunild goes to the kemp-house, and asks if there is any man that will fight for a woman. None who will fight for a whore, H, K. Memering jumps over the table, B, G, I, and offers to be her champion. At the first shock in the lists Memering's horse is brought to his knees; in the second encounter Memering takes off Ravnlil's head. Henry offers tons of gold to redeem Gunild. Shame befall him that sells her, says Memering, and rides off with Gunild, leaving Henry wringing his hands.

K, like A, represents that Gunild was wooed from all quarters before she was won by Henry. Memering, who sits lowest at the board, says to Gunild, as in A 20-23, that he had served her father eleven years, and never seen her with bare feet. In C Memering finds Gunild weeping, and, learning the reason, asks the loan of her father's horse, receives horse and armor of proof, goes where the kamps are drinking, and challenges the slanderer. The burly villain says he will take him in his left hand and chuck him out of the country, crush all his limbs with his little finger. After the fight, Memering presents Gunild with "the head that has belied her," and she carries it to Henry, who asks in wonder, Who in all my land has hewn down a man so big? Memering, the least of men, she says. Henry offers him his Sudselille, his Strudselille, his

* See Flóamannasaga, Vigfússon and Möbius, *Fornsögur*, p. 134 f, where the whole sword is hid in the sand; *Svarfdælasaga*, *Íslendíngar Sögur*, 1830, II, 132-134; *Gunnlaugs saga ormstíngu*, *Ísl. Sög.*, 1847, II, 225 f; *þiðriks saga*, Unger, p. 206, c. 222; *Sturlaugs saga starfsama*, c. 10, *Rafn, Fornaldar Sögur*, III, 608 f; and cf. 'Orm Ungersvend og Bermer Ríse,' *Danmarks gamle Folkeviser*, No 11: Grundtvig and Bugge. Besides the oath customary in judicial com-

bats, that the parties believe in the justice of their cause, the old Frisian and Lombard laws require champions to swear that they will fight fairly and honestly, and that they have no charm concealed about them, "ne forte carminibus, vel machinis diabolicis, vel magicis artibus insidientur:" *Grundtvig*, I, 194 note*. Jove seems to be expected to laugh at a qualified perjury in some of the above cases.

Spire, but will have Gunild for his own. Memering bids him keep his gifts; he will not resign Gunild, whom he has won. The diminutive size of Memering is noted also in **B**, **H**, **I**, **K**, and the hugeness of Ravnlil in **B**, **G**, **I**. In **H** Memering knocks off his opponent's hat in the first bout, and the head follows in the second. Now we will ride off, says Memering to Gunild; but Gunild will not budge till she has had vengeance on Henry.

The Norwegian story has lost the beginning, but agrees well with the Danish so far as it goes. Gunild goes into the kemp's hall, and asks if any man dare fight for a woman against huge Ronnegaar. All are silent but Mimmer, smallest of Christian men, who offers himself. Gunild holds him cheap for his low stature, and says he had better stay at home and keep his sheep; but he, not rebuffed, mounts his horse, seeks out Ronnegaar, and, after a three days' fight, vanquishes him and cuts off his head, which he ties to his saddle-bow and brings back in triumph.

The Icelandic ballad is in accord with the Danish until we come to the *judicium dei*, and then an ordeal by hot iron takes the place of the combat. So with the two Färöe copies, which, however, mix both forms, and inconsistently bring in Memering, with nothing for him to do. King Diderik replaces Henry in all three, but Spire remains the place of the action. When the returning king asks after Gunild, he is told that the archbishop has been seen lying with her, or the bishop's brother, and others besides. He seizes her by the hair and drags her from her bed, **F**, beats her for two days, **E**, **F**, and a third, and no one dares interfere. At last two of his children beg him to stop, **D**, **E**; ask what their mother has done, **F**. She has been untrue. Then let her carry iron and walk on steel. Nine times she carries iron and ten times she walks on steel, **F**. The conclusion is very much injured in all these copies. In the Ice-

landic, **F**, "all her iron bands fall off;" her accuser goes to infernal punishment, and she to heaven. In **D**, **E**, after the children have asked for the ordeal by fire, Gunild goes to the strand, or along the street, and meets Mimmering, smallest of Christian men, **E**, who says he has served her father eight years, and never saw her in such wretched plight. She then goes to another land, **D**; Mimmering takes her from heathen land (which at least makes him of some use), **E**; when she enters a church her iron bands burst. She is making gifts of a Yule day, and gives her traducer a red ring, meaning a rope round his neck.

The names of the four actors in the Scandinavian versions are: Henry, as in English, in all the Danish copies,* replaced by King Diderik in Färöe **D**, **E**, Icelandic **F**; Gunild, or Gunder, Gunni, Gunde, in all copies, including the Norwegian; Memering, Mimmering, in all but the Norwegian and Danish **H**, which have the slight modifications Mimmer, Nimmering, these last, as also Färöe **D**, **E**, adding the suffix *Tand*. There is considerable variety, always with some likeness, in the fourth name: Raffuengaard, Danish **A**; Röngård, **H**; Ronnegaar, the Norwegian; Ravnlil, **B**, **G**, **K**, **L**, Ravnhild, **I**; Rundkrud Hagensgaard, **C**; Roysningur, Färöe **D**, **E**; Rögnvaldr, Icelandic **F**. Ravengaard, Röngård, Ronnegaar, with the Anglo-Latin Rodingar, presently to be mentioned, are evidently the forerunners of the English Aldingar (Sir Raldingar) and Rodingham.† The English Eleanor is probably a later substitution for Gunild, become unfamiliar. Eleanor may have been meant or understood for Henry Second's queen (less likely for Henry Third's, though she went into a monastery), but considering how freely the name is dealt with in English ballads, the question is hardly worth raising, and assuredly it never was raised except by editors.‡

Memering is of diminutive size in **B-E**,

* Hans Hendrik in **H**; clearly, as Grundtvig says, a modern misunderstanding of Hau Hendrik.

† The name Raadengaard occurs in Grundtvig, No 7, **A**, **G**, **H**, No 12, **C**; Ravengaard also in No 7, **D**, No 12, **A**; Raanegaard, Ronegaard, in No 12, **B**.

‡ Percy says that it had been suggested to him that the author of 'Sir Aldingar' "had in his eye the story of Gunhilda, who was sometimes called Eleanor, and was married to the Emperor (here called King) Henry." I have not found that Gunhilda was ever called Eleanor.

H-K, the smallest of Christian men in **E**, and also in the Norwegian copy.* The large size of his antagonist is noted in **B**, **C**, **G**, **I**, and the Norwegian copy. His representative in English **A** seems no more in a man's likeness than a child of four years old. Aldingar would not have recked had there been half a hundred such; and Aldingar is as big as a fooder, "a tun of man," like Falstaff, though not so unwieldy.

Gunhild, daughter of Cnut the Great and Emma, was married in 1036 to King Henry, afterwards the Emperor Henry III, and died of the plague at Ravenna two years later, never having had any trouble with her husband. William of Malmesbury, who died only a little more than a hundred years after Gunhild, 1142 or 1143, writes of her as follows: She was a girl of extraordinary beauty, and had been sighed for in vain by many suitors before her hand was bestowed upon Henry. She was attended to the ship which was to take her to her husband by a procession so splendid that it was still in William's day the theme of popular song. After many years of married life she was denounced for adultery, and offered as her champion against her accuser (who was a man of gigantic bulk), others refusing, a mere boy that she had brought with her from England, who by miracle hamstrung her defamer. Gunhild then could not be induced by threats or blandishments to live longer with her husband, but took the veil, and passed the remainder of a long life in the service of God.†

It will be recognized that we have in this narrative many points of the English and Danish ballad: the beauty of the queen, English **A** 2; her numerous suitors, Danish **A**, **K**; the youth or under size of the queen's champion, who had previously been in the service of her family, and the huge dimensions of the other party; the triumph of weakness and inno-

cence, and Gunhild's separating herself from Henry, Danish **B**, **C**, **G-L**. Nor can we well doubt that William of Malmesbury was citing a ballad, for the queen's wonderful deliverance in so desperate an extremity would be even more likely to be celebrated in popular song than her magnificent wedding, and a ballad is known to have been made upon a similar and equally fabulous adventure which is alleged in chronicle to have occurred to Gunhild's mother.

Malmesbury does not mention the names of the combatants, though he may very well have known them. These names are supplied by a French metrical life of Edward the Confessor, "translatée du Latin," of which the manuscript must have been written before 1272, and may, perhaps, be dated as early as 1245. In this poem we are told that Gunhild, having been calumniated to her husband, the Emperor Henry, was obliged by the custom of the empire to purge herself by battle, and with difficulty could find a champion, because her accuser was of gigantic size. But a dwarf, whom she had brought up, by name Mimecan,‡ undertook to fight for her, hamstrung the giant at the first blow, and at the second cut off his feet, "as the history says." The lady, thus acquitted, declined to have the emperor for her lord. The other name is given in verses describing a picture of the combat, one of many illustrations which adorn the manuscript: How the dwarf Mimecan, to redeem the honor of his mistress, fights with the huge old Rodegan, and cuts off his feet; where Rodegan is, perhaps, an adaptation of Rodingar, for rhyme's sake; § but we have Rodynham in English **B**.

In The Chronica Majora of Matthew Paris, I, 515; ed. Luard, manuscript of the beginning of the fourteenth century, the passage in Malmesbury is repeated, with additions from other sources. The name of Gunhild's cham-

* Little Mimmering Tand is found in several ballads. He is one of King Diderik's kamps in Grundtvig, No 7, **A**, and appears again in his No 16, **C**. Mimering is the smallest of men in Grundtvig, No 14.

† *De Gestis Regum Anglorum*, I. ii, c. 12.

‡ Danish and Norwegian Mimecan, Mimmering, Memer-

ing, English mimicking, mimocking, and probably minnikin, Scottish memerkyn, mynmerkin, all denote a man or object of small size, and point to Icelandie minni = minor, minnkan, a minishing, etc.; as Bugge remarks.

§ *Lives of Edward the Confessor*, edited by Henry Richards Luard, p. 39 f, vv 506-531, p. 3, VII.

pion is given as Mimecan, and the dwarf is further said to have cut off the giant's head, as in the Norwegian version of the ballad and Danish C, and to have presented it to his mistress, as in Danish C. Brompton's Chronicle, of the second half of the fourteenth century, reiterates the story of the duel, giving the names of both combatants, Mimecan (misprinted or misread Municon) and Roddyn-gar.*

It is highly probable that this story became connected with Gunhild, wife of Henry III, in consequence of her bearing the name Cunigund after her marriage, owing to which circumstance she might become confused with the consort of the Emperor St Henry II, St Cunigund, in whose legendary history there is a passage essentially similar. St Cunigund's married life extended from 1002 to 1024. After Henry's death she retired to a nunnery, and she died "in the service of God," 1033, which corresponds with what Malmesbury says of Gunhild. Notwithstanding the mutual asceticism of the imperial pair, reports obtained, instigated by the devil, that Cunigund had doubly broken her vows, nor did these fail to make an impression on her husband's mind. To justify herself, Cunigund offered to walk barefoot over red-hot ploughshares, or, according to another account, to carry red-hot iron in her hands, and she went through the test without injury.† This form of ordeal is of the nature of what is suggested

in the Färöe and the Icelandic ballad, and executed in the latter, where Gunild both walks over hot steel and carries hot iron in her hands.

Emma, Gunhild's mother, had the misfortune to be subjected to the same aspersions as her daughter and the Empress Cunigund, and was favored with the like glorious vindication. Accused of having a bishop for her lover, she asked to be submitted to the ordeal of hot iron, and walked over nine glowing ploughshares, in the church of St Swithin, Winchester, not only without injury, but even without the consciousness of what she had done.‡ We are expressly informed that a ballad on the subject was sung by a minstrel in the hall of the prior of St Swithin on the occasion of a visit of the Bishop of Winchester in 1338, in conjunction with another about the giant Colbrand.§

Earlier instances of a miraculous exoneration, under similar circumstances, are those of Richarda, or Richardis, wife of the Emperor Charles III, 887, and of Gundeberg, wife of the Lombard king Arioald, c. 630.

Richarda, accused of adultery with a bishop, protests, like Cunigund, not only her innocence of crime, but her intact virginity after a marriage of ten or twelve years, and offers herself to the judgment of God, either by duel or hot ploughshares; or actually proves her integrity by some form of ordeal, *divino [a quo] judicio*, or by passing through fire in

* Twysden, *Historiæ Anglicanæ Scriptores Decem*, col. 933. In MS. A of the *Abbreviationes* of Ralph de Diceto, ed. Stubbs, I, 174, this note is inserted in the margin (at Gunildam imperatori Romano cum ineffabilibus divitiis maritavit): *Quam Rodingarus Alemannicus impetravit de adulterio, sed Mimekinus eam defendit et Rodingarum interfecit.* The *Abbreviationes* were written before 1200, but the date of the insertion is of course uncertain.

† The second account in Alberti Krantzii *Saxonia*, lib. iv, c. 32, p. 97, ed. 1621: Grundtvig. Cunigund having publicly protested that she had never known man (not even her husband), Henry, who wished the secret kept, according to one account struck her lightly in the face, according to another squeezed her mouth together so roughly as to draw blood. Grundtvig sees in this story a correspondence with the severe beating that Henry is said, in some of the ballads, to have inflicted on Gunild.

‡ The trial is described with every detail in the *Annals of Winchester*, which may be of Henry II's time: Luard,

Annales Monastici, II, 20-25. See, also, Brompton's *Chronicle*, *Hist. Angl. Scriptores X*, col. 941 f; *Eulogium Historiarum*, ed. Haydon, II, 184, c. 184; *Rudbourn*, in *Wharton's Anglia Sacra*, I, 233-35; etc.

§ Et cantabat joculator quidam, nomine Herebertus, canticum Colbrandi, necnon gestum Emme regine a judicio ignis liberate, in aula prioris: *Registrum prioratus S. Swithini Wintoniensis*, cited by Warton, *History of English Poetry*, I, 81, ed. 1840. While the ordeal was in process, we are told, the spectators were weeping "intolerably" and crying with one voice, *St Swithin, help her! now or never!* Deus vim patitur. *Regina sine clamore faciebat orationem: Deus, qui liberasti Susannam, tu me liberare digneris!* It may be the same or another ballad on the deliverance of Queen Emma which Langland refers to at the end of the Prologue to *Piers Plowman*, as sung by lazy dykers and delvers, "that drive forth the long day with *Dieu vous sauve, Dame Emme.*"

a waxed shift, or donning a wax shift, which is set on fire at her hands and feet. Disculpated thus, she goes, like Cunigund, into a monastery for the rest of her days.*

Gundeberg happening to praise a certain nobleman's figure, he solicited her in shameless style, and was most contemptuously rejected. Upon this he tells the king that Gundeberg means to poison her husband and take another man, and the queen is put under confinement. Remonstrance is made by the king of the Franks, to which race Gundberg belongs, and Arioald consents to allow her to clear herself by a champion. One Pitto (otherwise Carellus) fights with the accuser and kills him.† If Pitto, as Bugge has suggested, and as seems more than plausible, be Little (old Italian *pitetto*, etc.), then the root of the Scandinavian-English story is found in the early part of the seventh century. The name Carellus may also be a significant diminutive.

Henry, in the Scandinavian ballad, accepts the testimony of the man in whose charge he had left Gunild, without asking for proof. Circumstantial evidence is offered in the English ballad; the false steward shows the king a leper lying in the queen's bed. Aldingar induces the leper to conform to his orders by promising that he shall be a sound man in two hours. Rodyngham gives the leper a drink, and lays him in the bed asleep. The queen, to the advantage of good taste, but to the detriment of the proof, is not there in either case.

We have here a link with the story of Oliva, or Sibilla, in the Charlemagne cycle of fictions. We may begin with the second section of the Karlamagnus saga, because we know that it was translated from an English copy brought home by a Norseman resident in Scotland in 1287.

Olif is here sister to Charles, and married to King Hugo. Going to the chase, Hugo leaves his wife in the care of his steward,

* Regino, † 915, in Pertz, I, 597; Hermannus Contractus, † 1054, and *Compendium ex codice Bernoldi*, Migne, *Patrologia*, CXLIII, col. 201; Massmann, *Kaiserchronik*, twelfth century, II, 415-22; Jac. von Königshofen's *Chronicle*, end of fourteenth century, ed. Schilter, p. 105, cited by Grimm, *Rechtsalterthümer*, p. 912, Grundtvig, I, 190.

Milon, who had long had a passion for her, and takes advantage of this occasion to declare it. The queen threatens to have him hanged. Milon goes home, puts a potion in a mazer, returns to the queen, and, pretending that what he had said was only a jest and meant to try her virtue, asks her, in token of reconciliation, to drink the cup with him. He feigns to begin; the queen follows in earnest, and falls into a dead sleep. He lays her in her bed, administers the same drink to a black beggar, and, when it has had its effect, lays him by the queen, putting the arms of each about the other's neck. When the king comes back he wonders that his wife does not come to meet him, and asks where she is. The steward answers, as in A 8, that the queen has taken a new love, and conducts the king to his chamber. Hugo cuts off the black man's head. Every drop of his blood turns to a burning candle, which makes the king think that he has killed a holy man. But the steward says, Not so; rather she is a witch, that can make stones float and feathers sink, and urges the king, now that his sword is out, to take off the queen's head, too. The king refuses. Olif wakes, and is astounded at what her eyes behold. What means this black man in her bed! God wot, says Milon, he has long been your leman. The queen demands an ordeal, according to the law of the land; and successively proposes that she shall be put naked into a copper over a hot fire, or be thrown from a high tower on sword and spear points, or be taken in a boat out of sight of land and thrown into the water. The king is each time disposed to let her have her way, but is always dissuaded by Milon, who tells him that no such trial would signify anything with a witch of her powers. Hereupon a knight leaps up and knocks Milon down for a liar, and offers to fight him on these terms: Milon to be fully armed and on his best horse,

In the *Kaiserchronik* the emperor gives his wife a blow with his fist.

† Fredegarius, *Chronicon*, c. 51, in Du Chesne, I, 755; Aimoinus, c. 1000, *Historia Francorum*, lib. iv, c. 10, in Du Chesne, III, 103. Paulus Diaconus, lib. iv, c. 47, has wrongly made Gundeberg wife of Rodoald, putting the event at 652.

and the challenger to have no armor, a mule for a steed, and a wooden wand for a weapon. Milon is immediately thrown, but the king is still induced to think this to be more of his wife's magic, calls his best men to council, and bids them determine what death she shall die. There is no further resemblance to our ballad. *Karlasmagnus Saga, Af Fru Olif ok Landres, Unger, p. 51.*

A Färöe ballad, 'Óluvu kvæði,' Hammershaimb, in *Antiquarisk Tidsskrift*, 1846-48, p. 281, repeats this story with variations, and as we are informed by Grundtvig, I, 201, so do Icelandic rimes, 'Landres rímur,' as yet unprinted. In the Färöe ballad, after Óluva's champion (who had come with her from home, like Memering) has unhorsed her accuser, she passes the ordeal of water and fire triumphantly, and still another.

In the Spanish prose romance of Oliva (printed in 1498) and the French chanson de geste of Doon l'Alemanz (fifteenth-century manuscript), the heroine, who is now Pepin's sister, becomes the victim of slander, not in consequence of her having rebuffed an overweening lover, but because the father or uncle of the arch-traitor Ganelon had been thwarted in his plan to match his daughter or sister with the nobleman upon whom Pepin has bestowed Oliva. It is an ordinary young lad who is put into the lady's bed, and no loathsome leper or beggar. The injured woman asks for the ordeal of fire or of water, and, in the Spanish romance, when these are refused her, to be thrown from a tower. After much difficulty this right is conceded in the latter, and, like Richardis,* she walks through a blazing fire, in simple shift, without singeing hair or thread. But all this helps her not. F. Wolf, *Ueber die neuesten Leistungen der Franzosen*, u. s. w., p. 98 ff.; C. Sachs *Beiträge*, u. s. w., p. 2 ff.

* In Königshofen's Chronicle.

† Edited by Leibnitz in *Accessiones Historicæ*, tom. II, Pars I, p. 105 f. The passage relating to this romance is cited from Leibnitz by Wolf, *Ueber die neuesten Leistungen*, u. s. w., p. 156 f, and from a manuscript by Guessard, *Macaire*, p. xii f. All that is said of the dwarf is: *de quodam nano turpissimo, enjus occasione dieta regina fuit expulsa.*

‡ This tale apparently exists also in a manuscript of the

According to other forms of the same story, it is Sibilla, wife of Charles the Great, that is temporarily repudiated by her husband, owing to a false suspicion of unfaithfulness, seemingly justified by an ugly dwarf being found in bed with her. A French romance, which narrated this story, is described in the Chronicle of Alberich, a monk of the cloister of Trois Fontaines, in the diocese of Liège, writing in the first half of the thirteenth century.† A fragment of the latter half of such a romance, and of the same age, is preserved. A complete tale is extant in a variety of forms: *Hystoria de la reyna Sebilla*, in Spanish prose, French by origin, of which a full analysis is given by Ferdinand Wolf, *Ueber die neuesten Leistungen*, u. s. w., p. 124 ff, from a printed copy dated 1532;‡ a Dutch volksbuch, also from the French, printed not far from the same time, of which an ample account is also given by Wolf in *Denkschriften der kaiserlichen Akademie der Wissenschaften, Phil. Hist. Classe*, VIII, 180 ff; *Macaire*, a French romance in verse, of the thirteenth or fourteenth century, *Mussafia, Altfranzösische Gedichte aus venezianischen Handschriften*, II, Guessard, *Les Anciens Poëtes de la France*; a German metrical tale of uncertain date, 'Diu Künigin von Frankreich und der ungetriuwe Marschalk,' found in many manuscripts, von der Hagen, *Gesamtadventeuer*, I, 169, Meyer und Mooyer, *Altdeutsche Dichtungen*, p. 52; a meisterlied, 'Die Künigin von Frankreich, dy der marschalk gegen dem Kunig versagen wart,' u. s. w., printed in the fifteenth century, and lately in Wolff's *Halle der Völker*, II, 255.§ The king and queen are nameless in the last two, and the queen bears the name of *Blanciflor* in 'Macaire.' In the two German versions the false marshal repeats the part of the false steward in the English and Norse story; having failed with the queen, he

end of the fourteenth century: *Gayangos* in *Rivadeneyra's Biblioteca, Libros de Caballerias*, p. lxxxiii, 'Sebilla.' Cited by Wolf.

§ See, for the last, and generally for the related literature, von Tettau, *Ueber einige bis jetzt unbekannte Erfurter Drucke aus dem 15. Jahrhundert*, pp 8-65. Hans Saehs has dramatized the story of the false marshal, VIII, 54, ed. Keller.

lays a sleeping dwarf in her bed. The dwarf is principal in the Spanish and Dutch story, and after a discomfiture in which he loses some of his teeth at the vigorous hand of the queen, creeps into her bed while she is asleep. He does the same in the Venetian-French romance, thinking to get vengeance for rough handling from his mistress when acting as Pandarus for Macaire, of whose spite against the queen for rebuking his inordinate passion he is all the while the tool.

Sibilla appears again as Sisibe, daughter of a Spanish king, married to Sigmundr, father of Sigurðr Fáfnisbani. The king, summoned to arms, entrusts her to two of his nobles, one of whom, Hartvin, proposes that she shall accept him as a husband, and is threatened with the gallows. The two represent to the king, on his return, that the queen has had a handsome thrall for her partner during his absence. Hartvin advises that she be relegated to a desolate forest and have her tongue cut out, to which Sigmundr assents. *Þiðriks Saga*, Unger, p. 159 ff, cc 156-59; *Hyltén-Cavallius*, p. 115, cc 149-51.

The first part of the English romance of Sir Triamour, or a little more than 600 verses, is derived from some French form of Sibilla. A king going on a crusade to the holy land commits his queen to the care of his steward; the steward sues the queen to accept him as a paramour, and is threatened with hanging; the steward pretends that he has only been proving her, but when the king comes home tells him that he has seen a man lying with the queen, and has slain the traitor; the king is minded to burn his wife, but is advised by the steward rather to banish her; three days are allowed the queen to quit the country, and if found after that she is to die in the fire. *Percy Society*, vol. XVI, ed. Halliwell; *Percy MS.*, ed. Hales and Furnivall, II, 78; *Utterson, Select Pieces of Early Popular Poetry*, I, 5.

In like manner, Genoveva's husband is persuaded by the false Golo, who has been

charged with the care of her and has abused his trust, that his wife has admitted a cook to her favor; and Octavian's mother, in the English romance, excites her son's resentment against his innocent queen by inducing a scullion, "lothly of face," to get into the empress's bed: *Weber*, III, 163, v. 153 ff.*

Another series of tales, that has likeness in parts with the story of Gunhild and of Sibilla, is represented in English by the pleasing romance of *The Erl of Tolous*,† dating from about 1400.

We read in this lay of Britain, as it is called in the last stanza, that Barnard, Earl of Toulouse, has become enamored of the Empress of Germany, with whose lord he is at strife, and has excited a certain interest in the mind of the lady. The emperor selects two knights to guard his wife; these conceive a violent passion for her, and declare it, one after the other, after having obtained from her a promise of secrecy. She tells the first that he is a traitor and deserves to be hanged, and the second that he should be hanged had she not hight to hold counsel. These knights, who have been in collusion from the first, think themselves unsafe, notwithstanding the empress's promise, and conspire to be her ruin. They induce a young gentleman, for a jest, to strip himself all but bare, and hide behind a curtain in her chamber while she is sleeping; then summon "lords of bed" to help take a traitor who is with their lady in her bower, find the young man where they had put him, and bear him through the body. The lady is cast into prison. Her husband, who is far off, has a dream of two wild bears tearing his wife to pieces, and returns home with all haste. The knights tell their story. A council is called the next day, and it is decided that the empress must die (be burned). An old knight calls attention to the circumstance that the young man's tongue is stopped, and that none ever found a fault in the lady before; he advises that proclamation be made for a champion, to which the king, who loves his wife

* For Genoveva see Seuffert, *Die Legende von der Pfalzgräfin Genovefa*, Würzburg, 1877.

† Ritson, A. E. *Metrical Romancees*, III, 93; newly and vol. II.

tenderly, gladly assents. The Earl of Toulouse hears of the lady's peril, and resolves to go to Germany and fight for her. This, as being on hostile terms with the emperor, he must do in disguise. By the help of an abbot, who is the empress's uncle, he obtains admission to the lady in a monk's dress, hears her shrift, and assures himself of her innocence; and then, monk as he seems, offers to do battle with the accusers. One is run through, the other yields as recreant and confesses the plot, and both are burned. The monk is revealed by the abbot, under a pledge that he shall receive no injury, to be Sir Barnard of Toulouse. The emperor treats his late foe graciously, and rewards him, even to the extent of dying in three years, when the earl is chosen his successor and weds the empress.

Of this story the following are repetitions, with variations: (1) *Miracle de la Marquise de Gaudine*, MS. of about 1400, Paris et Robert, *Miracles de Notre Dame*, II, 121 ff; (2) the German *Volksbuch*, *Eine schöne und liebliche History vom edlen und theuren Ritter Galmien*, printed 1539 or earlier, upon which Hans Sachs founded his play *Der Ritter Galmi mit der Hertzogin auss Britanien*, Keller, VIII, 261; (3) the Danish poem *Den kydske Dronning*, by Jeppe Jensen, 1483, Brandt, *Romantisk Digtning*, II, 89 ff; (4) a tale of Bandello, Second Part, No 44, *Amore di Don Giovanni di Mendoza e della Duchessa di Savoia*, printed 1554; (5) the French prose-romance *L'Histoire de Palanus*, Comte de Lyon, ed. A. de Terrebasse, 1833, put before 1539. In (1) a dwarf is made to conceal himself in the lady's chamber; in (2) a sculion to boast that he is the object of her passion; in (3) a servitor is the instrument of treachery; in (4) a young gentleman; in (5) this machinery is dropped, and a slanderous letter does the mischief. In none of these is the lady a German empress; in (5) she is an English queen; in (2) of British birth. In all there is a reciprocal predilection on the part of the lady and her champion.

Spanish and Provençal chroniclers and a Spanish ballad relate a story substantially according with what we find in 'The Earl of

Toulouse, the injured heroine being an empress of Germany, and her champion a count, in all cases but one Count Ramon of Barcelona.

In the Spanish ballad 'Romance de cómo el conde don Ramon de Barcelona libró á la emperatriz de Alemania que la tenian para quemar,' Duran, *Romancero*, II, 210, No 1228, Wolf y Hofmann, *Primavera*, II, 102, from the *Silva de Romances* of 1550, two knights, with no motive given but their own wickedness, tell the emperor that they have seen the empress toying with her chamberlain. The empress is imprisoned, and casts about for two knights to defend her life against the accusers. In all the chivalry of the court there is none that will venture against appellants so redoubtable, and she is to be burned in three days. The Count of Barcelona hears the distressing intelligence, and sets out to the rescue. No one being admitted to the lady except her confessor, the count makes known to the holy father that he has come for the defence, and begs, if possible, that he may first have a word with her majesty. He has an interview, in the guise of a monk, and is properly welcomed by the empress, who expresses her confidence that he will succeed in establishing her innocence, but will not permit him even to kiss hands. Asking only to take his adversaries one at a time, the count speedily disposes of the first, when the other surrenders. The emperor, delighted with the result, wishes to show due honor to the champion, who, however, is not to be found, having returned to his estates immediately after the fight; nor is the empress at liberty to tell who he is until the third day. He is then revealed to be the flower of chivalry, the lord of Catalonia. The empress, with the approval of her husband, goes to Barcelona, attended by a magnificent train and under conduct of two cardinals, to express her gratitude in person, and is very splendidly received and entertained.

The oldest of the chroniclers, the Catalan Bernart Desclot, writing about 1300, ascribes the misfortune of the empress to a harmless partiality for a young nobleman, which was misrepresented to the emperor by two of his

councillors, out of envy and spite.* The empress is allowed a year and a day to find a champion, in default of which she is to be burned. None of the knights to whom she has shown kindness dare offer themselves in her cause, on account of the high favor in which her accusers, who engage to make good their charge by battle, stand with their master. But a minstrel attached to the court takes it in hand to find her a defender, goes to Barcelona, and so interests the count in the case that he sets out immediately for Germany. Carbonell, c. 1500, Beuter, c. 1530, and Pujades, † 1635, all of whom rely in part on popular tradition, make the count to be Ramon Berengar III, and Beuter says that, according to the Catalans, the empress was Matilda, daughter of Henry I of England, who was married to the emperor Henry V in 1114.†

Provençal chronicles, Cæsar de Nostradamus's *Histoire et chronique de Provence*, 1614, and *La Royalle Couronne des Roys d'Arles*, 1641, return to the baffled steward or maître d'hôtel and his revenge. The empress is Matilda in Nostradamus, as in Beuter, and the steward simply accuses her of adultery, and

offers to sustain the charge by battle. No one dares to defend the lady, because the accuser is un fort rude et dangereux champion. The steward is hanged after his defeat. In *La Royalle Couronne des Roys d'Arles* the emperor is said to be Henry III and the empress Matilde, fille de Camet, qui avoit esté roy de Dannemarc et estoit roy d'Angleterre, The emperor Henry V was as king of Arles Henry III. Camet, whether miswritten or not, can mean only Canut, and there is an obvious confusion between Gunild, daughter of Cnut, wife of Henry III of Germany, and Matilda, daughter of Henry I of England, wife of Henry III of Arles and V of Germany.‡ This may be an historical blunder, pure and simple, or may have been occasioned by a knowledge of the tradition concerning Gunild.

There is little or nothing in all these tales that can be historically authenticated, and much that is in plain contradiction with history.§ Putting history out of the question, there is no footing firmer than air for him who would essay to trace the order of the development. Even if we exaggerate the poverty of

* This recalls Morant in Karl Meinet, Keller, 219 ff, and in *La gran conquista de ultramar*, Wolf, *Denkschriften der kais. Akad.*, as before, VIII, 280. Olive, in the German *volksbuch Hirlanda*, seems to be patterned after Morant. Hirlanda is charged with an intrigue with Olive by a graceless nobleman, and is to be burned unless vindicated by battle. Everybody is afraid of the impeacher's strength and skill in fight, but he is vanquished by a mere boy (divinely assisted) and confesses his villainy. The boy is Hirlanda's long-lost son. This is a stale paraphrase of an old story.

† Diago in his history of the counts of Barcelona contends for Ramon Berengar IV and the wife of Alfonso VII, who was crowned Emperor of Spain in 1135: Wolf, Lüdtke.

‡ For these chronicles and for Palanus, see F. Wolf in *Jahrbücher für wissenschaftliche Kritik*, 1835, 945-56, and Lüdtke, 78 ff. In the Arles chronicle, as also in Desclot, Carbonell, Beuter, etc., the empress gives the count a ring when he visits her in prison, and the same is done earlier in The Erl of Tolous; see Lüdtke, pp 80, 171, 181, 185, 191, 201, and vv 392, 1076 of the English romance. It may be noted, without the intention of suggesting any particular inference, that Arthur's queen in *Le lai du Corn*, v. 325 ff, to clear herself from the suspicion of loving amiss, professes herself ready to be thrown into a fire of thorns, and, should a hair of her head or any of her dress be burned, then to be dragged at a horse's heels. She owns that she *had* given a ring to a young donzel, who had killed a giant that had slandered Gawain, and then wished modestly to withdraw.

§ Lüdtke has endeavored, by a very carefully conducted

comparison, to show the probability of an historical foundation for The Erl of Tolous in the relations of Bernard I, Count of Barcelona, with the Empress Judith, second wife of Louis le Débonnaire. By the influence of this beautiful and clever woman, Bernard, son of the William of Orange of romance, and later in his life Count or Duke of Toulouse, as his father had been, was made imperial chamberlain or prime minister, with the object of forwarding the aspirations which the empress entertained for her son Karl. Hugo, Count of Tours, and Matfrid, Count of Orleans, partisans of Lothair, stand for the empress's two lovers and enemies. Judith was accused of adultery with Bernard, and shut up in a monastery. At an assembly of the estates of the empire in 831, she declared herself prepared to refute the charge against her, and no accuser appearing, did so, when required, by an oath, after which she was restored to her rights as wife and empress. Bernard, though already incidentally purged by the empress's oath, some months subsequently asked the privilege of a duel with anybody that was disposed to inculpate him, and, no such person offering, in turn cleared himself by an oath. See Lüdtke, p. 98 ff, p. 209 ff. Hildegard, Louis's mother, according to tradition, labored under the same imputation as Judith, his wife; a parallel to the case of Gunild and her mother Emma. The story of Hildegard (Grimms, *Deutsche Sagen*, II, 102) has some resemblance to that of Repsima, *Les Mille et un Jours*, p. 265, Paris, 1840, and Jonathan Scott's *Arabian Nights*, VI, 396, 'Adventures of the Cauzee,' etc.

human invention so far as to assume that there must have been a single source for stories so numerous and so diversified in the details, a simple exposition of the subject-matter, with subordinate connections, seems all that it is safe, at present, to attempt.*

A is translated, according to Percy's *Réliquies*, by Bothe, p. 175, and by Knortz, *Lieder u. Romanzen Altenglands*, No 68; B by Gerhard, p. 71. The old Danish ballad, Grundtvig's A, by Dr Prior, I, 151.

A

Percy MS., p. 68; Hales and Furnivall, I, 166.

- 1 OUR king he kept a ffalse steward,
Men called him Sir Aldingar,
.
- 2 He wold haue layen by our comely queene,
Her deere worshipp to haue betraide ;
Our queene shee was a good woman,
And euer more said him nay.
- 3 Aldingar was offended in his mind,
With her hee was neuer content,
But he sought what meanes he cold find out,
In a fyre to haue her brent.
- 4 There came a lame lazer to the kings gates,
A lazar was blind and lame ;
He tooke the lazar vpon his backe,
Vpon the queenes bed he did him lay.
- 5 He said, Lye still, lazar, wheras thou lyest ;
Looke thou goe not away ;
Ile make thee a whole man and a sound
In two howres of a day.
- 6 And then went forth Sir Aldingar,
Our queene for to betray,
And then he mett with our comlye king,
Saies, God you saue and see !
- 7 'If I had space, as I haue grace,
A message I wold say to thee :'
'Say on, say on, Sir Aldingar,
Say thou on and vnto me.'
- 8 'I can let you now see one of [the] greiuos-
[est] sights
That euer Christen king did see ;

* Grundtvig, admitting that the time has not come for anything more, sketches an hypothesis of the evolution and transmission of the story, "as a mere experiment," I, 203 f.

Our queene hath chosen a new, new loue,
She will haue none of thee.

- 9 'If shee had chosen a right good knight,
The lesse had beene her shame ;
But she hath chosen a lazare man,
Which is both blinde and lame.'
- 10 'If this be true, thou Aldingar,
That thou dost tell to me,
Then will I make thee a rich knight
Both of gold and fee.'
- 11 'But if it be false, Sir Aldingar,
That thou doest tell to me,
Then looke for noe other death
But to be hangd on a tree.
Goe with me,' saide our comly king,
' This lazare for to see.'
- 12 When the king he came into the queenes
chamber,
Standing her bed befor,
'There is a lodly lome,' says Harry King,
' For our dame Queene Elinor !'
- 13 'If thou were a man, as thou art none,
Here thou sholdest be slaine ;
But a paire of new gallowes shall be built,
Thoust hang on them soe hye.
- 14 'And [a] fayre fyre there shalbe bett,
And brent our queene shalbee :'
Fforth then walked our comlye king,
And mett with our comly queene.
- 15 Saies, God you saue, our queene, Madam,
And Christ you saue and see !
Heere you [haue] chosen a new, new loue,
And you will haue none of mee.
- 16 'If you had chosen a right good knight,
The lesse had beene your shame ;

But you haue chosen a lazarus,
That is both blind and lame.'

17 'Euer alaeke !' said our comly queene,
 'Sir Aldingar is false to mee ;
But euer alacke !' said our comly queene,
 'Euer alas, and woe is mee !'

18 'I had thought swewens had never been true ;
 I haue proued them true at the last ;
I dreamed in my sweauen on Thursday at
 eueninge,
In my bed wheras I lay,

19 'I dreamed a grype and a grimly beast
 Had carryed my crowne away,
My gorgett and my kirtle of golde,
 And all my faire heade-geere.'

20 'How he wold haue worried me with his
 tush,
And borne me into his nest,
Saving there came a little hawk,
 Flying out of the east.'

21 'Saving there came a little hawke,
 Which men call a merlion ;
Vntill the ground he stroke him downe,
 That dead he did fall downe.'

22 'Giffe I were a man, as I am none,
 A battell I would proue ;
I wold fight with that false traitor ;
 Att him I east my gloue !'

23 'Seing I am able noe battell to make,
 You must grant me, my leuge, a knight,
To fight with that traitor, Sir Aldingar,
 To maintaine me in my right.'

24 'I'le give thee forty dayes,' said our king,
 'To seeke thee a man therin ;
If thou find not a man in forty dayes,
 In a hott fyre thou shall brenn.'

25 Our queene sent forth a messenger ;
 He rode fast into the south ;
He rode the countryes through and through,
 Soe ffar vnto Portsmouth.

26

He cold find never a man in the south country
 That wold fight with the knight soe keene.

27 The seeond messenger the queen forth sent
 Rode far into the east ;
But, blessed be God made sunn and moone !
 He sped then all of the best.

28 As he rode then by one riuer side,
 There he mett with a little childe ;
He seemed noe more in a mans likenesse
 Then a child of four yeres old.

29 He askt the queenes messenger how far he rode ;
 Loth he was him to tell ;
The little one was offended att him,
 Bid him adew, farewell.

30 Said, Turne thou againe, thou messenger,
 Greete our queene well from me ;
When bale is att hyest, boote is att next ;
 Helpe enough there may bee.

31 'Bid our queene remember what she did dreame
 In her bedd wheras shee lay ;
Shee dreamed the grype and the grimly beast
 Had carryed her crowne away ;'

32 'Her gorgett and her kirtle of gold,
 Alsoe her faire head-geere ;
He wold haue worried her with his tushe,
 And borne her into his nest.'

33 'Saving there came a little hawke,
 Men call him a merlyon ;
Vntill the ground he did strike him downe,
 That dead he did ffall downe.'

34 'Bidd the queene be merry att her hart,
 Euermore light and glad ;
When bale is att hyest, boote is at next,
 Helpe enough there shalbe.'

35 Then the queenes messenger rode backe,
 A gladed man then was hee ;
When he came before our queene,
 A gladd woman then was shee.

36 Shee gaue the messenger twenty pound,
 O lord, in gold and ffee ;
Saies, Spend and spare not while this doth last,
 Then feitch thou more of me.'

37 Our queene was put in a tunne to burne,
She thought no thing but death ;
Thé were ware of the little one
Came ryding forth of the east.

38 With a mu
A louelie child was hee ;
When he came to that fier,
He light the queene full nigh.

39 Said, Draw away these brands of fire
Lie burning before our queene,
And feitch me hither Sir Aldingar,
That is a knight soe keene.

40 When Aldingar see *that* little one,
Ffull litle of him hee thought ;
If there had beeene halfe a hundred such,
Of them he wold not haue wrought.

41 Hee sayd, Come hither, Sir Aldingar ;
Thou seemust as bigge as a ffooder ;
I trust to God, ere I haue done with thee,
God will send to vs [an] auger.

42 Saies, The first stroke that 's giuen, Sir Aldin-
gar,
I will giue vnto thee,
And if the second giue thou may,
Looke then thou spare not mee.

43 The litle one pulld forth a well good sword,
I-wis it was all of guilt ;
It cast light there over *that* feiid,
It shone soe all of guilt.

44 He stroke the first stroke att Aldingar,
He stroke away his leggs by his knee ;
.

45 Sayes, Stand vp, stand vp, thou false traitor,
And fight vpon thy feete ;

For and thou thriue as thou begins,
Of a height wee shalbe meete.

46 'A preist, a preist,' sayes Aldingar,
'Me for to houzle and shriue !
A preist, a preist,' sayes Aldingar,
'While I am a man liuing a-liue !

47 'I wold haue laine by our comlie queene ;
To it shee wold neuer consent ;
I thought to haue betrayd her to our *king*,
In a fyer to haue had her brent.

48 'There came a lame lazarus to the *kings* gates,
A lazarus both blind and lame ;
I tooke the lazarus vpon my backe,
In the Queenes bed I did him lay.

49 'I bad him, Lie still, lazarus, where he lay,
Looke he went not away ;
I wold make him a whole man and a sound
In two houres of a day.

50
.

'Euer alacke !' sayes Sir Aldingar,
'Falsing neuer doth well ;

51 'Forgiue, forgiue me, queene, Madam !
For Christs loue forgiue me !'
'God forgaue his death, Aldingar,
And freely I forgiue thee.'

52 'Now take thy wife, thou *King* Harry,
And loue her as thou shold ;
Thy wiffe shee is as true to thee
As stone *that* lies on the castle wall.'

53 The lazarus vnder the gallow tree
Was a pretty man and small ;
The lazarus vnder the gallow tree
Was made steward in *King* Henerys hall.

The queen she 's gone to her chamber,
With Rodingham to talk.

2 'I love you well, my queen, my dame,
Bove land and rents so clear,
And for the love of you, my queen,
Would thole pain most severe.'

Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, III, 51, 1803. Communicated to Scott by K. Williamson Burnet, of Monboddo, as written down from the recitation of an old woman, long in the service of the Arbuthnot family.

1 THE birds sang sweet as ony bell,
The world had not their make ;

B

Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, III, 51, 1803. Communicated to Scott by K. Williamson Burnet, of Monboddo, as written down from the recitation of an old woman, long in the service of the Arbuthnot family.

1 THE birds sang sweet as ony bell,
The world had not their make ;

3 'If well you love me, Rodingham,
I'm sure so do I thee ;
I love you well as any man,
Save the king's fair bodeye.'

4 'I love you well, my queen, my dame,
'T is truth that I do tell ;
And for to lye a night with you,
The salt seas I would sail.'

5 'Away, away, O Rodingham !
You are both stark and stoor ;
Would you defile the king's own bed,
And make his queen a whore ?

6 'To-morrow you 'd be taken sure,
And like a traitor slain,
And I 'd be burned at a stake,
Altho I be the queen.'

7 He then steppd out at her room-door,
All in an angry mood,
Untill he met a leper-man,
Just by the hard way-side.

8 He intoxicate the leper-man,
With liquors very sweet,
And gave him more and more to drink,
Until he fell asleep.

9 He took him in his arms two,
And carried him along,
Till he came to the queen's own bed,
And there he laid him down.

10 He then steppd out of the queen's bower,
As swift as any roe,
Till he came to the very place
Where the king himself did go.

11 The king said unto Rodingham,
What news have you to me ?
He said, Your queen 's a false woman,
As I did plainly see.

12 He hastend to the queen's chamber,
So costly and so fine,
Until he came to the queen's own bed,
Where the leper-man was lain.

13 He looked on the leper-man,
Who lay on his queen's bed ;
He lifted up the snaw-white sheets,
And thus he to him said.

14 'Plooky, plooky are your cheeks,
And plooky is your chin,
And plooky are your armis twa,
My bonny queen 's layne in.'

15 'Sinee she has lain into your arms,
She shall not lye in mine ;
Since she has kissd your ugsome mouth,
She never shall kiss mine.'

16 In anger he went to the queen,
Who fell upon her knee ;
He said, You false, unchaste woman,
What 's this you 've done to me ?

17 The queen then turnd herself about,
The tear blinded her ee :
'There 's not a knight in a' your court
Dare give that name to me.'

18 He said, 'T is true that I do say ;
For I a proof did make ;
Yon shall be taken from my bower,
And burned at a stake.

19 'Perhaps I 'll take my word again,
And may repent the same,
If that you 'll get a Christian man
To fight that Rodingham.'

20 'Alass ! alass ! ' then cried our queen,
'Alas, and woe to me !
There 's not a man in all Scotland
Will fight with him for me.'

21 She breathed unto her messengers,
Sent them south, east, and west ;
They could find none to fight with him,
Nor enter the contest.

22 She breathed on her messengers,
She sent them to the north ;
And there they found Sir Hugh le Blond,
To fight him he came forth.

23 When unto him they did unfold
The circumstance all right,
He bade them go and tell the queen
That for her he would fight.

24 The day eame on that was to do
That dreadful tragedy ;
Sir Hugh le Blond was not come up,
To fight for our lady.

25 'Put on the fire,' the monster said,
 ' It is twelve on the bell ;'
 ' T is scarcely ten, now,' said the king,
 ' I heard the clock myself.'

26 Before the hour the queen is brought,
 The burning to proceed ;
 In a black velvet chair she's set,
 A token for the dead.

27 She saw the flames ascending high,
 The tears blinded her ee :
 ' Where is the worthy knight,' she said,
 ' Who is to fight for me ?'

28 Then up and spak the king himsell :
 ' My dearest, have no doubt,
 For yonder comes the man himsel,
 As bold as eer set out.'

29 They then advanced to fight the duel,
 With swords of temperd steel ;
 Till down the blood of Rodingham
 Came running to his heel.

30 Sir Hugh took out a lusty sword,
 'T was of the metal clear,
 And he has pierced Rodingham
 Till 's heart-blood did appear.

31 'Confess your treachery, now,' he said,
 ' This day before you die ;'
 ' I do confess my treachery,
 I shall no longer lye.

32 'I like to wicked Haman am,
 This day I shall be slain :'
 The queen was brought to her chamber,
 A good woman again.

33 The queen then said unto the king,
 Arbattle's near the sea ;
 Give it unto the northern knight,
 That this day fought for me.

34 Then said the king, Come here, Sir Knight,
 And drink a glass of wine,
 And, if Arbattle's not enough,
 To it we'll Fordoun join.

C

Dr Joseph Robertson's Note-Book, January 1, 1830, p. 6.

1 THEY 'VE putten her into prison strang,
 A twalmon lang and mair,
 Until the mice and wild rattens
 Did tear her yellow hair.

* * * *

2 'One shake o your han,' said Rodingham,
 ' One shak o your han gie me :'
 ' I eam na here for shaking hans,
 But to fight maist desperelie.'

3 'It's nae ten strucken on the clock,
 Nor eleven on the bell :'
 ' We'll doe ill deeds anew ere night,
 Tho it were strucken twall.'

A. 2². *Perhaps we should read to betray.*
 4². was lind. 5⁴. in 2.
 13³. be bul: t torn off, and one stroke of the u
 dotted. *Furnivall.*
 17⁴. Sr before Euer crossed out. *Furnivall.*
 19¹. dreamed the grype.
 24^{1, 3}. 40. 28⁴. 4.
 30³, 34³. next should, perhaps, be nyest.

32¹. kirt e. 32⁴. her nest.
 36¹. 20^{li}.
 38¹. *The rest of the line is cut away.*
 40³. 100. 45³. thriue: one stroke of the u is
 left out. *Furnivall.*
 49⁴. 2. 52¹. thou K.
 52³. is a.
 B. 28⁴. as ere.

60

KING ESTMERE

a. Percy's Reliques, edition of 1794, I, 64. b. Reliques, edition of 1765, I, 58.

'KING ESTMERE' occurred at page 249 of Percy's folio manuscript, but the three leaves on which it was written were "unfortunately torn out" by Percy to send to the press, and the genuine form of the ballad thereby put beyond recovery. In the second and later editions of the Reliques the editor professes to give the ballad from two copies ("containing very great variations," 1794), one of them being that of the folio. But here and elsewhere Percy employs a singular periphrasis, as he has explained to us in the preface to the Reliques, and means only that he has amended his original more or less. Notwithstanding the seemingly explicit language, there is no second copy at all.*

We are told by Percy, in a note to stanza 63, that though liberties have been taken with that portion of the ballad which follows, yet wherever the fourth edition differs from the preceding ones it has been brought nearer to the folio.† Some notes of readings of the folio are also furnished in the fourth edition (and are here restored), which were not given in the others. While we cannot but be vexed that so distinguished a ballad, not injured

much, so far as we can see, by time, should not come down to us as it came to Percy, our loss must not be exaggerated. The changes made by the editor, numerous enough, no doubt, cannot be very material until we approach the end. Stanzas 63-66 are entirely suspicious, and it may even be questioned whether the manuscript contained a word that is in them.

The name of Bremor, son of the king of Spain, and "a heathen hound" (if this be not Percy's interpolation), taken with certain resemblances in the story, very naturally suggested to Professor Sophus Bugge (Grundtvig, IV, 704) a connection between this ballad and 'Young Orm and Bermer-Giant,' 'Orm Ungersvend og Bermer-Rise.'‡ The giant, who is described as a rabid berserker, presents himself at the Danish court (Grundtvig, A), and demands that the king shall give him his daughter and half his land, or find a man who will fight in the ring with him. The king refuses daughter and land, and says he will find a champion. He offers the chance of winning so fair a may to his men, and no one dares say a word except Young Orm, who sits low-

edition was prepared. But the three leaves from the manuscript would have been much less convenient to send to the press than the copy already three times printed in the Reliques; and Percy himself pleads in excuse for his taking out leaves from the manuscript, to save the trouble of transcribing, that he was very young, and "had not then learnt to reverence it." The readings from the manuscript, which first appear in the fourth edition, may possibly be from notes; one would hope that Percy would not trust his memory after the lapse of thirty years. Hales and Furnivall, I, lxxiv, II, 200; also II, 600 ff, where the texts of the first and of the fourth edition are printed in parallel columns.

† Grundtvig, No 11, A-F, I, 159-69, IV, 715, and Kristensen, I, 246, No 93; Swedish, A, Arwidsson, II, 445, B-E, Grundtvig, IV, 720-22; Norwegian, Landstad, No 8; Icelandic, 'Ormars rímur,' in an abstract, Grundtvig, III, 775-77.

* "The editor . . . must plead guilty to the charge of concealing his own share in the amendments under some such general title as a Modern Copy, or the like :" Reliques, 1794, I, xvii. See, further, 'The Rising in the North' and 'Northumberland betrayed by Douglas,' in the same volume, pp 288, 297.

† We have *paynim* four times in the first edition, and only *twhee* in the fourth. *And ever I feare that paynim king,* b 21³, gives place to *I cannot blame him if he doe. Laught loud laughters three,* b 58⁴, was not (as who needs to be told?) the reading of the folio; but was *lough a loud laughter* the reading of the folio?

The statement that 'King Estmere' was "unfortunately torn out in sending the . . . piece to the press" is far from intelligible. Since readings were given from the manuscript in the fourth edition for the first time, one would suppose that the original was still in the editor's hands when that

est at the board : he will be the man. But first Orm provides himself with an irresistible sword, which is buried in his father's tomb, and is yielded by the dead man only upon the condition that his son shall take the revenge due for his death. With this sword Orm, like the child in 'Sir Aldingar,' cuts the giant through at the knees, being, he says, not tall enough to strike higher. He then goes to Iceland, and fights three days with the men who had slain his father, but without prevailing. A mermaid, from the sea-bottom, cries out to him that his sword is under a spell, and that he must whirl it three times round his head and then stick the point in the ground. This done, he has no difficulty in despatching his foes. He returns to the Danish court, and marries the princess.

The likeness between the English ballad and the Danish (which represents well enough the other Norse poems) is that a youthful champion wins a king's daughter by killing a truculent competitor, who has nearly the same name in both (Bremor, Bermer).

Further consideration led Bugge to maintain that the proper subject of 'King Estmere' is rather the story of Hjalmar, Odd and Anganty, and that the English ballad is better represented by the tragic Färöe ballad of 'Arngrim's Sons' than by 'Orm and Bermer-Giant,' which last he regards as a free reconstruction of an earlier and fuller form of 'Arngrim's Sons' than has come down to us. The points in which the story of Hjalmar, Odd and Anganty * is like 'King Estmere,' in contrast with the Orm ballad, are that the hero does not fight single-handed with the giant, but has the help of Odd (Adler); that the king's daughter chooses her husband for herself; that the bride is not won by a sword taken from a father's grave. The argument is, however, much too intricate and too long to be repeated here, even had the subtle and

accomplished advocate shown full confidence in the conclusion.

But this confidence he does not feel, for, as he conceives, King Estmere again exhibits resemblances to 'Ogier le Danois,' the basis of the Danish ballad 'Holger Danske og Burmand,' Grundtvig, No 30.† The name Adler, says Bugge, is about as near to Ogier, Oddgeir, as to Oddr. Adler's brother, Estmere, might be the chivalrous paynim Karaheus, despite the unlike name, and King Adland's daughter the amiral's daughter Gloriande, the beloved of Karaheus. Brunamons of Majorca, to whom the amiral offers his daughter after the defection of Karaheus, may be Bremer of Spain. Ogier, like Adler (in Percy's edition), kills the hateful interloper, and Karaheus, like Estmere, gets the lady, but without taking part in the fight. If this hypothesis is not quite so satisfactory as the other, we may combine both. The English ballad may have been derived from some form of 'Arngrim's Sons,' but have been modified under the influence of 'Ogier le Danois.' ‡

A brief statement of these speculations may suffice in view of their inconclusiveness, which is the greater by reason of our not knowing to what extent Percy interfered with his manuscript.

* The names Adler and Estmere appear again in a short romance in the Percy manuscript, Hales and Furnivall, II, 296. The story is that of Hugdietrich in the *Heldenbuch* : von der Hagen, I, 169, ed. 1855, Amelung and Jänicke, I, 167; given by Weber in *Illustrations of Northern Antiquities*, p. 63. Adler is a king, and, like Estmere in the ballad, is exacting in the matter of a wife. In the *Heldenbuch* it is not the young man who is so difficult to suit, but his guardian. Estmere (v. 11, where there is corruption or defect) appears to be Adler's messenger to King Ardine, the father of a lady who answers all require-

* Derived from the Färöe ballad, 'Arngríms synir,' Hammershaimb, Færöiske Kvæder, p. 15, No 3; Hervarar saga, Örvar-Odds saga, Fornaldar Sögur, I, 411, II, 161, 504; etc. The pertinent chapters of the Hervarar saga are translated by Prior, I, 194, and 'Child Orm and the Berm Giant,' in the same volume, p. 132; the ballad also in the

London Magazine, 1821, IV, 415, and by George Borrow, in *Targum, or Metrical Translations from Thirty Languages and Dialects*, St Petersburg, 1835, p. 59 (Grundtvig).

† I, 384; translated by Prior, I, 297.

‡ Grundtvig's *Gamle Folkeviser*, IV, 704-712.

ments, and who, as it turns out, likes Adler, but is not to be had on easy terms.*

‘King Estmere’ begins very much like the Danish ballad, ‘Den farlige Jomfru,’ Grundtvig, No 184, and especially like version D.

- 1 Ther stod drick paa felde,
der druck kiemper snile.
- 2 Der druck innde her Ion Rund,
och ryder och her Rosenns-wannd.
- 3 ‘Høre du, her Ion Rund, kiere stolbroder
mynn,
viltu icki giftis ennd?’
- 4 ‘Ieg ved icki denn yomffru y dette rige
der yeg lader were minn lige.’

For knights and others to ride into hall, and up to the high board, is quite according to use. Every one will remember the passage in Chaucer’s Squire’s Tale, vv 30 ff. So again in Sir Perceval, Thornton Romances, p. 19, xxxi; Sir Degrevant, the same, p. 227, lxxvi; Libius Disconius, Percy MS., Hales and Furnivall, II, 486, v. 1951 (Skeat); Madden’s Syr Gawayne, p. 8 ff, p. 111, v. 332; Perceval le Gallois, ed. Potvin, II, 125, vv 12,640–50; Messire Gauvain, p. 27, p. 146; Mabinogion, I, 70, 303 f, II, 257; Stowe’s Survey of London

(vol. II, book vi, p. 48, ed. 1720, following Walsingham), cited by Percy in his Essay on the Ancient Minstrels, Reliques, I, xli, lxxxvii, ed. 1794; Warton’s History of English Poetry, II, 172, note d, ed. 1840.

The champion of England formerly rode into Westminster Hall in the coronation ceremony, but this part of the spectacle was omitted from the two last coronations.

King Estmere stables his steed at the hall board. Here again the minstrel is within the bounds of custom. “On voyait au moyen âge, dans la salle des chefs gallois, d’énormes crampons de fer, fixés au pavé de distance en distance, qui servaient aux chevaliers pour attacher leurs chevaux, car ils y entraient souvent avec eux; quelques-uns les conduisaient même jusque dans leur chambre à coucher:” Villemarqué, Les Romans de la Table Ronde, etc., 1860, p. 416 (cited by Liebrecht).

For bribing to secrecy with an arm-ring, stanza 47, see, also, Grundtvig, No 82, A 14, 15, B 20, 21; No 95, D 16, 17, Kristensen, I, No 96, 16; Grundtvig, No 233, A 18, B 12, D 13; No 274, A 21.

Translated by Grundtvig, Engelske og skotske Folkeviser, p. 1; by Bodmer, I, 27; Herder, I, 195; Knortz, L. u. R. Alt-Englands, No 14.

- 1 HEARKEN to me, gentlemen,
Come and you shall heare;
Ile tell you of two of the boldest brether
That ever borne were.
- 2 The tone of them was Adler Younge,
The tother was Kyng Estmere;
The were as bolde men in their deeds
As any were, farr and neare.

- 3 As they were drinking ale and wine
Within his brother’s hall,
‘When will ye marry a wyfe, brother,
A wyfe to glad us all?’
- 4 Then bespake him Kyng Estmere,
And answered him hartilye:
‘I know not that ladye in any land,
That’s able to marrye with mee.’

* Esmer, or something similar, is, as Grundtvig remarks, I, 236, a name of rather frequent occurrence. King Esmer is one of King Diderik’s champions; Grundtvig, I, 78. Estmère is a name in Le dit de Flourence de Romme, Jubinal, Nouveau Recueil de Contes, etc., I, 93; Esmerés, or Essmer, in the Knight of the Swan, Reiffenberg and Borgnet, Le Chevalier au Cygne, III, 533, Grimm, Deutsche Sagen, II, 302. It may be added, though the fact certainly appears to

be of but slight moment, that there is a King Easter, with a King Wester, in the ballad of ‘Fause Foodrage,’ and these are called in one version (Motherwell’s Minstrelsy, p. lix) the Eastmure King and the Westmure King. The fifteenth tale enumerated in The Complaint of Scotland is How the King of Estmure land married the King’s daughter of Westmure land.

5 'Kyng Adland hath a daughter, brother,
Men call her bright and sheene ;
If I were kyng here in your stead,
That ladye shold be my queene.'

6 Saies, Reade me, reade me, deare brother,
Throughout merry England,
Where we might find a messenger
Betwixt us towe to sende.

7 Saies, You shal ryde yourselfe, brother,
Ile beare you compayne ;
Many a man through fals messengers is de-
ceived,
And I feare lest soe shold wee.

8 Thus the renisht them to ryde,
Of twoe good renisht steeds,
And when the came to King Adlands halle,
Of redd gold shone their weeds.

9 And when the came to Kyng Adlands hall,
Before the goodlye gate,
There they found good Kyng Adland
Rearing himselfe theratt.

10 'Now Christ thee save, good Kyng Adland ;
Now Christ you save and see :'
Said, You be welcome, King Estmere,
Right hartilye to mee.

11 'You have a daughter,' said Adler Younge,
'Men call her bright and sheene ;
My brother wold marrye her to his wiffe,
Of Englande to be queene.'

12 'Yesterday was att my deere daughter
The king his sonne of Spayn,
And then she nicked him of naye,
And I doubt sheele do you the same.'

13 'The kyng of Spayne is a foule paynim,
And 'leeveth on Mahound,
And pitye it were that fayre ladye
Shold marrye a heathen hound.'

14 'But grant to me,' sayes Kyng Estmere,
'For my love I you praye,
That I may see your daughter deere
Before I goe henee awaye.'

15 'Althoough itt is seven yeers and more
Sinee my daughter was in halle,
She shall come once downe for your sake,
To glad my guestis alle.'

16 Downe then came that mayden fayre,
With ladyes laced in pall,
And halfe a hundred of bold knighthes,
To bring her [from] bowre to hall,
And as many gentle squiers,
To tend upon them all.

17 The talents of golde were on her head sette
Hanged low downe to her knee,
And everye ring on her small finger
Shone of the chrystall free.

18 Saies, God you save, my deere madam,
Saies, God you save and see :
Said, You be welcome, Kyng Estmere,
Right welcome unto mee.

19 'And, if you love me, as you saye,
Soe well and hartilee,
All that ever you are comen about
Soone sped now itt shal bee.'

20 Then bespake her father deare :
My daughter, I saye naye ;
Remember well the kyng of Spayne,
What he sayd yesterdaye.

21 'He wold pull downe my halles and castles,
And reave me of my lyfe ;
I cannot blame him if he doe,
If I reave him of his wyfe.

22 'Your castles and your towres, father,
Are stronglye built aboute,
And therefore of the king his sonne of Spaine
Wee neede not stande in doubt.

23 'Plight me your troth, nowe, Kyng Estmere,
By heaven and your righte hand,
That you will marrye me to your wyfe,
And make me queene of your land.'

24 Then Kyng Estmere he plight his troth,
By heaven and his righte hand,
That he wolde marrye her to his wyfe,
And make her queene of his land.

25 And he tooke leave of that ladye fayre,
To goe to his owne countree,

To fetche him dukes and lordes and knightes,
That marryed the might bee.

26 They had not ridden scant a myle,
A myle forthe of the towne,
But in did come the kyng of Spayne,
With kempēs many one.

27 But in did come the kyng of Spayne,
With manye a bold barone,
Tone daye to marrye Kyng Adlands daughter,
Tother daye to carrye her home.

28 Shee sent one after Kyng Estmere,
In all the spedē might bee,
That he must either turne againe and fighte,
Or goe home and loose his ladye.

29 One whyle then the page he went,
Another while he ranne ;
Till he had oretaken King Estmere,
I-wis he never blanne.

30 'Tydings, tydings, Kyng Estmere !'
'What tydinges nowe, my boye ?'
'O tydinges I can tell to you,
That will you sore annoye.

31 'You had not ridden scant a mile,
A mile out of the towne,
But in did come the kyng of Spayne,
With kempēs many a one.

32 'But in did come the kyng of Spayne,
With manye a bold barone,
Tone daye to marrye King Adlands daughter,
Tother daye to carrye her home.

33 'My ladye fayre she greetes you well,
And ever-more well by mee ;
You must either turne againe and fighte,
Or goe home and loose your ladye.'

34 Saies, Reade me, reade me, deere brother,
My reade shall ryse at thee,
Whether it is better to turne and fighte,
Or goe home and loose my ladye.

35 'Now hearken to me,' sayes Adler Yonge,
'And your reade must rise at me ;
I quicklye will devise a waye
To sette thy ladye free.

36 'My mother was a westerne woman,
And learned in gramarye,
And when I learned at the schole,
Something shee taught itt mee.

37 'There growes an hearbe within this field,
And iff it were but knowne,
His color, which is whyte and redd,
It will make blaeke and browne.

38 'His color, which is browne and blacke,
Itt will make redd and whyte ;
That sworde is not in all Englande
Upon his eowe will byte.

39 'And you shal be a harper, brother,
Out of the north countrye,
And Ile be your boy, soe faine of fighte,
And beare your barpe by your knee.

40 'And you shal be the best harper
That ever tooke harpe in hand,
And I wil be the best singer
That ever sung in this lande.

41 'Itt shal be written in our forheads,
All and in grammarye,
That we towe are the boldest men
That are in all Christentye.'

42 And thus they renisht them to ryde,
Of tow good renisht steedes,
And when they came to King Adlands hall,
Of redd gold shone their weedes.

43 And whan the came to Kyng Adlands hall
Until the fayre hall-yate,
There they found a proud porter,
Rearing himselfe thereatt.

44 Sayes, Christ thee save, thou proud porter,
Sayes, Christ thee save and see :
'Nowe you be welcome,' sayd the porter,
'Of what land soever ye bee.'

45 'Wee beene harpers,' sayd Adler Younge,
'Come out of the northe countrye ;
Wee beene come hither until this place
This proud weddinge for to see.'

46 Sayd, And your color were white and redd,
As it is blaeke and browne,

I wold saye King Estmere and his brother
Were comen till this towne.

47 Then they pulled out a ryng of gold,
Layd itt on the porters arme :
' And ever we will thee, proud porter,
Thow wilt saye us no harme.'

48 Sore he looked on Kyng Estmere,
And sore he handled the ryng,
Then opened to them the fayre hall-yates,
He lett for no kind of thyng.

49 Kyng Estmere he stabled his steede
Soe fayre att the hall-bord ;
The froth that came from his brydle bitte
Light in Kyng Bremors beard.

50 Saies, Stable thy steed, thou proud harper,
Saies, Stable him in the stalle ;
It doth not beseeme a proud harper
To stable his steed in a kyngs halle.

51 'My ladde he is so lither,' he said,
' He will doe nought that 's meete ;
And is there any man in this hall
Were able him to beate ?'

52 'Thou speakst proud words,' sayes the king of
Spaine,
' Thou harper, here to mee ;
There is a man within this halle
Will beate thy ladd and thee.'

53 'O let that man come downe,' he said,
' A sight of him wold I see ;
And when hee hath beaten well my ladd,
Then he shall beate of mee.'

54 Downe then came the kemperrye man,
And looked him in the eare ;
For all the gold that was under heaven,
He durst not neigh him neare.

55 'And how nowe, kempe,' said the kyng of
Spaine,
' And how, what aileth thee ?'
He saies, It is writt in his forehead,
All and in gramarye,
That for all the gold that is under heaven,
I dare not neigh him nye.

56 Then Kyng Estmere pulld forth his harpe,
And plaid a pretty thinge ;

The ladye upstart from the borde,
And wold have gone from the king.

57 'Stay thy harpe, thou proud harper,
For Gods love I pray thee ;
For and thou playes as thou beginns,
Thou 'lt till my bryde from mee.'

58 He stroake upon his harpe againe,
And playd a pretty thinge ;
The ladye lough a loud laughter,
As shee sate by the king.

59 Saies, Sell me thy harpe, thou proud harper,
And thy stringes all ;
For as many gold nobles thou shalt have
As heere bee ringes in the hall.'

60 'What wold ye doe with my harpe,' he sayd,
' If I did sell itt yee ?'
' To playe my wiffe and me a fitt,
When abed together wee bee.'

61 'Now sell me,' quoth hee, ' thy bryde soe
gay,
As shee sitts by thy knee ;
And as many gold nobles I will give
As leaves been on a tree.'

62 'And what wold ye doe with my bryde soe
gay,
Iff I did sell her thee ?
More seemelye it is for her fayre bodye
To lye by mee then thee.'

63 Hee played agayne both loud and shrille,
And Adler he did syng,
' O ladye, this is thy owne true love,
Noe harper, but a kyng.'

64 'O ladye, this is thy owne true love,
As playnlye thou mayest see,
And Ile rid thee of that foule paynim
Who partes thy love and thee.'

65 The ladye looked, the ladye blushte,
And blushte and lookt agayne,
While Adler he hath drawne his brande,
And hath the sowdan slayne.

66 Up then rose the kemperrye men,
And loud they gan to crye :
' Ah ! traytors, yee have slayne our kyng,
And therefore yee shall dye.'

67 Kyng Estmere threwe the harpe asyde,
And swith he drew his brand,
And Estmere he and Adler Yonge
Right stiffe in stour can stand.

68 And aye their swordes soe sore can byte,
Throughe help of gramarye,

That soone they have slayne the kemperry men,
Or forst them forth to flee.

69 Kyng Estmere tooke that fayre ladye,
And marryed her to his wiffe,
And brought her home to merry England,
With her to leade his life.

a. *Readings of the manuscript, cited in Percy's notes, have been restored.*

1⁴. *Percy prints y-were.*

13². *misprinted 'leeve than.*

34². shall ryde ; so b. *Compare 35², where rise is said to be the reading of the MS.*

42². On tow good renish. *Compare 8².*

59³, thou shalt have, 60¹, he sayd, *are acknowledged changes, or additions, of Percy's.*

63. "Some liberties have been taken in the following stanzas ; but wherever this edition differs from the preceding, it hath been brought nearer to the folio MS." *Percy's note.*

68¹. can fyte.

b. 5⁴. *Omits my.*

6⁴. Betweene us two.

8³. they came. 9². yate.

10². thee save. 10⁴. unto.

12⁴. And *wanting* : I feare. 15¹. yeare.

15². Syth. 15³. downe once. 16⁵. eke as.

16⁶. To waite. 17². Hungre.

18¹, 2. Christ you save. 18³. Sayes.

19⁴. may bee.

21³. And ever I feare that paynim kyng.

22³. of that foule paynim.

26⁴. many a. 27², 32². grimme barone.

28¹. Then shee sent after.

28³. returne and. 33¹. That ladye.

34³. Which waye we best may turne.

34⁴. To save this fayre.

37¹. groweth. 42². On towe good renish ; so a.

46³. Ild saye. 49¹. he light off.

49². Up att the fayre hall. 49⁴. Light on.

50¹. Stable thou. 50². Goe stable.

50⁴. To stable him.

51³. And aye that I cold but find the man.

52¹. sayd the Paynim kyng.

52⁴. That will. 55³. written.

56. Kyng Estmere then pulled forth his harpe,
And playd thereon so sweete ;
Upstarte the ladye from the kynge,
As hee sate at the meate.

57. ' Nowe stay thy harpe, thou proud harper,
Now stay thy harpe, I say ;
For an thou playest as thou beginnest,
Thou 'lt till my bride awaye.'

58. He strucke upon his harpe agayne,
And playd both fayre and free ;
The ladye was so please theratt
She laught loud laughters three.

59. ' Nowe sell me thy harpe,' sayd the kyng of
Spayne,
' Thy harpe and stryngs eche one,
And as many gold nobles thou shalt have
As there be stryngs thereon.'

60¹. And what.

61. ' Now sell me,' syr kyng, ' thy bryde soe gay,
As shee sitts laced in pall,
And as many gold nobles I will give
As there be rings in the hall.'

62². her yee.

65⁴. hath Sir Bremor slayne. 68¹. can byte.

61

SIR CAWLINE

Percy MS., p. 368; Hales and Furnivall, III, 3.

THE copy of this ballad in the Percy manuscript, the only one known to exist, shows very great carelessness on the part of the transcriber, or of some predecessor. It begins with these two stanzas, which manifestly belong to an historical ballad, and have only a verbal connection with what follows:

Jesus, lord mickle of might,
That dyed ffor us on the roode,
To maintaine vs in all our right*
That loues true English blood.

Ffor by a knight I say my song,
Was bold and ffull hardye ;
Sir Robert Briuse wold fforth to ffight,
In-to Ireland ouer the sea.

There is a large omission after the 125th verse (the 28th stanza as here printed), though the writing is continuous. There are also several difficult or unintelligible passages, even more than are usually met with in this manuscript.

As published in the Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, I, 35, ed. 1765, I, 41, ed. 1794, 'Sir Cawline' is extended to nearly twice the amount of what is found in the manuscript, and a tragical turn is forced upon the story.

I have said that the copy of 'Sir Cawline' in the Percy manuscript is the only one known. There are nevertheless two Scottish ballads, one hitherto unpublished and one printed by Buchan, which narrate Sir Colvin's winning the king's daughter by vanquishing the elritch knight. These, I conceive, how-

ever, to be simple rifacimenti of the ballad in Percy's Reliques. They will be given in an appendix.

'Sir Cawline' may possibly be formed upon a romance in stanzas † which itself was composed from earlier ballads. There are two adventures in the ballad, one with an elritch knight, and a second with a five-headed giant who is at the same time a hend soldan, and there seem to be traces of another in the now unintelligible twenty-ninth stanza. The first adventure, though not of the same commonplace description as the second, is still by no means unique. We are immediately reminded of the beautiful romance of Eger, Grime and Gray-Steel : how Gray-Steel kept a forbidden country beyond seven days of wilderness, and how Grime slew the up to that time unmatched Gray-Steel with the sword Erkyin [Egeking], brought from beyond the Greekēs sea, and cut off his hand, with fingers thrice a common man's size, and on every finger a gay gold ring.‡ Gray-Steel, to be sure, is pictured rather as a giant than an elf, but still gives the impression of something out of the ordinary, as having perhaps lost an elritch character in the course of tradition. The elritch knight in our ballad haunts the moors, far from any good town, like Grendel, who held the moors and fens, but there is only a hint of that supernatural terror which attends the awful "march-stepper" in Beōwulf. Gervase of Tilbury has a story of an ancient entrenchment in the bishopric of Ely, where anybody could have a passage at arms with an unearthly warrior, by moonlight only, by simply calling out, "Come,

* So maintaine vs all in our right?

† To this suggestion the actual form of stanzas 8, 11 lends a faint plausibility.

‡ Percy MS., Hales and Furnivall, I, 367, 372 f, 389, 391. For the name of the sword see Liebrecht, Zur Volkskunde, p. 500.

knight, and meet knight." * Scott has introduced a spectral combat of this sort into his *Marmion*, Canto III, xxiii-xxv, and in a note (4) cites a similar encounter from Heywood's *Hierarchy of Blessed Angels*. He adds that a forest in the North Highlands is believed to be haunted by a martial spirit called Lham-dcarg, or Bloody Hand, who insists on all whom he meets doing battle with him. *Ville-marqué* has a tale like that of *Gervasius*, *Les Romans de la Table Ronde*, etc., 1860, p. 392 f (Liebrecht). These combatants and combats are rather shadowy compared with Grendel, Gray-Steel, our Elritch King, and an encounter with them.

'Liden Grimmer og Hjelmer Kamp,' a ballad of the 'Orm Ungersvend' class, Grundtvig, No. 26 (I, 352, from manuscripts of the 16th and the 17th century, IV, 762, from recent tradition), has the same remote and general resemblance to 'Sir Cawline' that 'Orm Ungersvend' has to 'King Estmere,' the points of agreement permitting the supposition of a far-off connection, or of no connection at all.† In Danish **A**, Grimmer, a young man who never went to a dance except with a drawn sword in his hand or sat down to table out of his corselet, sails to the heathen-king's land and asks him for his daughter. The king tells him that he will not get the fair maid unless he fights with Hjelmer Kamp and wins. The king's daughter, who is as favorably inclined to Grimmer as King Adland's daughter is to Estmere (and King Ardine's daughter to Adler), though in neither case has there been a previous meeting, tells him that no man ever came back from a fight with Hjelmer, and that Grimmer is far from understanding her father, who really wishes his death. Grim-

mer is not at all daunted, and so the lady gives him a sword with which he is sure to prevail. Thus equipped he makes sail for Hjelmer Kamp, who receives him with contemptuous remarks upon his size, but is presently cut to bits. Stopping only long enough to make boot of Hjelmer's gold, Grimmer returns to the heathen-king's court, and receives the princess in marriage. The resemblance of the Danish ballad is to be found in Cawline's second adventure, that with the giant, where the elritch sword represents the invincible weapon bestowed by the princess. In Danish **B** a coat of mail goes with the sword, "som icke skal suerd paa bide." This coat is like Estmere's after Adler has brought his magic to bear, and Cawline's fight with the giant, Estmere's with Bremor, and Hjelmer's with the kemp have all an obvious similitude.

Two verbal peculiarities in this ballad will not fail to be remarked: a superfluous *and*, 7⁴, without and a good leedginge, 8³, and take you doe and the baken bread, 27¹, and hee tooke then vp and that eldryge sword, 39¹, but take you doo and your lands broad, and again 26¹(?) ; *for* used, apparently, in the sense of *but* (as in "for and a shrouding sheet"), 11³, ffor if you wold comfort me with a kisse, 13³, ffor some deeds of armes ffaine wold I doe, 22⁵, ffor they tooke and two good swords ; in this last we have the superfluous *and* again. These were, perhaps, only tricks of some ballad-singer, eking out his measure with half-articulated syllables.‡

Percy's ballad is translated by Bodmer, I, 134, and by Bothe, p. 25 ; Buchan's by Gerhard, p. 32.

this ballad has not been found. The story of these rímur is given by Mallet, *Histoire de Dannemarc*, II, 312, ed. 1787, and in Percy's translation, *Northern Antiquities*, II, 248.

† So, as to *and*, the German 'Ulänger,' Mittler, p. 68, sts 21, 22, 23 ; den ersten schrey *vnd* den sie thet, etc.

* Cited by Scott, *Minstrels*, II, 273, ed. 1833; *Otia Imperialia*, ed. Liebrecht, LIX, p. 26.

† Grundtvig's **A**, **B** are translated by Dr Prior, I, 276. The story is found also in Icelandic rímur of the 15th century printed in Björner's *Kämpedater*, 1737. Björner was acquainted with an old Swedish ballad on the subject, but

* * * * *

1 *And in that land dwells a king
Which does beare the bell ouer all,
And with him there dwelled a curteous knight,
Sir Cawline men him call.*

2 *And he hath a ladye to his daughter,
Of ffashyon shee hath noe peere ;
Knights and lordes they woed her both,
Trusted to hane beene her feere.*

3 *Sir Cawline loues her best of onë,
But nothing durst hee say
To discreue his councell to noe man,
But deerlye loued this may.*

4 *Till itt befell vpon a day,
Great dill to him was dight ;
The maydens loue remoued his mind,
To care-bed went the knight.*

5 *And one while he spread his armes him ffroe,
And cryed soe pittyouslyle :
'Ffor the maydens loue *that I haue most
minde*
This day may comfort mee,
Or else ere noone I shalbe dead !'
Thus can Sir Cawline say.*

6 *When our parish masse *that itt was done,*
And our king was bowne to dine,
He sayes, Where is Sir Cawline,
*That was wont to serue me with ale and
wine ?**

7 *But then answered a curteous knight,
Ffast his hands wringinge :
'Sir Cawline 's sicke, and like to be dead
Without and a good leedginge.'*

8 *'Ffeitch yee downe my daughter deere,
Shee is a leeche ffull ffine ;
I, and take you doe and the baken bread,
And drinke he on the wine soe red,
And looke no daynti is ffor him to deare,
For ffull loth I wold him tine.'*

9 *This ladye is gone to his chamber,
Her maydens ffollowing nyne ;
'O well,' shee sayth, ' how doth my lord ?'
'O sicke !' againe saith hee.*

10 *'I, but rise vp wightlye, man, for shame !
Neuer lye here soe cowardlye !
Itt is told in my ffathers hall,
Ffor my loue you will dye.'*

11 *'Itt is ffor your loue, ffayre ladye,
That all this dill I drye ;
Ffor if you wold comfort me with a kisse,
Then were I brought ffrom bale to blisse,
Noe longer here wold I lye.'*

12 *'Alas ! soe well you know, Sir knight,'*
.

13 *I cannott bee your peere :
'Ffor some deeds of armes ffaine wold I doe,
To be your bacheeleere.'*

14 *'Vpon Eldrige Hill there growes a thorne,
Vpon the mores brodinge ;
And wold you, sir knight, wake there all night
To day of the other morninge ?*

15 *'Ffor the eldrige king, *that is mickle of might,*
Will examine you beforne ;
And there was neuer man *that bare his liffe
away*
Since the day *that I was borne.*'*

16 *'But I will ffor your sake, ffaire ladye,
Walke on the bents [soe] browne,
And Ile either bring you a readye token,
Or Ile neuer come to you againe.'*

17 *But this ladye is gone to her chamber,
Her maydens ffollowing bright,
And Sir Cawlin 's gone to the mores soe broad,
Ffor to wake there all night.*

18 *Vnto midnight [that] the moone did rise,
He walked vp and downe,
And a lightsome bugle then heard he blow.
Ouer the bents soe browne ;
Saies hee, And if cryance come vntill my hart,
I am ffarr ffrom any good towne.*

19 *And he spye, ene a litle him by,
A ffurious king and a ffell,
And a ladye bright his brydle led,
*That seemlye itt was to see.**

20 And soe fast hee called vpon Sir Cawline,
 Oh man, I redd the fflye !
Ffor if cryance come vntill thy hart,
 I am a-feard least thou mun dye.

21 He sayes, [No] cryance comes to my hart,
 Nor ifaith I ffeare not thee ;
Ffor because thou minged not Christ before,
 Thee lesse me dreadeth thee.

22 But Sir Cawline he shooke a speare ;
 The *king* was bold, and abode ;
And the timber these two children bore
 Soe soone in sunder slode ;
Ffor they tooke and two good swords,
 And they layden on good loade.

23 But the elridge *king* was mickle of might,
 And stiffly to the ground did stand ;
But Sir Cawline, with an aukeward stroke,
 He brought ffrom him his hand,
I, and fflyng ouer his head soe hye,
 [It] ffell downe of that lay land.

24 And his lady stood a litle thereby,
 Ffast ringing her hands :
' For the maydens loue *that* you haue most
 minde,
 Smyte you my lord no more.

25 ' And hees neuer come vpon Eldrige [Hill],
 Him to sport, gamon, or play,
And to meete noe man of middle-earth
 And *that* lies on Christs his lay.'

26 But he then vp and *that* eldryge *king*,
 Sett him in his saddle againe,
And *that* eldryge *king* and his ladye
 To their castle are they gone.

27 And hee tooke then vp and *that* eldryge sword,
 As hard as any fflynt,
And soe he did those ringes ffive,
 Harder then ffyer, and brent.

28 Ffirst he presented to the *king*s daughter
 The hand, and then the sword,
.

29 ' But a serre buffett you haue him giuen,
 The *king* and the crowne,' shee sayd :
' I, but four and thirty stripes
 Comen beside the rood.'

30 And a gyant that was both stiffe [and] strong,
 He lope now them amonge,
And vpon his squier ffive heads he bare,
 Vnmackley made was hee.

31 And he dranke then on the *kings* wine,
 And hee put the cup in his sleeue,
And all the trembled and were wan,
 Ffor feare he shold them greeffe.

32 ' Ile tell thee mine arrand, *king*,' he says,
 'Mine errand what I doe heere ;
Ffor I will bren thy temples hye,
 Or Ile haue thy daughter deere ;
I, or else vpon yond more soe brood
 Thou shalt ffind mee a ppeare.'

33 The *king* he turned him round about,
 Lord, in his heart he was woe !
Says, Is there noe knight of the Round Table
 This matter will vndergoe ?

34 ' I, and hee shall haue my broad lands,
 And keepe them well his line ;
I, and soe hee shall my daughter deere,
 To be his weded wiffe.'

35 And then stood vp Sir Cawline,
 His owne errand ffor to say :
' Ifaith, I wold to God, Sir,' sayd Sir Cawline,
 'That soldan I will assay.

36 ' Goe ffetech me downe my eldrige sword,
 Ffor I woone itt att ffray :'
' But away, away !' sayd the hend soldan,
 'Thou tarryest mee here all day !'

37 But the hend soldan and Sir Cawline
 The ffought a summers day ;
Now has hee slaine *that* hend soldan,
 And brought his ffive heads away.

38 And the *king* has betaken him his broade lands,
 And all his venison ;
.

* * * * *

39 'But take you doo and your lands [soe] broad,
And brooke them well your liffe;
Ffor you promised mee your daughter deere,
To be my weded wiffe.'

40 'Now by my ffaith,' then sayes our *king*,
'Ffor that wee will not striffe,
Ffor thou shalt haue my daughter dere,
To be thy weded wiffe.'

41 The other morninge Sir Cawline rose
By the dawninge of the day,
And vntill a garden did he goe
His mattins ffor to say;
And *that* bespyed a ffalse steward,
A shames death *that* he might dye !

42 And he lett a lyon out of a bande,
Sir Cawline ffor to teare;
And he had noe wepon him vpon,
Nor noe wepon did weare.

43 But hee tooke then his mantle of greene,
Into the lyons mouth itt thrust;
He held the lyon soe sore to the wall
Till the lyons hart did burst.

44 And the watchmen cryed vpon the walls
And sayd, 'Sir Cawline 's slaine !
And with a beast is not ffull litle,
A lyon of mickle mayne :'
Then the *kings* daughter shee ffell downe,
'For peerlesse is my Payne !'

45 'O peace, my lady !' sayes Sir Cawline,
'I haue bought thy loue ffull deere ;
O peace, my lady !' sayes Sir Cawline,
'Peace, lady, ffor I am heere !'

46 Then he did marry this *kings* daughter,
With gold and siluer bright,
And fiftene sonnes this ladye beere
To Sir Cawline the knight.

The first two stanzas of the MS. have been omitted, as belonging to another ballad.

1². ouer all does beare the bell.
1⁴. men call him Sir Cawline.
2⁴. her peere.
3⁴. this mayd.
5⁶. *Only half the second n of noone in the MS.*
Furnivall.
7². wringinge his hands.
8⁴. and eene on : *MS. edne ? Furnivall. I feel no confidence in the emendation.*
8⁵. no daytinesse. 8⁶. teene.

10². lye soe cowardlye here.

11⁵. *MS. now ? Furnivall.*

12¹, 13², 3, 4 *make a stanza in the MS.*

18¹. they Moone. 22³, 5. 2. 23⁴. him ffrom.

23⁶. *There may be a bold ellipsis of It.*

24³. for they . . . most need: *cf. 5³.*

25¹. heest. 27³. 5.

28². they hand . . . they sword.

29¹. serrett buffett. 29³. 34. 30³. 5.

32⁵. in or. 32⁶. mee appeare. 37⁴. 5.

39¹. you too. 46³. 15.

APPENDIX

THE first of the following pieces is described as having been learned by Mrs Harris, in Perthshire, about 1790, transmitted by recitation to her daughter, and written down from recollection in 1859. No account is given of the derivation of the other. Both make the princess marry Sir Colvin after his victory on the elritch hill, rejecting Percy's pathetic conclusion. Neither retains much of the phraseology of Percy's manuscript, and neither shows those traces of Percy's phraseology which would

demonstrate its parentage. The first, though the style is stale enough, has not the decidedly stall-copy stamp of the other. It undoubtedly has passed through a succession of mouths (as is shown by the change of leech to match in 3²), but we may doubt whether the other was ever sung or said. 8⁴, in the Harris version,

Sin the first nicht that I was born,
is close to the Percy manuscript, 17⁴,
Since the day that I was borne,
where Percy's Reliques has,

But he did him seath and scorne.

In the old manuscript, when Sir Cawline cuts off the elritch knight's hand, the hand flies over the knight's head and falls down on that lay land; in Buehan, 25, 26, the hand also flies into the sky and lights on the ground; but Percy says merely that the knight fell on that lay land. So that there is one case in each of agreement with the Percy manuscript where the Reliques depart from it. It may also be urged that Buchan, 22¹, 2,

To trouble any Christian one
Lives in the righteous law,

is nearer to what we find in the manuscript, st. 25,

And to meete noe man of middle-earth
And that liues (= 'lieves) on Christs his lay,

than Percy's,

That thou wilt believe on Christ his laye,
And thereto plight thy hand;

And that thou never on Eldridge eome.

Were there anything characteristic or otherwise remarkable in the passages where there is agreement with the Percy manuscript and divergence from the Reliques, even one case of such agreement could not be lightly set aside.* But such agreements as these are not significant enough to offset the general character of the Scottish ballads, which is not that of a traditional waif, but of a fabrication of recent times. It is most likely that the Harris ballad was put together by some one who was imperfectly acquainted with the copy in the Reliques. Whether Buchan's ballad was formed upon some copy of the Harris version it is not worth the while to ask.

SIR COLIN

Harris MS., fol. 5b.

1 THE king luikit owre his castle wa,
To his nobles ane an a';
Says, Whare it is him Sir Colin,
I dinna see him amang you a'?

2 Up it spak an eldern knicht,
Aye an even up spak he:
'Sir Colin's sick for your dochter Janet,
He's very sick, an like to dee.'

* The Percy manuscript was inspected by many persons near the time of the first publication of the Reliques, and again while the fourth edition was going through the press,

3 'Win up, win up, my dochter Janet,
I wat ye are a match most fine;
Tak the baken bread an wine sae ried,
An to Sir Colin ye maun gieng.'

4 Up she rase, that fair Janet,
An I wat weel she was na sweer,
An up they rase, her merrie maries,
An they said a' they wad gae wi her.

5 'No, no,' said fair Janet,
'No, no such thing can be;
For a thrang to gae to a sick man's bour,
I think it wald be great folie.'

6 'How is my knicht, all last nicht?'
'Very sick an like to dee;
But if I had a kiss o your sweet lips,
I wald lie nae langer here.'

7 She leant her doon on his bed-side,
I wat she gae him kisses three;
But wi sighen said that fair Janet,
'As for your bride, I daurna be.'

8 'Unless you watch the Orlange hill,
An at that hill there grows a thorn;
There neer cam a liven man frae it,
Sin the first nicht that I was born.'

9 'Oh I will watch the Orlange hill,
Though I waur thinkin to be slain;
But I will gie you some love tokens,
In case we never meet again.'

10 He gae her rings to her fingers,
Sae did he ribbons to her hair;
He gae her a broach to her briest-bane,
For fear that they sud neer meet mair.

11 She put her hand in her pocket,
An she took out a lang, lang wand;
'As lang's ony man this wand sall keep,
There sall not a drap o his blude be drawn.'

12 Whan een was come, an een-bells rung,
An a' man boun for bed,
There beheld him Sir Colin,
Fast to the Orlange hill he rade.

13 The wind blew trees oot at the rutes,
Sae did it auld castles doon;
'T was eneuch to fricht ony Christian knicht,
To be sae far frae ony toon.'

but it is not for a moment to be suggested or supposed that anything in the Scottish 'Sir Colvin' is to be accounted for in that way.

14 He rade up, sae did he doon,
He rade even through the loan,
Till he spied a knicht, wi a ladie bricht,
Wi a bent bow intil his han.

15 She cried afar, ere she cam naur,
I warn ye, kind sir, I rede ye flee;
That for the love you bear to me,
I warn ye, kind sir, that ye flee.

16 They faucht up, sae did they doon,
They faucht even through the loan,
Till he cut aff the king's richt han,
Was set aboot wi chains a' goud.

17 'Haud your hand now, Sir Colin,
I wat you 've dung my love richt sair;
Noo for the love ye bear to me,
See that ye ding my love nae mair.'

18 He wooed, he wooed that fair Janet,
He wooed her and he brocht her hame;
He wooed, he wooed that fair Janet,
An ca'd her Dear-Coft till her name.

KING MALCOLM AND SIR COLVIN

Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 6; Motherwell's MS., p. 581.

1 THERE ance livd a king in fair Scotland,
King Malcolm called by name,
Whom ancient history gives record
For valour, worth, and fame.

2 And it fell ance upon a day,
The king sat down to dine,
And then he missd a favourite knight,
Whose name was Sir Colvin.

3 But out it speaks another knight,
Ane o Sir Colvin's kin :
'He 's lyin in bed, right sick in love,
All for your daughter Jean.'

4 'O wae 's me,' said the royal king,
'I 'm sorry for the same;
She maun take bread and wine sae red,
Give it to Sir Colvin.'

5 Then gently did she bear the bread,
Her page did carry the wine,
And set a table at his bed:
'Sir Colvin, rise and dine.'

6 'O well love I the wine, lady,
Come frae your lovely hand,
But better love I your fair body,
Than all fair Scotland's strand.'

7 'O hold your tongue now, Sir Colvin,
Let all your folly be;
My love must be by honour won,
Or nane shall enjoy me.'

8 'But on the head o Elrick's hill,
Near by yon sharp hawthorn,
Where never a man with life eer came,
Sin our sweet Christ was born ;

9 'O ye 'll gang there and walk a' night,
And boldly blaw your horn;
With honour that ye do return,
Ye 'll marry me the morn.'

10 Then up it raise him Sir Colvin,
And dressd in armour keen,
And he is on to Elrick's hill,
Without light of the meen.

11 At midnight mark the meen upstarts;
The knight walkd up and down,
While loudest cracks o thunder roard
Out ower the bent sae brown.

12 Then by the twinkling of an ee
He spied an armed knight,
A fair lady bearing his brand,
Wi torches burning bright.

13 Then he cried high, as he came nigh,
'Coward thief, I bid you flee !
There is not ane comes to this hill,
But must engage wi me.'

14 'Ye 'll best take road before I come,
And best take foot and flee;
Here is a sword, baith sharp and broad,
Will quarter you in three.'

15 Sir Colvin said, I 'm not afraid
Of any here I see;
You hae not taen your God before;
Less dread hae I o thee.'

16 Sir Colvin then he drew his sword,
His foe he drew his brand,
And they fought there on Elrick's hill
Till they were bluidy men.

17 The first an stroke the knight he strake,
Gae Colvin a slight wound;
The next an stroke Lord Colvin strake,
Brought 's foe unto the ground.

18 'I yield, I yield,' the knight he said,
 'I fairly yield to thee;
Nae aye came eer to Elrick-hill
 Eer gaird such victorie.

19 'I and my forbears here did haunt
 Three hundred years and more;
I'm safe to swear a solemn oath
 We were never beat before.'

20 'An asking,' said the lady gay,
 'An asking ye'll grant me;
'Ask on, ask on,' said Sir Colvin,
 'What may your asking be?'

21 'Ye'll gie me hame my wounded knight,
 Let me fare on my way;
And I'se neer be seen on Elrick's hill,
 By night, nor yet by day;
And to this place we'll come nae mair,
 Coud we win safe away.

22 'To trouble any Christian one,
 Lives in the righteous law,
We'll come nae mair unto this place,
 Coud we win safe awa.'

23 'O yese get hame your wounded knight,
 Ye shall not gang alone;

But I maun hae a wad o him,
 Before that we twa twine.'

24 Sir Colvin being a book-learnd man,
 Sae gude in fencing tee,
He's drawn a stroke behind his hand,
 And followed in speedilie.

25 Sae fierce a stroke Sir Colvin's drawn,
 And followed in speedilie,
The knight's brand and sword hand
 In the air he gard them flee.

26 It flew sae high into the sky,
 And lighted on the ground;
The rings that were on these fingers
 Were worth five hundred pound.

27 Up he has taen that bluidy hand,
 Set it before the king,
And the morn it was Wednesday,
 When he married his daughter Jean.

Motherwell, who cites a manuscript of Buchan, prints the first three stanzas and the last with some variations: Introduction, p. lxvi, note **. The ballad is not in Buchan's two manuscript volumes.

62

FAIR ANNIE

A. 'Lord Thomas and Fair Annie,' <i>Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border</i> , II, 102, 1802; 31 stanzas.	F. 'Fair Annie,' <i>Motherwell's MS.</i> , p. 385, <i>Motherwell's Minstrelsy</i> , p. 327; 32 stanzas.
B. 'Burd Helen,' <i>Jamieson's Popular Ballads</i> , II, 376; 26 stanzas.	G. Communicated by Miss Reburn; 5 stanzas.
C. 'Fair Annie,' <i>Motherwell's MS.</i> , p. 351; 33 stanzas.	H. Communicated by Dr Thomas Davidson; 2 stanzas.
D. Herd, <i>The Ancient and Modern Scots Songs</i> , 1769, p. 307; 8 stanzas.	I. 'Fair Annie,' <i>Kinloch MSS.</i> , I, 155; 45 stanzas.
E. 'Lady Jane,' <i>Jamieson-Brown MS.</i> , fol. 20, <i>Jamieson's Popular Ballads</i> , II, 371; 20 stanzas.	J. 'The Fause Lord,' <i>Buchan's MSS.</i> , I, 66; 65 stanzas.

THE fragment D, printed in 1769, antedates the committing to writing of any of the other versions. E was taken down as early as 1783.

A and B are from the beginning of this century. A was obtained "chiefly from the recitation of an old woman," but we are not

informed who supplied the rest. Herd's fragment, **D**, furnished stanzas 2-6, 12, 17, 19. A doubt may be hazarded whether stanzas 8-10 came from the old woman. **I** is a combination of three recited versions, and **J**, perhaps a transcript of a stall-copy, is, like many of Buchan's ballads, extended to twice the length of genuine versions by tedious, sometimes nauseous, amplification and interpolation.

‘Lady Jane,’ Jamieson’s Popular Ballads, II, 73, is a combination of B and E, with a good many bad verses of Jamieson’s own. A version in Motherwell’s MS., p. 477, “from the recitation of an old maid-servant of Mr Alexander, of Southbar,” was, as would be inferred from a memorandum at the end of the transcript, derived from a printed book, and is in fact an imperfect recollection of this compounded ballad of Jamieson’s.

Grundtvig has attempted a reconstitution of the ballad from versions A, B, D, E, F, Danmarks gamle Folkeviser, V, 42.

Annie [Helen, B, Ellen, G, Jane, E] was stolen from home in her childhood, A 15, B 23, C 31, E 9, F 25, I 38, J 50, 51, by a knight from over sea, to whom she has borne seven sons, out of wedlock. Her consort bids her prepare to welcome a bride, with whom he shall get gowd and gear; with her he got none. But she must look like a maid, comb down her yellow locks, braid her hair.* Annie meekly assents, for love, she says, in C 12; in I 4, J 15, the welcoming goes against her heart; in F 9 she is told that she is to do it; in H 2 she says the welcome will have to come from him. Annie receives the bride and her train and serves the tables, suppressing her tears and drinking water to keep her cheek from paling. She passes for servant or house-keeper, and in I 23, J 25, uses the word 'master,' not to anger the bride; in C 17 she calls her lord brother, and the knight calls her sister in C 18 and (inconsistently) in J 38.

* **F2** reads, "Bind up your hair, and tie it in your neck," which is deceptive. It was an imperative custom, as is well known, that the married woman should bind up her hair or wear it under a cap, while a maid wore it loose or in a braid; a yard long, like Chaucer's Emily, if she had as much. See **D3**, **E3**, **I5**, and Prior's Danish Ballads, II, 180 f.

† And John Armstrong her eldest brother, C 30: so the

What 'n a lady's that? asks the bride, E 9, J 37, and what means all these bonny boys that follow at her heel? J 37.

When the married pair have gone to their bed-chamber, Annie, in a room near by, bewails her sad lot in song; to the harp or her virginals, E, F, J, I. The bride hears the lament: it is that of a woman who will go mad ere day, B 20, C 26, J 44, 48. The bride goes to Fair Annie's chamber, A, C? to see what gars her greet, inquires her parentage, and discovers that they are sisters; or learns this fact from the song itself, B, E; or recognizes her sister's voice, F, I, J. King Henry was their father, B, F, I; King Easter, C;† the Earl of Wemyss, of Richmond, A, E. Queen Easter was their mother, F; Queen Catherine, Elinor [Orvis], B, I. The bride, who had come with many well-loaded ships, gives all or most of them to her sister, A, B, C, F, I, and goes virgin home, A, B, F, I, J; expecting, as B, J add, to encounter derision for going away wife and coming back maid.

In C 27 the bride suspects that the woman who wails so madly is a leman, and urges her husband to get up and pack her down the stairs, though the woods were ne'er so wild. He refuses. A similar scene is elsewhere put earlier, during the bridal entertainment, I 29, 30, J 40: see also G 2, 3, which are partly explained by these passages, and partly by J 36.

There are other variations in the story, and some additional particulars in one or another version: none of these, however, seem to belong to the original ballad. The bride, as soon as she sees Annie, is struck with the resemblance to her lost sister, A 14, E 9, J 29. The bridegroom repents, and rejects the woman he has married, E 19, F 30, J 49. The bridegroom confiscates without ceremony, as tocher for Annie, six of the seven ships which the bride had brought with her, E, J.‡

The name Lord Thomas in A was prob-

Scottish king was right when he weened Johnie was a king as well as he.

† “The tradition which commonly accompanies this tale,” says Jamieson, *Popular Ballads*, II, 83, “says that he was aware of his bride’s being the sister of his mistress, and that he had courted her, not with a view of retaining her as his wife, but of securing from her father a portion for Lady Jane, whom

ably suggested by 'Lord Thomas and Fair Annet.'

A Danish ballad of Fair Annie has been known to the English for fourscore years through Jamieson's translation. The Scandinavian versions are the following.

Danish. 'Skjön Anna,' Grundtvig, No 258, V, 13, eight versions: **A**, 39 four-line stanzas, **B**, 34 sts, **C**, 45 sts, from manuscripts of the sixteenth century; **D**, 48 sts, **E**, 41 sts, **G**, 32 sts, from seventeenth-century manuscripts; **F**, 41 sts, from broadsides or stall-copies, the earliest dated 1648, from Peder Syv, 1695, and from copies lately taken down which were derived from printed texts; **H**, 43 sts, a version recently obtained from tradition in Norway. Of these, **A**, **B**, **C**, **G** are independent texts; **D**, **E**, **F** are derived from some copy of **C**, or from a version closely akin to **C**; **H** is essentially the broadside copy **F**, but has one stanza of its own. **F**, Syv, No 17, Danske Viser, IV, 59, No 177, the form through which the Danish ballad has been made known by English translations, is unfortunately an impure and sophisticated text.

Swedish. **A**, 'Skön Anna,' 19 sts, Arwidsson, I, 291, No 42; **B**, Afzelius, I, 24, No 5, 32 sts; **C**, Wigström, Folkdikning, I, 57, No 28, 37 sts. **C** follows in the main Danish **F**, but with a variation in st. 31 which is of much importance if traditional. A translation of Danish **F** has long circulated in Sweden as a broadside: see, besides Grundtvig, Bergström's Afzelius, II, 30.

The Scandinavian story will, for more brevity, be collected principally from Danish **A**, **B**, **C**, and some variations of the other copies be added.

Fair Annie [Anneck, Annecke, **A**], a king's daughter, is stolen in her early years, and sold to a man of rank, who is in fact heir to a crown. They have seven sons in eight [seven] years, and he then becomes king. Fair Annie begs the queen-mother to intercede with her son now to make her a lawful wife and legiti-

he intended to marry: "a canny project adopted into the degenerate and interpolated **J** (st. 53), but rather too sharp practice for an old ballad.

mate his children. The mother loves Annie, and heartily desires that he may. The son refuses; she has great virtues, but he does not know Annie's friends [her forbears, lineage, Danish **F**, Swedish **C**]. He makes suit for a king's daughter in a distant land. Annie's heart all but breaks when the bride comes. The young king asks the bride what gift she will give his *amie*, **A**. I will give her my old shoes, she says, **B**, **D**, **F**. She must give something else if she would get his good will. Then she will give Annie seven mills that lie far over the Rhine and grind nought but cinnamon, **B**, **D**, **F**. Annie is now asked what gift she will make the bride. I will give her *you*, whom I can so ill spare, answers Annie. No, that is not enough; she must give another gift to win the bride's good will. I will give her the seven sons I have borne, says Annie. Neither is that enough; she must give the bride her gold brooch. This Annie will not surrender, for it was his morning-gift. Annie now asks her lord to let her go into the bride-house [hall] and see the bride. He refuses emphatically, but his kind mother says, Yes; she will even go with Annie, though it should cost her her life. Annie goes to the bride-house, preceded by her seven sons, who wear her father's color. She pours wine for the bride, with many tears, **A**, **C**. The bride asks who this fair woman is that weeps so sore. And who are these that wear her father's color? * It is the king's sister's daughter, from a foreign land, **C-F**, **H**; his sister, Danish **A**, Swedish **A**, **B**. "It is not your sister's daughter," says the bride; "that I plainly see. I fear it is your leman," **C 34**, **D**, **E**. The king now avows the truth. It is Fair Annie, my leman, Danish **A 33**, Swedish **A 16** (which adds, "Her father I never knew"); she was stolen from a foreign land in her young days, and has been with me seven years, Danish **B 31**; she was sold to me from a foreign land; these are her seven sons, they will be bastards now, and that is the cause of her grief, **C 35**, **36**, **D**, **E**; these are my seven sons, Fair

* The boys are all dressed in scarlet red in Danish **E 24**, **F 27**, **H 21**; so in English **E 6**, but in **J 23** in black.

Annie is their mother, Swedish **B** 27. I had a sister, says the bride; she was stolen from my father's land; Fair Annie was her name, this must be she,* she shall keep her husband. The king sends the new-come bride home with due ceremony, and keeps Fair Annie for his heart's delight, **C** 37-44, **D**, **E**.

In Danish **G** 7, the king gives as a reason for not espousing Fair Annie that she has no fortune, *ingen rente*, which is the objection to her in English **A** 1, **C** 2, etc. The oldest [youngest] son of Fair Annie attends his mother's sister to her father's land in Swedish **C**, Danish **F**, **K**, as in English **J** 54. The king promises his brother to Annie's sister in Danish **A** 39 (compare also Swedish **B** 33). In English **I** 26, **J** 30, the bride thinks *her* brother would be a good match for Annie.

Swedish **C**, though in itself of little authority, has an advantage over the Danish copies and Swedish **B** in making Annie refuse to part with the gold brooch, not because it was a morning-gift, but because she had had it ever since she was a child and was kidnapped from her father's court; and again in making this brooch the means of her recognition as sister by the bride.

The Scandinavian ballad is regarded by Grundtvig as transmitted from Low German. The rhymes are frequently not after the Danish manner (see Grundtvig, V, 46, 7), and the heroine's name has a Low German look.

Dutch and German versions, all ill enough preserved, are:

Dutch. **A.** 'Schön Adelheid,' 22 four-line stanzas, Hoffmann, Niederländische Volkslieder, 2d ed., 1856, p. 46, No 11, 'Mooi Aeltje en Koning Alewijn,' Willems, p. 177, No 70; from Den Italiaenschen Quacksalver, Amsterdam, 1708. **B.** 'Madel,' 15 stanzas, Snellaert, Oude en nieuwe Liedjes, p. 70, No 65, 2d ed., 1864.

* And the young bride throws down a half gold-ring,
Fair Annie she throws down the other,
And a pair of loving sisters were they,
And the rings they ran together.

Swedish **B** 32.

† Vorige span, sts 14, 15, for which Hoffmann reads voorsepan, meaning a fore-span. A span of horses is as absurd here as possible, but is adopted in the German version, and

German. **A.** Longard, Altrheinländische Mährlein und Liedlein, 1843, p. 23, No 12; Wilhelm von Zuccalmaglio, Deutsche Volkslieder, 1840, p. 74, No 32, = Mittler, No 333: 21 four-line stanzas. **B.** Montanus (Vincenz von Zuccalmaglio), Die deutschen Volksfeste, 1854, p. 46, 17 stanzas, apparently rewritten.

According to Dutch **A** Aaltje, Ethel, Adeline, a king's daughter, is stolen, and sold for a great sum to King Alewijn. She asks the king's mother, who is quite disposed to have her for a daughter, when her son will marry her, and the mother asks her son how long Maid Aaltje is to live under disgrace. The king objects that Aaltje is a *vondeling*, a waif-woman (English **C** 2, **I** 2); Heaven only knows her friends and kin. He adds that he was over the Rhine yesterday, and that Aaltje will break her heart with sorrow. The young woman asks the mother's permission to go to the bride's house, and is told to go in good style, her seven sons before her and fourteen ladies-in-waiting behind. The king meets Aaltje half-way, and says, If you are going to the bride's house, what gift do you mean to make the bride? The bride will have enough, she replies; I will give her my old stockings and shoes. She must give something better to gain her friendship. Then Aaltje will give her "seven sons of yours and mine" to serve her. She will have your seven sons, says the king, but you must give her your brooch.† No, that you will not get, says Aaltje. There were two at my father's court; my sister and I each had one. Are you then of royal birth? says the king. Had you told me that, I would have married *you*. When Aaltje appears at the bride's house, they offer her to drink, and many a tear she drops in the cup. Who is this woman that weeps so piteously? asks the bride. These are some of our nieces and nephews, who have come from foreign parts

made to point a gibe at the king. It would seem that the Dutch *voorspan*, brooch or clasp, German *spange* (see Hexham's Dictionary, 1658), must have been for some time obsolete. In Richthofen's Altfrisiaches Wörterbuch we find simply *span*, *spon*: "verstanden ist darunter ein goldener Schmuck den die frisiaischen Weiber vor der Brust trugen." Stanza 15 is interpreted accordingly.

to bring you presents, is the king's answer. Nieces and nephews! says the bride; it is Maid Aaltje, my youngest sister. She takes the crown from her head: Take it, Aaltje, and keep your husband. Saddle my horse. I came in honor, I must go back in shame. (Cf. English B 26, I 45.)

B. Madel (M'Adel), the oldest of a king's two daughters, is stolen by a king's son to be his leman, and taken to a far country. They have seven sons, and he forsakes her and betroths himself to her sister. He asks his mother what present she will make his bride; she has seven mills which she will give her. Madel, asked in like manner, replies, My old stockings and shoes. Madel asks the queen-mother if she may go to the bridal, for the king is to marry, and is answered as in A. When she comes to the bride-loft they pour wine for her, and she drops tears in the cup. The bride asks who this is, and the king replies, One of my nieces from a far country, who came to do me honor, but only puts me to shame. You are not telling me the truth, says the bride. The king owns that it is Madel, his leman, with her seven sons. The bride recognizes a brooch* stiff with gold and silk. "There are but two such in all Flanders; I and my sister each had one." She tears the crown from her own head and puts it on her sister, saying, King, marry her in my place. The brooch is distinctly made the means of identification, which it by all likelihood was originally in all the Scandinavian ballads, though only Swedish C has retained (or restored) this feature.

The German ballad resembles Dutch A closely. The queen-mother gives Adelheid permission to go to the wedding, and her seven sons must walk before her. At the feast the king offers her to drink; she cannot drink for the grief he has caused her. The bride sees her weeping, and orders food and drink to be offered her (cf. English J 36), but

she cannot touch them. The king pretends that she is one of his nieces who has lived with him seven years [is fatigued by her journey, B]. The bride exclaims, I see the fore-span (by your fore-span, A), you are driving a pair! In A she asks the fair woman's name and country. Her country is over the Rhine, and thence she had been stolen. "Then you must be my sister," declares the bride somewhat hastily, gives up her seat and the crown, puts her ring on Adelheid's finger, and bids the news be sent to father and mother.

The lyric beauty of the Scottish version of this ballad, especially conspicuous in A, C, E, has been appreciately remarked by Grundtvig.

But Fair Annie's fortunes have not only been charmingly sung, as here; they have also been exquisitely *told* in a favorite lay of Marie de France, 'Le Lai del Freisne.' This tale, of Breton origin, is three hundred years older than any manuscript of the ballad. Comparison will, however, quickly show that it is not the source either of the English or of the Low German and Scandinavian ballad. The tale and the ballads have a common source, which lies further back, and too far for us to find.

The story of the lay is this.† There were two knights in Brittany, living on contiguous estates, and both married. The lady of one of the two gave birth to two boys, and the father sent information of the event to his neighbor and friend. His friend's wife was a scoffing, envious woman, "judging always for the worse," and said,

I marvel much, thou messenger,
Who was thy lordēs counsellor,
That did advise him not to spare
This shame to publish everywhere,
That his wife hath *two* children bore :
Well may each man know therefore
Two men have been with her in bower,‡
Which is to both but small honour.

* "Voorgespan" again.

† Roquefort, Poésies de Marie de France, I, 138. There is a highly felicitous old English translation, unfortunately somewhat defective: Weber, Metrical Romances, I, 357, Ellis's Specimens, III, 282, what is missing being supplied in each case from the French.

‡ For this idea see Grimm's Rechtsalterthümer, p. 456 of the 2d ed., and Deutsche Sagen, 515, 534, 571; the English romance of Octavian, Weber, III, 162, vv 127-132, the French, in Conybeare's abridgment, p. 3, reprint of the Aungervyle Society, p. 23; the volksbuch Kaiser Octavianus, Simrock, II, 244; the Spanish ballad 'Espinelo,' Du-

In the course of the same year the woman that had made this hateful insinuation was brought to bed of twin girls. To save her reputation she was ready even to put one of them to death, but a favorite damsel in her house suggested a better way out of her perplexity, and that was to leave one of the children at the door of a convent. The child, wrapped in a rich pall that had been brought from Constantinople, with a jewelled ring bound to its arm to show that it was well born, was taken away in the night to a considerable distance, and was laid between the branches of a great ash-tree in front of a nunnery. In the morning it was discovered by the porter, who told his adventure to the abbess; and the abbess, having inspected the foundling, resolved to bring it up under the style of her niece. The girl, who received the name La Freisne from the tree in which she had been found, turned out a marvel of beauty and of all good qualities. A gentleman of the vicinity fell in love with her, and made large gifts to the monastery to constitute himself a lay-brother, and so have access to her without exciting suspicion. He obtained her love, and in the end induced her to fly with him to his château. This she did with sufficient deliberation to take with her the robe and ring which were the tokens of her birth; for the abbess had told her how she had been found in the ash, and had committed these objects to her care. She lived a good while with the knight as his mistress, and made herself loved by everybody; but his retainers had repeatedly remonstrated with him for not providing himself with a lawful successor, and at last forced him to marry the daughter and heiress of a gentleman near by. On the day of the nuptials La Freisne let no sign of grief or anger escape her, but devoted herself to the bride so amiably as even to win over the mother, who had accompanied her daughter, and had at first felt much uneasiness at the presence of a

ran, I, 177, No 323, and again a 16th century ballad of Timoneda, II, 392, No 1346. This last may be the foundation of a broadside in the Pepys collection, I, 40, No 18: "The Lamenting Lady, who, for wrongs done by her to a poor woman for having two children at one burthen, was by the hand of God most strangely punished by sending her as

possible rival. Finding the marriage bed not decked with sufficient elegance, La Freisne took from a trunk the precious pall from Constantinople, and threw it on for a coverlet. When the bride's mother was about to put her daughter to bed, this robe was of course the first object that met her eyes. Her heart quaked. She sent for the chamberlain, and asked where the cloth came from. The chamberlain explained that "the damsel" had put it on to improve the appearance of the bed. The damsel was summoned, and told what she knew: the abbess who brought her up had given her the robe, and with it a ring, and charged her to take good care of them. A sight of the ring was asked; the lady cried, You are my daughter, and fainted. When she recovered she sent for her husband and confessed everything. The husband was only too happy to find that the damsel tant pruz è sage è bele was his daughter. The story was repeated to La Freisne, and then to the knight and to the archbishop who had performed the marriage ceremony. The marriage was dissolved the next day, and La Freisne formally espoused by the knight, who received with her half her father's heritage. The sister went home and made a rich marriage.

The common ground-work of the ballads and the lay is, that a man who has formed an irregular union with a woman whose family he does not know undertakes matrimony with another person, who is discovered on the day of the nuptials to be sister to his leman. A jewel in the possession of the latter, by itself or together with another token, reveals and proves the kinship in the lay and in the Scandinavian-German ballad, but there is no trace of such an instrumentality in the Scottish.

Single features, or even several features, of the story of Fair Annie or of La Freisne occur in many other ballads and tales, but there is no occasion to go into these resemblances here.

many children at one birth as there are days in the year." But we have the same miracle in Grimm's *Deutsche Sagen*, No 578. Further, Grundtvig, V, 386, 'Grevens Datter af Vendel,' No 258, E 1; *Li Rcali di Francia*, I. II, c. 42, p. 180 of the edition of Venice, 1821. (Grundtvig.)

A Norse ballad has almost every point in 'Fair Annie' but the sisterly relation of leman and bride: see 'Slegfred og Brud,' Grundtvig, No 255, and 'Thomas o Yonderdale,' an apocryphal ballad of Buchan's, further on. Bare mention may be made of the beautiful Spanish romance 'Las dos Hermanas,' found also in Portuguese, in which the queen of a Moor or Turk discovers her sister in a slave who has been presented to her, or captured at her request.*

Translated after **A** by Schubart, p. 115; mainly after **E**, with stanzas from **A** and **C**, by Grundtvig, Engelske og skotske Folkeviser, No 28; after **E** by Wolff, Hausschatz, p. 209, Halle der Völker, I, 3; after **D** by Gerhard, p. 77; by Knortz, L. u. R. Alt-Englands, No 3, after Allingham.

Danish **F** by Jamieson, Popular Ballads, II, 103; by Prior, III, 300, No 148. Dutch **A** by Prior, III, 484.

A

Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, II, 102, 1802, chiefly from the recitation of an old woman residing near Kirkhill, in West Lothian.

- 1 'It's narrow, narrow, make your bed,
And learn to lie your lane;
For I'm ga'n o'er the sea, Fair Annie,
A braw bride to bring hame.
Wi her I will get gowd and gear;
Wi you I neer got nane.'
- 2 'But wha will bake my bridal bread,
Or brew my bridal ale?
And wha will welcome my brisk bride,
That I bring o'er the dale?'
- 3 'It's I will bake your bridal bread,
And brew your bridal ale,
And I will welcome your brisk bride,
That you bring o'er the dale.'
- 4 'But she that welcomes my brisk bride
Maun gang like maiden fair;
She maun lace on her robe sae jimp,
And braid her yellow hair.'
- 5 'But how can I gang maiden-like,
When maiden I am nane?
Have I not born seven sons to thee,
And am with child again?'

* 'Las dos Hermanas,' Catalan, Castilian, Asturian. Milá, Observaciones, p. 117, No 19, = Briz, II, 159; p. 124, No 24, = Primavera, II, 38, No 130; Briz, II, 161. Milá, Romanceillo, p. 214, No 242, **A-E**, p. 216, No 242. Amador de los Ríos, Historia de la Lit. Esp., VII, 455 f. Portuguese. 'Rainha e Captiva,' Almeida-Garrett, II, 193, No 11, 2d ed.; 'Romance de Branca-Flor,' Braga, Romanceiro

- 6 She's taen her young son in her arms,
Another in her hand,
And she's up to the highest tower,
To see him come to land.
- 7 'Come up, come up, my eldest son,
And look o'er yon sea-strand,
And see your father's new-come bride,
Before she come to land.'
- 8 'Come down, come down, my mother dear,
Come frae the castle wa!
I fear, if langer ye stand there,
Ye'll let yoursell down fa.'
- 9 And she gaed down, and farther down,
Her love's ship for to see,
And the topmast and the mainmast
Shone like the silver free.
- 10 And she's gane down, and farther down,
The bride's ship to behold,
And the topmast and the mainmast
They shone just like the gold.
- 11 She's taen her seven sons in her hand,
I wot she didna fail;
She met Lord Thomas and his bride,
As they came o'er the dale.

Geral, p. 103, No 38; Romanceiro da Madeira, p. 211; Roméro e Braga, Cantos populares do Brazil, I, 41 ff, Nos 22, 23, II, 203. In some of these the queen identifies the captive by overhearing, while she lies in bed, words said or sung by her sister. In Chodzko, Chants de l'Ukraine, p. 88, No 17, the captive sister is replaced by a (Polish) mother in slavery among the Turks.

12 'You're welcome to your house, Lord Thomas,
 You're welcome to your land ;
 You're welcome with your fair ladye,
 That you lead by the hand.'

13 'You're welcome to your ha's, ladye,
 Your welcome to your bowers ;
 You're welcome to your hame, ladye,
 For a' that's here is yours.'

14 'I thank thee, Annie ; I thank thee, Annie,
 Sae dearly as I thank thee ;
 You're the likest to my sister Annie,
 That ever I did see.'

15 'There came a knight out oer the sea,
 And steald my sister away ;
 The shame scoup in his company,
 And land whereer he gae !'

16 She hang ae napkin at the door,
 Another in the ha,
 And a' to wipe the trickling tears,
 Sae fast as they did fa.'

17 And aye she served the lang tables,
 With white bread and with wine,
 And aye she drank the wan water,
 To had her colour fine.

18 And aye she served the lang tables,
 With white bread and with brown ;
 And ay she turned her round about,
 Sae fast the tears fell down.

19 And he's taen down the silk napkin,
 Hung on a silver pin,
 And aye he wipes the tear trickling
 A' down her cheek and chin.

20 And aye he turn'd him round about,
 And smiled amang his men ;
 Says, Like ye best the old ladye,
 Or her that's new come hame ?

21 When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
 And a' men bound to bed,
 Lord Thomas and his new-come bride
 To their chamber they were gaed.

22 Annie made her bed a little forbye,
 To hear what they might say ;

12 'And ever alas !' Fair Annie cried,
 'That I should see this day !'

23 'Gin my seven sons were seven young rats,
 Running on the castle wa,
 And I were a grey cat myself,
 I soon would worry them a'.'

24 'Gin my seven sons were seven young hares,
 Running oer yon lilly lee,
 And I were a grew hound myself,
 Soon worried they a' should be.'

25 And wae and sad Fair Annie sat,
 And drearie was her sang,
 And ever, as she sobbd and grat,
 'Wae to the man that did the wrang !'

26 'My gown is on,' said the new-come bride,
 'My shoes are on my feet,
 And I will to Fair Annie's chamber,
 And see what gars her greet.'

27 'What ails ye, what ails ye, Fair Annie,
 That ye make sic a moan ?
 Has your wine barrels cast the girds,
 Or is your white bread gone ?'

28 'O wha was 't was your father, Annie,
 Or wha was 't was your mother ?
 And had ye ony sister, Annie,
 Or had ye ony brother ?'

29 'The Earl of Wemyss was my father,
 The Countess of Wemyss my mother ;
 And a' the folk about the house
 To me were sister and brother.'

30 'If the Earl of Wemyss was your father,
 I wot sae was he mine ;
 And it shall not be for lack o gowd
 That ye your love sall tyne.'

31 'For I have seven ships o mine ain,
 A' loaded to the brim,
 And I will gie them a' to thee,
 Wi four to thine eldest son :
 But thanks to a' the powers in heaven
 That I gae maiden hame !'

B

Jamieson's Popular Ballads, II, 376, from the recitation
of Mrs Arrot, of Aberbrothick.

1 THERE livd a lord on yon sea-side,
And he thought on a wile,
How he would go over the saut sea
A lady to beguile.

2 'O learn to mak your bed, Helen,
And learn to ly your lane,
For I'm gaun over the saut seas
A bright bride to bring hame.'

3 'How can I mak my bed,' she says,
'Unless I mak it wide,
Whan I have seven o your sons
To lie down by my side?

4 'And the first o your seven sons,
He rides a milk-white steed ;
The second o your seven sons
He wears a milk-white weed.

5 'The third ane o your seven sons,
He draws baith ale and wine ;
The fourth ane o your seven sons,
He serves you when you dine.

6 'The fifth ane o your seven sons,
He can baith read and write ;
And the sixth ane o your seven sons,
He is a' your heart's delight.

7 'And the youngest o your seven sons,
He sleeps on my breast-bane ;
Whan him and I ly down at night,
For him rest get I nane.'

8 'O wha will bake my bridal bread,
And brew my bridal ale ?
And wha will welcome my gae lady,
That I bring oer the dale ?

9 'And sin ye've taen the turn in hand,
See that ye do it right,
And ilka chimly o the house,
That they be dearly dight.'

10 O a' the day she washd and wrang,
And a' the night she buik,
And she's awa to her chamber,
To gie her young son suck.

11 'Come here, come here, my eldest son,
And see what ye may see ;
For yonder comes your father dear,
Your mother-in-law side be.'

12 She's taen a cake o the best bread,
A bottle o the best wine,
And a' the keys upon her arm,
And to the yates she's gaen.

13 'Ye are welcome hame, gay lady,' she said,
'And ay ye are welcome hame ;
And sae is a' the gentlewomen
That's wi you ridden and gane.'

14 'You are welcome hame, gay lord' she said,
'And ay ye are welcome hame ;
And sae is a' the gentlemen
That's wi you ridden and gane.'

15 She saird them up, she saird them down,
She saird them till and frae ;
But when she went behind their backs,
The tear did blind her ee.

16 Whan day was gane, and night was come,
And a' man boun to bed,
The bridegroom and the bonny bride
In their chamber was laid.

17 Burd Helen and her seven sons
Lay in a bower near by ;
• • • • •

18 'If my seven sons were seven grey ratts,
To rin frae wa to wa,
And I mysel a good grey cat,
I would bite their back a-twa.'

19 'If my seven sons were seven grey hares,
And them to rin a race,
And I mysel a good greyhound,
I would gie them a chace.'

20 Up and spak the bonny bride,
In chamber where she lay :
'There is a lady in this bower,
She will gae mad or day.'

21 'Lye still, lye still, my bonny bride,
Lye still and tak a sleep ;
It's but ane o my wine puncheons ;
Nae langer wad it keep.'

22 'King Henry was my father dear,
 Queen Catherine was my mother,
 Lady Anne she was my sister dear,
 And Frederick was my brother.'

23 'And whan I was six years of age,
 They ca'd me Mary Mild ;
I was stown frae my father's yate,
 Whan I was but a child.'

24 Then up and spak the bonny bride,
 By her lord as she lay :

'Lye down, lye down, my dear sister,
 There's nae ill done for me.'

25 'O seven ships conveyd me here,
 And seven came oer the main ;
And four o them shall stay wi you,
 And three convey me hame.'

26 'But when I gae hame to my father's house,
 They will laugh me to scorn,
To come awa a wedded wife,
 Gae hame a maid the morn.'

C

Motherwell's manuscript, p. 351, from the recitation of Janet Holmes, an old woman in Kilbarchan, who derived the ballad from her mother; July 18, 1825.

1 'LEARN to mak your bed, honey,
 And learn to lye your lane,
For I 'm gaun owre the salt seas,
 A fair lady to bring hame.'

2 'And with her I 'll get gold and gear,
 With thee I neer got nane ;
I took you as a waaf woman,
 I leave you as the same.'

3 'What aileth thee at me, my lord,
 What aileth thee at me,
When seven bonnie sons I have born,
 All of your fair bodie ?'

4 'The eldest of your seven sons,
 He can both read and write ;
The second of your sons, my lord,
 Can do it more perfyte.'

5 'The third one of your sons, my lord,
 He waters your milk-white steed ;
The fourth one of your sons, my lord,
 With red gold shines his weed.'

6 'The fifth one of your sons, my lord,
 He serves you when you dine ;
The sixth one now you do behold,
 How he walks out and in.'

7 'The seventh one of your sons, my lord,
 Sucks hard at my breast-bane ;

When a' the house they are at rest,
 For him I can get nane.'

8 'And if you leave me thus forlorn,
 A wainless wife I 'll be,
For anybody's gold or gear
 That is beyond the sea.'

9 'O wha will bake my bridal bread,
 Or wha will brew my ale ?
Or wha will cook my kitchen neat,
 Or give my men their meal ?'

10 'For love I 'll bake your bridal bread,
 To brew your ale I 'm fain,
To cook your kitchen, as I have done,
 Till you return again.'

11 'O wha will bake my bridal bread,
 Or wha will brew my ale ?
Or wha will welcome my braw bride,
 That I bring owre the dale ?'

12 'For love I 'll bake your bridal bread,
 For love I 'll brew your ale,
And I will welcome your braw bride
 That you bring owre the dale.'

13 Her mind she kepted, but sair she weepd
 The time that he was gane

14 'Go up, go up, my eldest son,
 Go to the upmost ha,
And see if you see your father coming,
 With your mother-to-be-in-law.'

15 'Put on, put on, O mother dear,
 Put on your gouns so braw,
 For yonder is my father coming,
 With my mother-to-be-in-law.'

16 She 's taen the wheat-bread in one hand,
 The red wines, which plenty were,
 And she 's gane to the outmost gate,
 And bid them welcome there.

17 'You 're welcome here, my brother dear,
 Ye 're welcome, brother John ;
 Ye 're welcome a' my brethern dear,
 That has this journey gone.'

18 'I thank you, sister Annie,' he says,
 'And I thank you heartilie,
 And as you 've welcomed home myself,
 You 'll welcome my fair ladye.'

19 'If I had roses to my feet,
 And ribbons to my gown,
 And as leal a maid as your braw bride,
 I would speak without a frown.'

20 He 's given her roses to her feet,
 And ribbons to her gown,
 And she has welcomed his braw bride,
 But weel that was her own !

21 'I thank you, sister Annie,' she says,
 'I thank you heartilie,
 And if I be seven years about this place,
 Rewarded you shall be.'

22 She served them up, she served them down,
 And she served all their cries,
 And aye as she came down the stair
 The tears fell from her eyes.

23 When mass was sung, and all bells rung,
 And all men boune for bed,
 The good lord and his fair lady
 Were in their chamber laid.

24 But poor Annie and her seven sons
 Was in a room hard by,
 And as she lay she sighed and wept,
 And thus began to cry :

25 'O were my sons transformed to cats,
 To speel this castle wa,
 And I myself a red blood-hound
 That I might worry them a' ! '

26 The bride she overhearing all,
 And sair she rued her fate :
 'Awauk, awauk, my lord,' she said,
 'Awauk, for well you may ;
 For there 's a woman in this gate
 That will go mad ere day.'

27 'I fear she is a leman of thine,
 And a leman meek and mild ;
 Get up and pack her down the stairs,
 Tho the woods were neer sae wild.'

28 'O yes, she is a leman of mine,
 And a leman meek and kind,
 And I will not pack her down the stairs,
 For a' the gear that 's thine.'

29 'O wha 's your father, Ann ? ' she says,
 'Or wha 's your mother dear ?
 Or wha 's your sister, Ann ? ' she says,
 'Or brother ? let me hear.'

30 'King Easter he 's my father dear,
 The Queen my mother was ;
 John Armstrang, in the west-airt lands,
 My eldest brother is.'

31 'Then I 'm your sister, Ann,' she says,
 'And I 'm a full sister to thee ;
 You were stolen awa when very young,
 By the same lord's treacherie.'

32 'I 've seven ships upon the sea,
 All loaded to the brim,
 And five of them I 'll give to thee,
 And twa shall carry me hame.'

33 'My mother shall mak my tocher up,
 When I tell her how you thrive ;
 For we never knew where you was gone,
 Or if you was alive.'

D

Herd, The Ancient and Modern Scots Songs, 1769, p. 307.

- 1 'WHA will bake my bridal bread,
And brew my bridal ale?
And wha will welcome my brisk bride,
That I bring oer the dale?'
- 2 'I will bake your bridal bread,
And brew your bridal ale,
And I will welcome your brisk bride,
That you bring oer the dale.'
- 3 'But she that welcomes my brisk bride
Maun gang like maiden fair;
She maun lace on her robe sae jimp,
And braid her yellow hair.'
- 4 'But how can I gang maiden-like,
When maiden I am nane?
Have I not born seven sons to thee,
And am with child agen?'

5 She 's taen her young son in her arms,
Another in her hand,
And she 's up to the highest tower,
To see him come to land.

6 'You 're welcome to your house, master,
You 're welcome to your land;
You 're welcome with your fair lady,
That you lead by the hand.'

* * * * *

7 And ay she servd the lang tables,
With white bread and with wine,
And ay she drank the wan water,
To had her colour fine.

8 Now he 's taen down a silk napkin,
Hung on the silver pin,
And ay he wipes the tears trickling
Adown her cheek and chin.

E

Jamieson-Brown MS., fol. 20; Jamieson's Popular Ballads, II, 371.

- 1 'O WHA will bake my bridal bread,
And brew my bridal ale?
Wha will welcome my bright bride,
That I bring oer the dale?'
- 2 'O I will bake your bridal bread,
An brew your bridal ale;
An I will welcome your bright bride,
That you bring oer the dale.'
- 3 'O she that welcomes my bright bride
Maun gang like maiden fair;
She maun lace her in her green cloathin,
An braid her yallow hair.'
- 4 'O how can I gang maiden like,
Whan maiden I am nane?
Whan I ha born you seven sons,
An am wi bairn again?'
- 5 The lady stood in her bowr door
An lookit oer the lan,

An there she saw her ain good lord,
Leadin his bride by the han.

6 She 's dressd her sons i the scarlet red,
Hersel i the dainty green,
An tho her cheek lookd pale and wan,
She well might ha been a queen.

7 She calld upon her eldest son:
'Look yonder what you see;
For yonder comes your father dear,
Your step-mother him wi.'

8 'O you 'r welcome hame, my ain good lord,
To your ha's but an your bawrs;
You 'r welcome hame, my ain good lord,
To your castles an your towrs:
Sae is your bright bride you beside,
She 's fairer nor the flowers.'

9 'O whatn a lady 's that ?' she says,
'That welcoms you an me ?
If I 'm lang lady about this place,
Some good I will her dee.
She looks sae like my sister Jane,
Was stoln i the bowr frae me.'

10 O she has servd the lang tables,
Wi the white bread an the wine ;
But ay she drank the wan water,
To keep her colour fine.

11 , An she gid by the first table,
An leugh amo them a' ;
But ere she reachd the second table,
She let the tears down fa.

12 She's taen a napkin lang an white,
An hung't upon a pin ;
It was to dry her watry eyes,
As she went out and in.

13 Whan bells were rung, an mass was sung,
An a' man boun to bed,
The bride but an the bonny bridegroom
In ae chamber was laid.

14 She's taen her harp intill her han,
To harp this twa asleep ;
An ay as she harped an she sang,
Full sorely did she weep.

15 'O seven fu fair sons I have born
To the good lord o this place,
An I wish that they were seven hares,
To run the castle race,

An I mysel a good gray houn,
An I woud gi them chase.

16 'O seven fu fair sons I have born
To the good lord o this ha ;
I wish that they were seven rottons,
To rin the castle wa,
An I myself a good gray cat,
I wot I woud worry them a'

17 'The earle o Richmond was my father,
An the lady was my mother,
An a' the bairns bisides mysel
Was a sister an a brother.'

18 'Sing on, sing on, ye gay lady,
I wot ye hae sung in time ;
Gin the earle o Richmond was your father,
I wot sae was he mine.'

19 'Rise up, rise up, my bierly bride ;
I think my bed's but caul ;
I woudna hear my lady lament
For your tocher ten times taul.

20 'O seven ships did bring you here,
An an sal tak you hame ;
The leve I'll keep to your sister Jane,
For tocher she gat name.'

F

Motherwell's MS., p. 385 ; Motherwell's Minstrelsy, p. 327. From the recitation of Mrs Rule, Paisley, August 16, 1825.

1 'LEARN to mak your bed, Annie,
And learn to lie your lane,
For I maun owre the salt seas gang,
A brisk bride to bring hame.'

2 'Bind up, bind up your yellow hair,
And tye it in your neck,
And see you look as maiden-like
As the first day that we met.'

3 'O how can I look maiden-like,
When a maid I'll never be ;
When seven brave sons I've born to thee,
And the eighth is in my bodie ?

4 'The eldest of your sons, my lord,
Wi red gold shines his weed ;
The second of your sons, my lord,
Rides on a milk-white steed.

5 'And the third of your sons, my lord,
He draws your beer and wine,
And the fourth of your sons, my lord,
Can serve you when you dine.'

6 'And the fift of your sons, my lord,
He can both read and write,
And the sixth of your sons, my lord,
Can do it maist perfyte.'

7 'And the sevent of your sons, my lord,
Sits on the nurse's knee ;
And how can I look maiden-like,
When a maid I'll never be ?

8 'But wha will bake your wedding bread,
And brew your bridal ale ?
Or wha will welcome your brisk bride,
That you bring owre the dale ? '

9 'I'll put cooks in my kitchin,
And stewards in my hall,
And I'll have bakers for my bread,
And brewers for my ale ;
But you're to welcome my brisk bride,
That I bring owre the dale.'

10 He set his fut into his ship,
And his cock-boat on the main ;
He swore it would be year and day
Or he returned again.

11 When year and day was past and gane,
Fair Annie she thocht lang,
And she is up to her bower-head,
To behold both sea and land.

12 'Come up, come up, my eldest son,
And see now what you see ;
O yonder comes your father dear,
And your stepmother-to-be.'

13 'Cast off your gown of black, mother,
Put on your gown of brown,
And I'll put off my mourning weeds,
And we'll welcome him home.'

14 She's taken wine into her hand,
And she has taken bread,
And she is down to the water-side
To welcome them indeed.

15 'You're welcome, my lord, you're welcome,
my lord,
You're welcome home to me ;
So is every lord and gentleman
That is in your companie.'

16 'You're welcome, my lady, you're welcome,
my lady,
You're welcome home to me ;
So is every lady and gentleman
That's in your company.'

17 'I thank you, my girl, I thank you, my girl,
I thank you heartilie ;
If I live seven years about this house,
Rewarded you shall be.'

18 She served them up, she served them down,
With the wheat bread and the wine ;
But aye she drank the cold water,
To keep her colour fine.

19 She servd them up, she servd them down,
With the wheat bread and the beer ;
But aye she drank the cauld water,
To keep her colour clear.

20 When bells were rung and mass was sung,
And all were boune for rest,
Fair Annie laid her sons in bed,
And a sorrowful woman she was.

21 'Will I go to the salt, salt seas,
And see the fishes swim ?
Or will I go to the gay green-wood,
And hear the small birds sing ?'

22 Out and spoke an aged man,
That stood behind the door :
'Ye will not go to the salt, salt seas,
To see the fishes swim ;
Nor will ye go to the gay green-wood,
To hear the small birds sing.'

23 'But ye'll tak a harp, into your hand,
Go to their chamber door,
And aye ye'll harp, and aye ye'll murn,
With the salt tears falling oer.'

24 She's tane a harp into her hand,
Went to their chamber door,
And aye she harpd, and aye she murnd,
With the salt tears falling oer.

25 Out and spak the brisk young bride,
In bride-bed where she lay :
'I think I hear my sister Annie,
And I wish weel it may ;
For a Scotish lord staw her awa,
And an ill death may he die !'

26 'Wha was your father, my girl,' she says,
'Or wha was your mother ?
Or had you ever a sister dear,
Or had you ever a brother ?'

27 'King Henry was my father dear,
Queen Easter was my mother,
Prince Henry was my brother dear,
And Fanny Flower my sister.'

28 'If King Henry was your father dear,
And Queen Easter was your mother,
And Prince Henry was your brother dear,
Then surely I 'm your sister.'

29 'Come to your bed, my sister dear,
It neer was wrangd for me,
But an ae kiss of his merry mouth,
As we cam owre the sea.'

30 'Awa, awa, ye forenoon bride,
Awa, awa frae me !
I wudna hear my Aunie greet,
For a' the gold I got wi thee.'

31 'There was five ships of gay red gold
Came owre the seas with me ;
It 's twa o them will take me hame,
And three I 'll leave wi thee.'

32 'Seven ships o white money
Came owre the seas wi me ;
Five o them I 'll leave wi thee,
And twa 'll tak me hame,
And my mother will mak my portion up,
When I return again.'

G

Communicated by Miss Margaret Reburn, as current in
County Meath, Ireland, 1860-70.

1 SHE served them up, she served them down,
She served them up with wine,
But still she drank the clear spring water,
To keep her eolor fine.

2 'I must get up, she must sit down,
She must sit in my place,
Or else be torn by wild horses
And thrown over the gates.'

3 'You wont get up, she wont sit down,
She wont sit in your place,
Nor yet be torn by wild horses,
Nor thrown over the gates.'

4 She called up her seven sons,
By one, by two, by three :
'I wish you were all seven gray-hounds,
This night to worry me.'

5 'What ails you, fair Ellen ? what ails you, fair ?
Or why do you sigh and moan ?'
'The hoops are off my wine hogsheads,
And my wine is overflown.'

H

From Dr Thomas Davidson. Aberdeenshire.

1 'BUT wha will bake my bridal bread,
An brew my bridal ale,
And wha will welcome my bride hame,
Is mair than I can tell.'

2 'It 's I will bake your bridal bread,
And brew your bridal ale,
But wha will welcome your bride hame,
It 'll need tae be yersel.'

3 An she 's hung up a silken towel
Upon a golden pin,
. . . . tae wipe her een,
As she gaed but and ben.

I

Kinloch MSS, I, 155, May, 1827. "Composed of three
recited versions obtained in the west of Scotland."

1 'LEARN to mak your bed, Annie,
And learn to lie your lane ;

For I am gaing oure the saut seas,
A brisk bride to bring hame.

2 'Wi her I will get gowd and gear;
Wi thee I neer gat nane;
I got thee as a waif woman,
I 'll leave thee as the same.'

3 'O wha will bake my bridal bread,
Or brew my bridal ale?
Or wha welcome my brisk bride,
That I'll bring oure the dale?'

4 'O I will bake your bridal bread,
And brew your bridal ale;
But I downa welcam your brisk bride
That ye'll bring frae the dale.'

5 'She that welcomes my brisk bride,
She maun look maiden-like;
She maun kaim doun her yellow locks,
And lay them in her neck.'

6 'O how can I look maiden-like,
Whan maiden I am nane?
For seven sons I hae born to thee,
And the eighth lies in my wame.'

7 'But what aileth thee at me, my lord,
What aileth thee at me,
Whan seven braw sons I've born to thee,
Out of my fair bodie?'

8 'The first ane of your sons, my lord,
Can baith read and write;
And the second of your sons, my lord,
Can do it maist perfyte.'

9 'The third ane o your sons, my lord,
Can water your grey steed;
And the fourth ane o your sons, my lord,
Can bake your bridal bread.'

10 'The fifth ane o your sons, my lord,
Can serve ye whan ye dine;
And the sixth ane o your sons, my lord,
Can brew your bridal wine.'

11 'The seventh ane o your sons, my lord,
Lies close at my breist-bane;
Whan a' the lave are fast asleep,
It's rest I can get nane.'

12 He set his foot into the stirrup,
His hand upon the mane;
Says, It will be year and day, ladie,
Ere ye see me again.'

13 Whan he had ae foot on the sea,
The ither on dry lan,
It will be year and day, ladie,
Till I eome back again.'

14 Whan year and day war past and gane,
Fair Annie she thought lang;
And she went up to her hie tower,
Wi a silk seam in her hand.'

15 She lookit east, she lookit west,
And south, below the sun,
And there she spied her ain gude lord,
Coming sailing to the lan.

16 She called up her seven braw sons,
By ane, twa, and by three:
'See, yonder comes your father,
And your mother-for-to-be.'

17 And she called up her servants a':
'O come, behold and see!
O yonder comes your master dear,
And a new mistress brings he.'

18 'Gae doun, gae doun, my eldest son,
Into the ontmost ha,
And if ye welcome ane o them,
Be sure to welcome a'.'

19 Some ran east, and some ran west,
And some ran to the sea;
There was na ane in a' his house
To welcome his new ladie.

20 But Annie's to her coffer gane,
Tane out a silver kaim,
And she's kaimd doun her yellow hair,
As she a maid had been.

21 And Annie has kaimd her lang yellow locks,
And laid them in her neck;
And she's awa to the saut, saut sea,
To welcome his lady aff deck.

22 She durst na ca him her ain gude lord,
For angering o the bride;
But she did ca him master dear,
And I wat he was richt glad.

23 'You're welcome, you're welcome, master,' she
said,
'To your halls bot an your bouers;
And sae are a' thir merry young men
That come alang with you.'

24 'You're welcome, you're welcome, fair ladie,
To your halls but an your bouers;
And sae are a' thir gay ladies;
For a' that's here is yours.'

25 'I thank ye, I thank ye, fair maiden,
I thank ye kindlie;
If I be lang about this house,
Rewarded ye shall be.'

26 'I have a brither o mine ain;
He's newly come from sea;

I think it wad be a richt gude match
To marry him and thee.'

27 'I thank ye, I thank ye, fair ladie;
Gie your brither to whom like ye;
But there's never ane in this wold
My wedding day sall see:
But one word o my master dear
In private wad I be.'

* * * *

28 The first dish that fair Annie set doun,
She lookit baith pale and wan;
The neist dish that fair Annie set doun,
She was scarce able to stan.

29 'O is this your mistress, good lord,' she says,
'Although she looks modest and mild?
Then we will hunt her frae our house
Wi dogs and hawks sae wild.'

30 'She's na my mistress, dear lady,' he says,
'Altho she looks modest and mild;
Nor will we hunt her frae our house
Wi dogs and hawks sae wild.'

31 Whan bells war rung, and mass was sung,
And a' men boun for bed,
The bonnie bride and the bridegroom
In bride's bed they were laid.

32 Whan dinner was past, and supper was by,
And a' were boun for bed,
Fair Annie and her seven sons
In a puir bye-chamber war laid.

33 Fair Annie took out her virginals,
And sadly did she play;

• • • • •

34 'O gin my sons were yon grey rats,
That climb the castle-wa,
And I mysel a bloody grey eat,
I'd rise and worry them a'.'

35 Then out and spak the bonny bride,
In bride's bed whare she lay:
'I think this is like my sister Anne,
That doth sae sadly play.'

36 'Lie still, lie still, my gay ladie,
Lie still and sleep a wee;
It's nathing but an auld servant,
That waileth sae for me.'

37 'O gin my seven sons were seven young hares,
That rin round the castle wa,
And I mysel a bluidy grewhund,
I wad rise and worry them a'.'

38 The new bride waukenit in the nicht,
And blew upon her horn:
'I think I hear my sister's voice,
That was stown frae us a bairn.'

39 'Sleep on, sleep on, dear lady,' he says,
'It's yon maiden in her dream,
• • • • •
• • • • •

40 'O wha was eer thy father, fair maid,
Or wha was eer thy mither?
Or wha was eer thy ae sister,
Or wha was eer thy brither?'

41 'King Henry was my father,' she said,
'Queen Elinore was my mither;
Fair Marion was my ae sister,
Earl Robert was my brither.'

42 'Sin King Henry was your father, fair maid,
And Queen Elinore your mither,
O I am een your ae sister,
And ye are just the ither.'

43 'Come to your bed, fair Annie,' she said,
'Come to your bed full sune;
I may weel say, I daur weel say,
There is na evil dune.'

44 'Seven ships of gold did bring me here,
But ane shall tak me hame;
Six I will leave to my sister Anne,
To bring up her children young.'

45 'But whan I gang to my father's ha,
And tirl on the pin,
The meanest in a' my father's house
Will ca me a forsaken ane.'

J

Buchan's MSS, I, 66.

1 'LEARN, O learn, Fair Annie,' he said,
'O learn to lie your lane;

For I am going ower the sea,
To woo and to bring hame

2 'A brighter and a fairer dame
Than ever ye hae been;

For I am going ower the sea,
To chuse and bring her hame.'

3 'What aileth thee, my ain gude lord,
What aileth thee at me?
For seven braw sons hae I born
Unto your fair bodie.

4 'The eldest o your sons, my lord,
Is heir o a' your land;
The second o your braw young sons
He rises at your right hand.

5 'The third o your braw young sons
He serves you when you dine;
The fourth o your braw sons, my lord,
He brings to you the wine.

6 'The fifth o your braw young sons
Right well can use the pen;
The sixth o your braw young sons,
He's travelling but and ben.

7 'The seventh o your braw young sons,
He lies on my breast-bane,
The fairest flower amo them a',
That lay my sides between.'

8 'But I am going ower the sea,
To woo and to bring hame
A lady wi some gowd and gear;
Wi you I never got nane.'

9 'Ye staw me awa in twall years auld,
Ye sought nae gowd wi me;
Ye put me to the schools o Ayr
For fully years three.

10 'But wha 'll be cook in your kitchen,
And butler in your ha?
And wha will govern your merry young men,
When ye are far awa?'

11 'O ye 'll be cook in my kitchen,
And butler in my ha,
And ye 'll wait on my merry young men,
And serve them ane and a'.'

12 'But wha will bake your bridal bread,
And wha will brew your ale?
And wha will welcome that lady
That ye bring ower the dale?

13 'O ye will bake my bridal bread,
And ye will brew my ale,
And ye will welcome that lady
That I bring ower the dale.

14 'Ye 'll bake bread, and ye 'll brew ale,
For three score knights and ten;

That day month I gang awa,
The same day I 'll come again.'

15 'O I will bake your bridal bread,
And I will brew your ale;
But oh, to welcome another woman
My heart will nae be hale.'

16 'Ye will put roses in your hair,
And ribbons in your sheen,
And ye will look fair maiden like,
Though maiden ye be nane.'

17 'O I'll put roses in my hair,
And ribbons in my sheen,
And may be look as maiden-like
As the bride ye bring hame.'

18 Two of his sons he sent before,
And two rade by his side,
And three he left at hame wi her,
She was the brightest bride.

19 As she was gazing her around,
To view the rural plain,
And there she saw the bridal folk,
Merrily coming hame.

20 'Come here, come here, my boys a',
Ye see not what I see;
For here I see your fair father,
And a step-mother to thee.

21 'O shall I call him honey, Sandy,
Husband, or my gude lord?
Or shall I call him my gude master,
Let well or woe betide?'

22 'Ye winna call him honey, mother,
For angering o the bride;
But ye 'll call him your gude master,
Let well or woe betide.'

23 She buskd her bonny boys in black,
Herself in simple green,
A kaim o gowd upon her hair,
As maiden she had been.

24 She 's taen the white bread in her lap,
The wine glass in her hand,
And she 's gane out upo the green,
To welcome the bride hame.

25 She woudna ca him her ain gude lord,
For angering o the bride:
'Ye 're welcome hame, my gude master,
Your lands lie braid and wide.'

26 'O fair mat fa yon, Fair Annie,
Sae well 's ye 've welcomd me;

Ye might hae welcomd my new bride ;
Some gift to you she 'll gie.'

27 ' Ye 're welcome hame, ye new-come bride,
To your ha's and your bowers ;
Ye 're welcome hame, my lady gay,
Ye 're whiter than the flowers.'

28 ' O wha is this,' the bride did say,
' Sae well that welcomes me ?
If I 'm lang lady o this place
Some gift to her I 'll gie.

29 ' She 's likest to my dear sister
That eer my eyes did see ;
A landit lord staw her awa,
An ill death mat he die !

30 ' I hae a brother here this day,
Fairer ye neer did see ;
And I woud think nae ill a match
Unto this fair ladie.'

31 ' Ye 'll wed your brother on a stock,
Sae do ye on a stane ;
I 'll wed me to the kingdom of heaven,
For I 'll neer wed a man.'

32 She servd the footmen o the beer,
The nobles o the wine ;
But nane did cross her pale, pale lips,
For changing o her min.

33 When she came in unto the room
She lench amo them a',
But when she turnd her back about
She loot the saut tears fa.

34 She hanged up a silken cloath
Upon a siller pin ;
It was to dry her twa blue eyes,
As she went out and in.

35 Her heart wi sorrow sair was filld,
Her breast wi milk ran out ;
She aft went to a quiet chamber,
And let her young son suck.

36 ' There is a woman in this house
This day has served me ;
But I 'll rise up, let her sit down,
She 's ate, that I may see.

37 ' O wha is this,' the bride coud say,
' That serves this day sae well ?
And what means a' this bonny boys,
That follow at her heel ? '

38 ' This is my sister, Fair Annie,
That serves this day sae well,
And these are a' her bauld brothers,
That follow at her heel.'

39 Then out it speaks the new-come bride,
Was full o jealousie :
' I fear there 's something new, my lord,
Ye mean to hide frae me.

40 ' But if she be your light leman
Has me sae sair beguild,
She shall gae out at my window,
And range the woods sae wild.'

41 When day was dane, and night drew on,
And a' man bound for bed,
The bridegroom and the new-come bride
In ae chamber were laid.

42 The lady being left alone,
Nursing her fair young son,
She has taen up her gude lord's harp,
She harped and she sung.

43 ' Seven braw sons hae I born
To the lord o this place ;
I wish they were seven hares
To run the castle race,
And I mysel a gude greyhound,
To gie them a' a chace.'

44 ' Lie near, lie near, my ain gude lord,
Lie near and speak wi me ;
There is a woman in the house,
She will be wild ere day.'

45 ' Lie still, lie still, my new-come bride,
Lie still and take your rest ;
The pale 's out o my wine-puncheon,
And lang it winna rest.'

46 She held the harp still in her hand,
To harp them baith asleep,
And aye she harped and she sang,
And saut tears she did weep.

47 ' Seven braw sons hae I born
To the gude lord o this ha ;
I wish that they were seven brown rats,
To climb the castle wa,
And I mysel a gude grey cat,
To take them ane and a'.'

48 ' Lie near, lie near, my ain gude lord,
Lie near and speak wi me ;
There is a woman in this house,
She will be wild ere day.'

49 'Lie yond, lie yond, my new-come bride,
My sheets are wonderous cauld;
I woudna hear my love's lament
For your gowd ten thousand fauld.'

50 'O wae be to you, ye fause lord,
Some ill death mat ye die!
For that's the voice o my sister Ann,
Was stown frae yont the sea.'

51 'Fair mat fa ye, ye buirdly bride,
A gude death mat ye die!
For that's the voice o your sister Ann,
Was stown frae yont the sea;
I came seeking Annie's tocher,
I was not seeking thee.'

52 'Seven gude ships I hae brought here,
In seven I'se gae hame;
And a' the gowd that I brought here,
It's a' gang back again.'

53 'Seven ships they brought you here,
But ye'll gang hame in ane;
Ye'll leave the rest to tocher Ann,
For wi her I got name.'

54 'Seven ships they brought me here,
But I'll gang hame in ane;
I'll get my sister's eldest son
To hae me maiden hame.

55 'My father wants not gowd nor gear,
He will get me a man;
And happy, happy will he be
To hear o his daughter Ann.'

56 'I hae my sheen upon my feet,
My gloves upon my hand,
And ye'll come to your bed, Annie,
For I've dane you nae wrang.'

C. 'Fair Annie' I took this day from the recitation of Janet Holmes, an old woman in Kilbarchan. It was, as she described it, a "lang rane" of her mother's. July 18, 1825. *Motherwell.*

1¹. honey is probably a corruption of Annie.

5⁴. his wig.

19⁸. I must be understood, I as leal, but does not require to be inserted.

20⁴. Possibly not correct. To all would, no doubt, be an easy reading, but the abrupt exclamation is more like nature.

29¹. Oh.

E. 11². laugh. 14⁸. harpd. 20¹. you hame.

F. 12³. Oh. 22⁸. Ye wilt.

I. 28¹. sat. 45². tirls.

41 ff. *In one of the Kinloch versions thus :*

'King Henry is my father,' she says,
'Queen Orvis is my mither,
And a' the bairns about the house
Are just my sister and brither.'

'O if ye be ane o thae, Fair Aune,
Sure I'm ane o' the same,
And come to your gude lord, Anne,
And be ye blythe again.'

'For he never wed me for his love,
But for my tocher fee,

And I am as free o him this day
As the bairn on the nurse's knee.'

J. 36². hae served.

The following more obvious and entirely superfluous interpolations have been omitted from the text.

After 9 :

But ye were feard the Duke of York
Should come and bide wi me,
As he showed kindness and respect,
Which greatly grieved thee.

After 18 :

But it fell ance upon a day,
'T was aye day by it lane,
Fair Annie was washing her fingers,
Above a marble stane.

After 28 :

O he that staw my ae sister
Did leave my bower full bare ;
I wish a sharp sword at his breast,
Cauld iron be his share !

He looked ower his right shoulder,
A light laugh then gie he ;

Said, Hear na ye my new-come bride,
Sae sair as she brands me ?

The bride she patted wi her lips,
She winked wi her ee,
Yet never thought by the words he
spake
'T was her sister, Annie.

After 35 :

When they had eaten and well drunken,
And all had fared fine,
The knight he called his butlers all,
For to serve out the wine.

After 38 :

Then out it speaks an English lord,
A smart young lord was he :
'O if she be a maiden fair,
Wi her I 'se wedded be.'

The bridegroom gae a laugh at that
Amang his merry young men ;
Says, There 's a hynd chiel in the house
Runs far nearer her mind.

After 53 :

O if this be my sister dear,
It 's welcome news to me ;
I woud hae gien her thrice as much
Her lovely face to see.

63

CHILD WATERS

A. 'Childe Waters,' Percy MS., p. 274; Hales and Furnival, II, 269.

B. a. 'Burd Ellen,' Jamieson's Brown MS., fol. 22. **b.** 'Lord John and Bird Ellen,' A. Fraser Tytler's Brown MS., No 9.

C. 'Lady Margaret,' Kinloch's annotated copy of his Ancient Scottish Ballads, p. 180.

D. Kinloch MSS, VII, 325.

E. 'Fair Margaret,' Harris MS., No 8, p. 12 b.

F. Jamieson's Popular Ballads, I, 114, from Mrs Arrot of Arberbrothick.

G. 'Cruel William,' Buchan's MSS, II, 129.

H. 'Burd Alone,' Motherwell's MS., p. 277.

I. Communicated by Dr Davidson, derived from Old Deer, Aberdeenshire.

J. 'Burd Helen,' Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 30.

A WAS printed in Percy's Reliques, III, 58, ed. 1765, with comparatively few changes. **B a** was published by Jamieson, from Mrs Brown's manuscript, in his Popular Ballads, I, 113, with some slight variation from the text, many acknowledged interpolations, and the addition of three sentimental stanzas to make Burd Ellen die just as her enduring all things is to be rewarded. In this tragic close, Jamieson was anticipated by Mrs Hampden Pye, in

her 'Earl Walter,' 1771, Evans's Old Ballads, II, 208, 1777. **C** is given as it appears in Kinloch's annotated copy of his Ancient Scottish Ballads, where ten stanzas are inserted to enlarge and complete the copy published in 1827. This enlarged copy was communicated to Chambers, and seven of the supplementary stanzas were introduced into his compilation, The Scottish Ballads, p. 193. These supplementary stanzas, some of them certainly, and

we may suppose all, belonged to a copy of which only the concluding portion, here given as **D**, is elsewhere preserved.

The variations in the several versions of this charming ballad, which has perhaps no superior in English, and if not in English perhaps nowhere,* are not material, and the story may therefore be given as it runs in **A**, the oldest copy. Fair Ellen comes to Child Waters, and tells him that her gown, which was too wide, is now too narrow. He bids her be content and take two shires of land; she would rather have one kiss from his mouth than Cheshire and Lancashire both. He must ride far into the North the next day; she asks to be his foot-page. This she may be if she will shorten her gown and clip her locks, so as not to be known for a woman. He rides hard all day, and she keeps up with him barefoot. They come to a broad piece of salt water; he lets her get through as she can, but Our Lady bears up her chin. Then he points out a splendid hall, where are four and twenty ladies, and the fairest is his love and wife. God give both good! is all she says. Arrived there, Ellen takes his horse to the stable. At bed-time he sends her to the town, to bring him the fairest lady that can be found, to sleep in his arms, and to bring this lady in *her* arms, for filing of her feet. Ellen lies at the foot of the bed, for want of other place, and before dawn is roused by Child Waters to feed his horse. The pains of travail come on her in the stable; Child Waters' mother hears her moans, and bids him get up. He stands at the stable-door and listens. Ellen sings:

Lullaby, dear child, dear!
I would thy father were a king,
Thy mother laid on a bier!

This moves even his sturdy heart; he tells Ellen to be of good cheer, for the bridal and the churching shall both be on one day.

* Caution is imperative where so much ground is covered, and no man should be confident that he can do absolute justice to poetry in a tongue that he was not born to; but foreign poetry is as likely to be rated too high as to be undervalued. I will give Grundtvig's impression, at least as competent a judge of popular ballads as ever spoke: "Den

In **B, C, E, G, I, J** the man relents so far as, when they are in the water, to ask her to ride. She will not, **C, E, I**; he takes her on at a stone which stands in the middle of the stream, **B, G, J**. The stream is Clyde in **B, C, E, G, J**; the Tay in **I**. In **C, E, F, H** he tells her after they have passed the water, that it is three and thirty miles to his house; a (poetically) superfluous and meddling parrot says it is but three. In **C, G** he tells her that she will have a serving-man for a husband, and in **H** that he has already wife and bairns.

One stroke in **A**, the sending of Ellen to fetch a woman from the town, is wanting in the other versions, decidedly to their advantage. This exaggeration of insult, submitting to which only degrades the woman, is paralleled, though not quite reached, by the paramour in the forest in the otherwise exquisitely refined tale of The Nut-Brown Maid. As for the ballad, the disagreeable passage may be an insertion of some unlucky singer, and the perfect truth to nature and remarkably high taste of The Nut-Brown Maid, in every other particular, would almost drive us to assume an interpolation in this case too.

E 1, 2, 16, F 2, 3 show contact with the ballad of 'Lizzie Lindsay'; the passing of the water, particularly in **E 8-12**, with 'The Knight and Shepherd's Daughter'; and again, **H 21**.

An exceedingly popular Scandinavian ballad is manifestly of the same source, though the story is told in a very different way, the cruel trials to which the woman's love is put being entirely lacking: Danish, 'Jomfru og Stalldreng,' Grundtvig, V, 171, No 267, **A-Å**. Swedish, **A**, 'Liten Kerstin Stalldräng,' Afzelius, II, 15, No 33; **B**, 'Stolts Botelid Stalldräng,' Afzelius, II, 20, No 34; **C-E**, 'Liten Kerstin Stalldräng,' Arwidsson, II, 179, No 109, Hofberg's Nerikes gamla Minnen, p. 254, Öberg in Aminson, I, 28; **F-I**, from Cavallius and Stephens's manuscript collection, Grundt-

Rigdom paa stemningsfuld Lyrik, som i det hele taget hjemmer den engelsk-skotske Folkeviser den højeste poetiske Rang mellem alle sine Søskende, kommer ogsaa her til Syne, fordelt paa alle Opskrifter." Danmarks gamle Folkeviser, V, 187.

vig, V, 217 f; J, 'Liten Kerstin och Dane-Peter,' Wigström, Folkdiktning, I, 66, No 32. Norwegian, A, 'Liti Kersti som stall-dreng,' Landstad, p. 605, No 78; B-E, Grundtvig, V, 218-20; F, Landstad, p. 605, note. (Several of these are only a verse or two.) Danish A-F are from manuscripts of the sixteenth or seventeenth century; G was printed at the end of the seventeenth; the other copies are from recent tradition, but nevertheless point to a higher antiquity than those which were taken down earlier. There is naturally much variation in details among so many copies, and it will be sufficient to indicate the general character of the story. A young woman, who may be called Kirstin, clips her hair and puts on man's clothes, seeks service at court, and is taken as stable-boy, at the instance of a man (often the king's son, or of other high rank) who may be called Peter, with whom she, in some copies, seems to have had a previous connection. Peter, as an accommodation, lets the stable-boy sleep with him. In the course of time Kirstin cannot do duty any more, cannot buckle on spurs, is ill and requires woman's assistance, which the queen renders. She gives birth to twins in the stable (among the horses' legs, as in English, B 30, F 30). A merry wedding follows.*

Another Scandinavian ballad has a limited resemblance to 'Child Waters:' Danish, 'Den trofaste Jomfru,' Grundtvig, IV, 494, No 249, A-I; 'Den fredløse,' Kristensen, II, 191, No 57 (A-C), J-L. Swedish, A, 'De Sju Gullbergen,' Afzelius, III, 71, No 79; B, C, from

Cavallius and Stephens's collection, Grundtvig, IV, 507 f. Norwegian, A, 'Herre Per og stolt Margit,' Landstad, p. 590, No 74; B, Herr' Nikelus, Landstad, p. 594, No 75. The ballad begins like Danish 'Ribold og Guldborg' and 'Kvindemorderen.' A knight carries off a maid, making her fine promises, among which gold castles commonly figure. He takes her over a very wide piece of water, an arm of the sea, on his horse in most versions; in Danish B, K they swim it. When they come to land, she asks Where are the promised castles? Danish C, D, J, K, L, Norwegian A, B. He tells her that he is a penniless outlaw (wanting in Swedish A, C); she offers the gold she has brought with her to buy him his peace (wanting in Swedish A, C, Norwegian B). He tells her he has another love; she is willing to be their servant (wanting in Danish A, B, C, I, Norwegian B). Here he ceases his trial of her; he is a royal, or very opulent, person, she is to have a troop of servants, the castles are not in the air, and all ends happily.

Percy's edition of A is translated (freely) by Bürger, 'Graf Walter,' and Bürger's version is revised, to bring it slightly nearer the original, by Bothe, Volkslieder, p. 199. Percy is translated by Bodmer, I, 41. I is translated by Gerhard, p. 117, and Ayton's compilation, I, 239, by Knortz, Schottische Balladen, p. 11. The Danish ballad is translated by Prior, III, 25, after Danske Viser, IV, 116, Syv, Fourth Part, No 31, Grundtvig's G c.

A

Percy MS., p. 274; Hales and Furnivall, II, 269.

1 CHILDE Watters in his stable stooede,
And stroaket his milke-white steede;
To him came a ffaire young ladye
As ere did weare womans wee[de].

* Except in Swedish A, where, apparently by a mixture of two stories, the issue is tragic.

2 Saies, Christ you sauе, good Chyld Waters!

Sayes, Christ you sauе and see!
My girdle of gold, which was too longe,
Is now to short ffor mee.

3 'And all is with one chyld of yours,
I ffeele sturre att my side;

My gowne of greene, it is to strayght;
Before it was to wide.'

4 'If the child be mine, Faire Ellen,' he sayd,
 'Be mine, as you tell mee,
 Take you Cheshire and Lancashire both,
 Take them *your* owne to bee.'

5 'If the child be mine, Ffaire Ellen,' he said,
 'Be mine, as you doe sweare,
 Take you Cheshire and Lancashire both,
 And make *that* child *your* heyre.'

6 Shee saies, I had rather haue one kisse,
 Child Waters, of thy mouth,
 Then I wold haue Cheshire and Lancashire
 both,
 That lyes by north and south.

7 'And I had rather haue a twinkling,
 Child Waters, of *your* eye,
 Then I wold haue Cheshire and Lancashire
 both,
 To take them mine oun to bee.'

8 'To-morrow, Ellen, I must forth ryde
 Soe ffarr into the north countrye ;
 The ffairest lady *that* I can ffind,
 Ellen, must goe with mee.'
 'And euer I pray you, Child Watters,
 Your ffootpage let me bee !'

9 'If you will my ffootpage be, Ellen,
 As you doe tell itt mee,
 Then you must cutt your gownne of greene
 An inche aboue your knee.

10 'Soe must you doe *your* yellow lockes,
 Another inch aboue *your* eye ;
 You must tell noe man what is my name ;
 My ffootpage then you shall bee.'

11 All this long day Child Waters rode,
 Shee ran bare ffoote by his side ;
 Yett was he neuer soe curteous a knight
 To say, Ellen, will you ryde ?

12 But all this day Child Waters rode,
 Shee ran barffoote thorow the broome ;
 Yett he was neuer soe curteous a knight
 As to say, Put on *your* shoone.

13 'Ride softlye,' shee said, 'Child Watters ;
 Why doe you ryde soe ffast ?
 The child which is no mans but yours
 My bodye itt will burst.'

14 He sayes, Sees thou yonder water, Ellen,
 That fflowes from banke to brim ?
 'I trust to god, Child Waters,' shee said,
 'You will neuer see mee swime.'

15 But when shee came to the waters side,
 Shee sayled to the chinne :
 'Except the lord of heauen be my speed,
 Now must I learne to swime.'

16 The salt waters bare vp Ellens clothes,
 Our Ladye bare vpp he[r] chinne,
 And Child Waters was a woe man, good Lord,
 To ssee Faire Ellen swime.

17 And when shee ouer the water was,
 Shee then came to his knee :
 He said, Come hither, Ffaire Ellen,
 Loe yonder what I see !

18 'Seest thou not yonder hall, Ellen ?
 Of redd gold shine the yates ;
 There 's four and twenty ffayre ladyes,
 The ffairest is my wordlye make.'

19 'Seest thou not yonder hall, Ellen ?
 Of redd gold shineth the tower ;
 There is four and twenty ffaire ladyes,
 The fairest is my paramoure.'

20 'I doe see the hall now, Child Waters,
 That of redd gold shineth the yates ;
 God giue good then of *your* selfe,
 And of *your* wordlye make !'

21 'I doe see the hall now, Child Waters,
 That of redd gold shineth the tower ;
 God giue good then of *your* selfe,
 And of *your* paramoure !'

22 There were four and twenty ladyes,
 Were playing att the ball,
 And Ellen, was the ffairest ladye,
 Must bring his steed to the stall.

23 There were four and twenty faire ladyes
 Was playing att the chesse ;
 And Ellen, shee was the ffairest ladye,
 Must bring his horsse to grasse.

24 And then bespake Child Waters sister,
 And these were the words said shee :

You haue the prettyest ffootpage, brother,
 That euer I saw with mine eye ;

25 'But *that* his belly it is soe bigg,
 His girdle goes wonderous hye ;
 And euer I pray you, Child Waters,
 Let him goe into the chamber with mee.'

26 'It is more meete for a little ffootpage,
 That has run through mosse and mire,
 To take his supper vpon his knee
 And sitt downe by the kitchin fyer,
 Then to goe into the chamber with any ladye
 That weares soe [rich] attyre.'

27 But when the had supped euery one,
 To bedd they took the way ;
 He sayd, Come hither, my little footpage,
 Harken what I doe say.

28 And goe thee downe into yonder towne,
 And low into the street ;
 The ffairest ladye *that* thou can find,
 Hyer her in mine armes to sleepe,
 And take her vp in thine armes two,
 For filing of her ffeete.

29 Ellen is gone into the towne,
 And low into the streete ;
 The ffairest ladye *that* shee cold find
 Shee hyred in his armes to sleepe,
 And tooke her in her armes two,
 For filing of her ffeete.

30 'I pray you now, good Child Waters,
 That I may creepe in att your bedds feete ;
 For there is noe place about this house
 Where I may say a sleepe.'

31 This [night] and itt droue on affterward
 Till itt was neere the day :

He sayd, Rise vp, my litle ffoote-page,
 And giue my steed corne and hay ;
 And soe doe thou the good blacke oates,
 That he may carry me the better away.

32 And vp then rose Ffaire Ellen,
 And gaue his steed corne and hay,
 And soe shee did and the good blacke oates,
 That he might carry him the better away.

33 Shee layned her backe to the manger side,
 And greiuouslye did groane ;
 And *that* beheard his mother deere,
 And heard her make her moane.

34 Shee said, Rise vp, thou Child Waters,
 I thinke thou art a cursed man ;
 For yonder is a ghost in thy stable,
 That greiuouslye doth groane,
 Or else some woman laboures of child,
 Shee is soe woe begone.

35 But vp then rose Child Waters,
 And did on his shirt of silke ;
 Then he put on his other clothes
 On his body as white as milke.

36 And when he came to the stable-dore,
 Full still *that* hee did stand,
 That hee might heare now Faire Ellen,
 How shee made her monand.

37 Shee said, Lullabye, my owne deere child !
 Lullabye, deere child, deere !
 I wold thy father were a king,
 Thy mother layd on a beere !

38 'Peace now,' he said, 'good Faire Ellen,
 And be of good cheere, I thee pray,
 And the bridall and the churhing both,
 They shall bee vpon one day.'

B

a. Jamieson's Brown MS., fol. 22, taken down from Mrs Brown's recitation before 1783. b. A. Fraser Tytler's Brown MS., No 9, as recited by Mrs Brown in 1800.

1 'I WARN ye all, ye gay ladies,
 That wear scarlet an brown,
 That ye dinna leave your father's house,
 To follow young men frae town.'

2 'O here am I, a lady gay,
 That wears scarlet an brown,
 Yet I will leave my father's house,
 An follow Lord John frae the town.'

3 Lord John stood in his stable-door,
 Said he was bound to ride ;
 Burd Ellen stood in her bowr-door,
 Said she 'd rin by his side.

4 He's pitten on his cork-heeld shoone,
 An fast awa rade he ;
 She's clade hersel in page array,
 An after him ran she.

5 Till they came till a wan water,
 An folks do ca it Clyde ;
 Then he's lookit oer his left shoulder,
 Says, Lady, can ye wide ?

6 'O I learnt it i my father house,
 An I learnt it for my weal,
 Wenner I came to a wan water,
 To swim like ony eel.'

7 But the firstin stappit the lady stappit,
 The water came til her knee ;
 'Ohon, alas !' said the lady,
 'This water's oer deep for me.'

8 The nextin stappit the lady stappit,
 The water came till her middle ;
 An sighin says that gay lady,
 I've wat my gouden girdle

9 The nextin stappit the lady stappit,
 The water came till her pap ;
 An the bairn that was in her twa sides
 For caul begane to quake.

10 'Lye still, lye still, my ain dear babe,
 Ye work your mither wae ;
 Your father rides on high horse-back,
 Cares little for us twae.'

11 O about the midst o Clyden water
 There was a yeard-fast stane ;
 He lightly turnd his horse about,
 An took her on him behin.

12 'O tell me this now, good Lord John,
 An a word ye dinna lee,
 How far it is to your lodgin,
 Whare we this night maun be ?'

13 'O see you nae yon castle, Ellen,
 That shines sae fair to see ?
 There is a lady in it, Ellen,
 Will sunder you an me.

14 'There is a lady in that castle,
 Will sunder you and I :'
 'Betide me well, betide me wae,
 I sal go there an try.'

15 'O my dogs sal eat the good white bread,
 An ye sal eat the bran ;
 Then will ye sigh, an say, alas !
 That ever I was a man !'

16 'O I sal eat the good white bread,
 An your dogs sal eat the bran ;
 An I hope to live an bless the day,
 That ever ye was a man.'

17 'O my horse sal eat the good white meal,
 An ye sal eat the corn ;
 Then will ye curse the heavy hour
 That ever your love was born.'

18 'O I sal eat the good white meal,
 An your horse sal eat the corn ;
 An I ay sall bless the happy hour
 That ever my love was born.'

19 O four an twenty gay ladies
 Welcomd Lord John to the ha,
 But a fairer lady then them a'
 Led his horse to the stable sta.

20 An four an twenty gay ladies
 Welcomd Lord John to the green,
 But a fairer lady than them a'
 At the manger stood alone.

21 Whan bells were rung, an mass was sung,
 An a' men boun to meat,
 Burd Ellen at a bye-table
 Amo the foot-men was set.

22 'O eat an drink, my bonny boy,
 The white bread an the beer :'
 'The never a bit can I eat or drink,
 My heart's sae full of fear.'

23 'O eat an drink, my bonny boy,
 The white bread an the wine :'
 'O I canna eat nor drink, master,
 My heart's sae full of pine.'

24 But out it spake Lord John's mother,
 An a wise woman was she :
 'Whare met ye wi that bonny boy,
 That looks sae sad on thee ?'

25 'Sometimes his cheek is rosy red,
 An sometimes deadly wan ;
 He's liker a woman big wi bairn,
 Than a young lord's serving man.'

26 'O it makes me laugh, my mother dear,
Sic words to hear frae thee ;
He is a squire's ac dearest son,
That for love has followd me.'

27 'Rise up, rise up, my bonny boy,
Gi my horse corn an hay :'
'O that I will, my master dear,
As quickly as I may.'

28 She 's taen the hay under her arm,
The corn intill her han,
An she 's gane to the great stable,
As fast as eer she can.

29 'O room ye roun, my bonny broun steeds,
O room ye near the wa;
For the pain that strikes me thro my sides
Full soon will gar me fa.'

30 She 's leand her back against the wa ;
Strong travail seizzd her on ;
An even amo the great horse feet
Burd Ellen brought forth her son.

31 Lord John'[s] mither intill her bowr
Was sitting all alone,
Whan, i the silence o the night,
She heard fair Ellen's moan.

32 'Won up, won up, my son,' she says,
'Go se how a' does fare ;
For I think I hear a woman's groans,
An a bairn greeting sair.'

33 O hastily he gat him up,
Stayd neither for hose nor shoone,
An he 's doen him to the stable-door,
Wi the clear light o the moon.

34 He strack the door hard wi his foot,
An sae has he wi his knee,
An iron locks an iron bars
Into the floor flung he :
'Be not afraid, Burd Ellen,' he says,
'Ther 's nane come in but me.'

35 Up he has taen his bonny young son,
An gard wash him wi the milk ;
An up has he taen his fair lady,
Gard row her in the silk.

36 'Cheer up your heart, Burd Ellen,' he says,
'Look nae mair sad nor wae ;
For your marriage an your kirkin too
Sal baith be in ae day.'

C

Kinloch's annotated copy of his Ancient Scottish Ballads,
Kinloch MSS, IV, 180.

1 'THE corn is turning ripe, Lord John,
The nuts are growing fu,
And ye are bound for your ain countrie,
Fain wad I go wi you.'

2 'Wi me, Margret, wi me, Margret,
What wad ye do wi me ?
I 've mair need o a pretty little boy,
To wait upon my steed.'

3 'It 's I will be your pretty little boy,
To wait upon your steed ;
And ilka town that we come to,
A pack of hounds I 'll lead.'

4 'My hounds will eat o the bread o wheat,
And ye of the bread of bran ;
And then you will sit and sigh,
That eer ye loed a man.'

5 The first water that they cam to,
I think they call it Clyde,
He saftly unto her did say,
Lady Margret, will ye ride ?

6 The first step that she steppit in,
She steppit to the knee ;
Says, Wae be to ye, waefu water,
For through ye I maun be.

7 The second step that she steppit in,
She steppit to the middle,
And sighd, and said, Lady Margaret,
'I 've staind my gowden girdle.'

8 The third step that she steppit in,
 She steppit to the neck ;
 The pretty babe within her sides,
 The cauld it garrd it squeake.

9 'Lie still my babe, lie still my babe,
 Lie still as lang's ye may,
 For your father rides on horseback high,
 Cares little for us twae.'

10 It's whan she cam to the other side,
 She sat doun on a stane ;
 Says, Them that made me, help me now,
 For I am far frae hame.

11 'How far is it frae your mither's bouer,
 Gude Lord John tell to me ?'
 'It's therty miles, Lady Margaret,
 It's therty miles and three :
 And yese be wed to ane o her serving men,
 For yese get na mair o me.'

12 Then up bespak the wylie parrot,
 As it sat on the tree,
 'Ye lee, ye lee, Lord John,' it said,
 'Sae loud as I hear ye lee.'

13 'Ye say it's therty miles frae your mither's
 bouer,
 Whan it's but barely three ;
 And she'll neer be wed to a serving man,
 For she'll be your ain ladie.'

14 ['O dinna ye see yon bonnie castle,
 Lies on yon sunny lea ?
 And yese get ane o my mither's men,
 For yese get na mair o me.]

15 ['Well see I yon bonnie castle,
 Lies on yon sunny lea,
 But Ise neer hae nane o your mither's men,
 Tho I never gat mair o thee.]

16 [Whan he cam to the porter's yett
 He tirled at the pin,
 And wha sae ready as the bauld porter
 To open and lat him in.]

17 Monie a lord and fair ladie
 Met Lord John in the closs,
 But the bonniest face amang them a'
 Was hauding Lord John's horse.

18 [Monie a lord and lady bricht
 Met Lord John on the green,
 But the bonniest boy amang them a'
 Was standing by, him leen.]

19 Monie a lord and gay ladie
 Sat dining in the ha,
 But the bonniest face that was there
 Was waiting on them a'.

20 O up bespak Lord John's sister,
 A sweet young maid was she :
 'My brither has brought a bonnie young page,
 His like I neer did see ;
 But the red flits fast frae his cheek,
 And the tear stands in his ee.'

21 But up bespak Lord John's mither,
 She spak wi meikle scorn :
 'He's liker a woman gret wi bairn,
 Than onie waiting-man.'

22 'It's ye'll rise up, my bonnie boy,
 And gie my steed the hay :'
 'O that I will, my dear master,
 As fast as I can gae.'

23 She took the hay aneath her arm,
 The corn intil her hand,
 But atween the stable-door and the staw,
 Lady Margret made a stand.

24 [Whan bells were rung, and mass was sung,
 And a' men boun for bed,
 Lord John, mither, and sister gay
 In ae bour they were laid.]

25 [Lord John had na weel gat aff his claise,
 Nor was he weel laid doun,
 Till his mither heard a bairn greet,
 And a woman's heavy moan.]

26 ['Win up, win up, Lord John,' she said,
 'Seek neither hose nor shoon ;
 For I've heard a bairn loud greet,
 And a woman's heavy moan.]

27 [Lord John raise, put on his claise,
 Sought neither hose nor shoon,
 Atween the ha and the stable-door
 He made na a step but ane.]

28 'O open the door, Lady Margaret,
O open and let me in;
I want to see if my steed be fed,
Or my grey-hounds fit to rin.'

29 'I'll na open the door, Lord John,' she said,
'I'll na open it to thee,
Till ye grant to me my ae request.
And a puir ane it's to me.'

30 'Ye'll gie to me a bed in an outhouse,
For my young son and me,
And the meanest servant in a' the place,
To wait on him and me.'

31 [He's tane the door wi his fit,
And he keppd it wi his knee,
He made the door o double deals
In splinters soon to flee.]

32 ['An askin, an askin, grant me, Lord John,
An askin ye'll grant me;
The meanest maid about the place
To bring a glass o water to me.]

33 'I grant, I grant, Lady Margret,' he said,
'A' that, and mair frae me,
The very best bed in a' the place
To your young son and thee,
And my mither, and my sister dear,
To wait on him and thee.'

34 'And a' thae lands, and a' thae rents,
They sall be his and thine;
Our wedding and our kirking day,
They sall be all in ane.'

35 And he has tane Lady Margaret,
And rowd her in the silk,
And he has tane his ain young son,
And washd him in the milk.

D

Kinloch MSS, VII, 325.

* * * *

24 Lord John rose, put on his clothes,
Sought neither stockens nor shoon,
An between the ha and the stable
He made not a step but one.

25 'O open, open, to me, Burd Ellen,
O open an let me in :'
'O yes, O yes, will I, Lord John,
But not till I can win ;
O yes, will I, Lord John,' she says,
'But I'm lyin wi your young son.'

26 He's taen the door wi his foot,
An he kepped it wi his knee ;
He made the door of double deals
In splinters soon to flee.

27 'An askin ye'll grant me, Lord John,
An askin ye'll grant me ;
May the meanest maid about the place
Bring a glass o water to me ?'

28 'O hold your tongue, Burd Ellen,' he said,
'Lat a' your askins be ;
For the best maid about the house
Shall bring a glass o wine to thee.'

29 'An the best bed about it a',
For my young son an thee ;
My mother and my ae sister
Sal bear you company.

30 'Your marriage an your kirkin day
They sal be both in ane,
An a' these ha's an bowers, Burd Ellen,
They sal be yours an mine.'

E

Harris MS., No 8, fol. 12 b : originally from Jannie Scott,
an old nurse in Perthshire, about 1790.

1 'I BEG you bide at hame, Margaret,
An sew your silken seam ;

If ye waur in the wide Hielands,
Ye wald be owre far frae hame.'

2 'I winna bide at hame,' she said,
'Nor sew my silken seam ;

For if I waur in the wide Hielands,
I wald no be owre far frae hame.'

3 'My steed shall drink the blude-red wine,
An you the water wan ;
I'll mak you sigh, an say, alace,
That ever I loed a man ! '

4 'Though your steed does drink the blude-red
wine,
An me the water wan,
Yet will I sing, an merry be,
That ever I loed a man.'

5 'My hounds shall eat the bread o' wheat,
An you the bread o' bran ;
I'll mak you sigh, an say, alace,
That ever you loed Lord John ! '

6 'Though your hounds do eat the bread o' wheat,
An me the bread o' bran,
Yet will I sing, an merrie be,
That ever I loed Lord John.'

7 He turned aboot his high horse head,
An awa he was boun to ride ;
She kilted up her green clieden,
An after him she gaed.

8 Whan they cam to that water
Whilk a' man ca the Clyde,
He turned aboot his high horse head,
Said, Ladie, will you ride ?

9 'I learnt it in my mother's bour,
I wish I had learnt it weel,
That I could swim this wan water
As weel as fish or eel.'

10 Whan at the middle o' that water,
She sat doon on a stone ;
He turned aboot his high horse head.
Says, Ladie, will ye loup on ?

11 'I learnt in my mother's bour,
I wish I had learnt it better,
That I could swim this wan water
As weel as eel or otter.'

12 He has taen the narrow ford,
An she has taen the wide ;
Lang, lang ere he was at the middle,
She was sittin at the ither side.

13
Wi sighen said that Fair Margaret,
Alace, I'm far frae hame !

14 'Hoo mony miles is 't to your castle ?
Noo Lord John, tell to me ;'
'Hoo mony miles is 't to my castle ?
It's thirty miles an three :'
Wi sighen said that Fair Margaret,
It'll never be game by me !

15 But up it spak the wily bird,
As it sat on the tree,
'Rin on, rin on noo, Fair Margaret,
It scarcely miles is three.'

16 Whan they cam to the wide Hielands,
An lichted on the green,
Every an spak Erse to anither,
But Margaret she spak nane.

17 Whan they waur at table set,
An birlin at the best,
Margaret set at a bye-table,
An fain she wald hain rest.

18 'Oh mither, mither, mak my bed
Wi clean blankets an sheets,
An lay my futeboy at my feet,
The sounder I may sleep.'

19 She has made Lord John his bed,
Wi clean blankets an sheets,
An laid his futeboy at his feet,
But neer a wink culd he sleep.

20 'Win up, win up noo, Fair Margaret,
An see that my steed has meat ;
See that his corn is in his travisse,
Nor lyin amang his feet.'

21 Slowly, slowly rase she up,
An slowly put she on,
An slowly gaed she doon the stair,
Aye makin a heavy moan.

* * * * *

22 'An asken, an asken, gude Lord John,
I pray you grant it me ;
For the warst bed in a' your hoose,
To your young son an me.'

23 'Your asken is but sma, Margaret,
Sune grantet it shall be ;
For the best bed in a' my hoose
Is owre little for thee.'

24 'An asken, an asken, gude Lord John,
I pray you grant it me ;
For the warst ale in a' your hoose,
That ye wald gie to me.'

25 'Your asken is but sma, Margaret,
Sune grantet it shall be ;
For the best wine in a' my hoose
Is owre little for thee.'

26 'But cheer up your heart noo, Fair Margaret,
For, be it as it may,
Your kirken an your fair weddin
Sall baith be on one day.'

F

Jamieson's Popular Ballads, I, 114, from Mrs Arrot of Arberbrothick.

1 LORD THOMAS stands in his stable-door,
Seeing his steeds kaimd down ;
Lady Ellen sits at her bower-door,
Sewing her silver seam.

2 'O will ye stay at hame, Ellen,
And sew your silver seam ?
Or will ye to the rank highlands ?
For my lands lay far frae hame.'

3 'I winna stay at hame, Lord Thomas,
And sew my silver seam ;
But I'll gae to the rank highlands,
Tho your lands lay far frae hame.'

* * * *

4 'An asking, an asking, Lord Thomas,
I pray thee grant it me ;
How many miles into your fair tower,
And house where you would be ?'

5 'Your asking fair, Lady Ellen,' he says,
'Shall now be granted thee ;
For to my castle where it stands
Is thirty miles and three :'
'O wae is me,' says Lady Ellen,
'It will never be run by me.'

6 But up and spak the wily pyot,
That sat upon the tree :

'Sae loud, sae loud, ye fause, fause knight,
Sae loud as I hear you lie !

7 'For to your dwelling-house,' it says,
'Of miles it 's scantly three :'
'O weel is me,' says Lady Ellen ;
'It shall be run by me.'

* * * * *

8 'O mither, mither, mak my bed,
And mak it braid and wide,
And lay my little page at my feet,
Whatever may betide.'

* * * * *

9 'An asking, an asking, Lord Thomas,
I pray thee grant it me ;
O grant me a cup of cold water,
Between my young son and me.'

10 'What you do ask, Lady Ellen,
Shall soon be granted thee ;
The best bread and the best wine,
Between my young son and thee.'

11 'I ask again, my good Lord Thomas,
I ask again of thee ;
The poorest cot-house in your land,
Between my young son and me.'

12 'Your asking now, dear Lady Ellen,
I quickly grant to thee ;
The best bower about my tower,
Between my young son and thee.'

G

Buchan's MSS, II, 129.

1 THE knight he stands in stable-door,
Says he, I will go ride ;
The lady 's kilted her gay cloathing,
And ran low by his side.

2 He has ridden, and she has run,
Till they came to yon water wan ;
He has ridden, and she has run,
Like to his waiting man.

3 He has ridden, and she has run,
Till they came on to Clyde ;
The knight he rode on high horseback,
But the lady she bot wide.

4 The first step that the lady stepped,
She stept into the knee ;
The bairn that was between her sides
There he gied spartles three.

5 'Lie still, lie still, my bonny boy,
Ye work your mother woe ;
Your father rides on high horseback,
Cares little for us two.'

6 The nextand step that lady stepped,
She stept into the pap ;
The bairn that was between her sides
There spartled and he lap.

7 'Ly still, ly still, my bonny boy,
You work your mother's woe ;
Your father rides on high horseback,
Cares little for us two.'

8 In the middle of that water
There stands a yird-fast stone ;
He turnd his horse head back again,
Said, Lady, loup ye on.

9 She hadna ridden a mile, a mile,
O never a mile but ane,
Till she grew sick, and so weary
She couldna ride nor gang.

10 'Ride on, ride on, my gay lady,
You see not what I see ;
For yonder is my father's castle,
A little beyond the lee,
And ye 'll get ane of my father's men.
But, lady, neer lippen on me.'

11 There were four and twenty bonny ladies
Led Willie frae bower to ha,
But the bonniest lady among them a'
Led his steed to the sta.

12 When they were at the table set,
And sitting at their dine,
Out it spake his mother dear,
And she spake aye'in time.

13 ' Sometimes your boy 's red, Willie,
And other times he 's wan ;
He looks like a woman wi bairn,
But no ways like a man.'

14 ' Win up, win up, my bonny boy,
Go look your master's steed ;
See that his meat be at his head,
And not among his feet.'

15 O healy, healy raise she up, -
And healy gaed she down,
And healy opend the stable-door,
And as healy gaed she in,
And even among that big horse feet
She bear her dear young son.

16 As Willie's mother was walking alone,
Between the bower and ha,
She thought she heard a bairn's greet
And lady's moan in the sta.

17 ' Gude make ye safe, my ae son Willie,
Gude keep ye safe frae harm ;
Ye might hae chosen a lighter foot-boy
Than a women in travilling.'

18 He hit the table wi his foot,
He kept it wi his knee,
Till silver cups and silver spoons
Into the floor did flee.

19 There were fifteen steps into that stair,
I wat he made them a' but three ;
He 's to the stable gane in haste,
And a' to see his gay lady.

20 ' I am not come o sic low kin,
Nor yet sic low degree,
That you needed to banish me frae your sight,
That ye left nae woman wi me.'

21 ' I wish I'd drunken the wan water
When I did drink the wine.

Or when I left my lady gay,
And her at sic a time.

22 'But up ye 'll take my dear young son,
And wash him wi the milk,

H

Motherwell's MS., p. 277, from Marjory Johnston, servant to W. Parker, manufacturer, Paisley.

* * * *

1 'TURN back, turn back, O Burd Alone,
For the water's both broad and long :'
First she went into the shoulders,
And sine unto the chin.

2 'How far is it to your hall, Lord John?
How far is it? I pray of thee :'
'The nearest way unto my hall
Is thirty miles and three.'

3 'Turn back, turn back, O Burd Alone,
Ye 'll sink before ye win owre :'
'I am too big with bairn,' she says,
'To sink or I win owre.'

4 'Turn back, turn back, O Burd Alone,
Turn back, I pray of thee ;
For I've got a wife and seven bairns,
I like far better than thee.'

5 And then spak a wild parrot,
Sat high upon the tree :
'Gang on, gang on, O Burd Alone,
[He likes na'e better nor thee.]

6 'For Lord John has neither wife nor bairns,
He likes better than thee,
And the nearest way to Lord John's hall
Is only short miles three.'

7 When she was come to Lord John's hall,
Lords, knights and ladies braw
Was there to welcome them hame ;
But the bravest in the ha,
She waited at Lord John's back,
Serving the tables a'.

And up ye 'll take my lady gay
And row her in the silk ;
For her kirking and her fair wedding
Shall baith stand in ae day.'

8 When she was laid into her bed,
Amang the servants a' ilk ane,
The mother heard a babie greet,
And a lady make a heavy maen.

9 'Rise up, rise up, Lord John,' she said,
'Bind on thy hose and shoon ;
Thow might hae got some other lady
Than a lady big wi bairn.'

10 Lord John awa to the hay-loft,
Where his lady lay ;
'O rise, O rise, my love,' he says,
'O rise and let me in ;
It 's I have got no loves without,
But I 've got one within.'

11 'I ask three favours of you, Lord John,
I ask three favours of thee ;
I ask a bottle of your sma, sma beer,
For your old son and me.'

12 'O rise, O rise, my love,' he says,
'O rise and let me in ;
My wine and gin is at your command,
And that of my old son.'

13 'The next favour I ask of you, Lord John,
The next favour I ask of thee,
Is the meanest room in all your house,
For your young son and me.'

14 'The next favour I ask of you, Lord John,
The next favour I ask of thee,
Is the meanest maid in a' your house,
To wait on your yong son and me.'

15 'O rise, O rise, my love,' he says,
'O rise and let me in ;
For thy bridal and thy banquet day
Shall both be held in ane.'

I

Communicated by Dr Thomas Davidson, as learned from his aunt at Old Deer, about 185

1 LORD JOHN stands in his stable-door,
Just on his way to ride ;
Lady Ellen stands in her bower-door,
Says, Bide, Lord John, abide !

* * * * *

2 He did ride, and she did run,
A lief-lang simmer's day,
Until they came till a wan water,
That a' man did ca Tay.

3 The first step that she steppit in,
She steppit tae the cweet ;
An sichan said that gay lady,
I fear this water's deep !

4 The next step that she steppit in,
She steppit tae the knee ;
An sichan said that gay lady,
This water's deep for me !

5 Lord John hield down his high horse head,
Said, Lady, will ye ride ?
'O no ! O no ! kind sir,' she said,
'I'll rather choose tae wide.'

6 The next step that she steppit in,
She steppit tae the chin ;
An sichan said that gay lady,
I'll wide nae farrer in.

7 The firsten town that they cam till,
She got a leash o huns tae lead,
.

* * * * *

8 When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
An a' was ready tae dine,
.

9 When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
An a' were bound for bed,
.

J

Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 30.

1 THE knight stands in his stable-door,
Says he, I will gae ride ;
A lady stands in her bower-door,
Says, I'll ride by your side.

In virtue leave your lammas beds,
To follow knights frae town.

2 'Ye shall not follow me, Burd Helen,
Except ye do this deed ;
That is, to saddle to me my horse,
And bridle to me my steed,
And every town that ye come to,
A liesh o hounds to lead.'

5 'My dogs shall eat the white bread, Helen,
And you the dust and bran ;
And you will sigh, and say, alas !
That eer our loves began.'

3 'I will saddle to you your horse,
Sae will I bridle your steed ;
And every town that we come to,
A liesh o hounds I'll lead.'

6 'Your dogs may eat the gude white bread,
And I the dust and bran ;
Yet will I sing, and say, well's me,
That eer our loves began.'

4 Take warning a', ye maidens fair,
That wear scarlet and brown ;

7 'My horse shall drink the gude red wine,
And you the water wan ;
And then you'll sigh, and say, alas !
That eer our loves began.'

8 'Your horse may drink the gude red wine,
And I the water wan ;
But yet I'll sing, and say, well's me,
That eer our loves began.'

9 Then Willie lap on his white steed,
And straight awa did ride ;
Burd Helen, drest in men's array,
She walked by his side.

10 But he was neer sae lack a knight
As ance woud bid her ride,
And she was neer sae mean a may
As ance woud bid him bide.

11 Sweet Willie rade, Burd Helen ran,
A livelang sumner's tide,
Until she came to wan water,
For a' men ca's it Clyde.

12 The first an step that she wade in,
She wadit to the knee ;
'Ohon, alas !' said that fair maid,
'This water's nae for me !'

13 The next an step that she wade in,
She wadit to the pap ;
The babe within her sides twa.
Cauld water gart it quack.

14 'Lie still, lie still, my bonny bairn,
For a' this winna dee ;
Your father rides on high horseback,
Minds neither you nor me.'

15 In the midst of Clyde's water,
There stands a yird-fast stone ;
There he leant him ower his saddle-bow,
And set that lady on,
And brought her to the other side,
Then set her down again.

16 'O see ye not yon goodly towers,
And gowd towers stand sae hie ?
There is a lady in yonder bower
Will sinder you and me.'

17 'I wish nae ill to your lady,
She neer wishd nane to me ;
But I wish the maid maist o your love
That drees far mair for thee.

18 'I wish nae ill to your lady,
She neer comes in my thought ;
But I wish the maid maist o your love
That dearest hae you bought.'

19 Four an twenty gay ladies
Led Willie thro bower and ha ;
But the fairest lady amo them a'
Led his horse to the sta.

20 Four an twenty gay ladies
Were a' at dinner set ;
Burd Helen sat at a by-table,
A bit she coudna eat.

21 Out it spake her Dow Isbel,
A skilly dame was she :
'O whare got ye this fine foot-page
Ye've brought alang wi thee ?'

22 'Sometimes his colour waxes red,'
Sometimes it waxes wan ;
He is liker a woman big wi bairn
Nor be a waiting man.'

23 'Win up, win up, my boy,' he says,
'At my bidding to be,
And gang and supper my gude steed,
See he be litterd tee.'

24 Then she is into stable gane,
Shut tee the door wi a pin,
And even amang Willie's horse feet
Brought hame her bonny young son.

25 When day was gane, and night was come,
And a' man bound for bed,
Sweet Willie and Dow Isbel
In ae chamber were laid.

26 They hadnna been well lien down,
Nor yet well faen asleep,
Till up it wakens Sweet Willie,
And stood at Dow Isbel's feet.

27 'I dreamd a dreary dream this night,
I wish it may be for guid ;
Soine rogue hae broke my stable-door,
And stown awa my steed.

28 'Win up, win up now, Dow Isbel,
At my bidding to be,
And ye'll gae to my stable-door,
See that be true or lie.'

29 When she gaed to the stable-door,
 She heard a grievous groan ;
 She thought she heard a bairn greet,
 But and a woman's moan.

30 'When I was in my bigly bower,
 I wore but what I would ;
 This night I 'm lighter 'mang Willie's horse feet,
 I fear I 'll die for cold.

31 'When I was in my bigly bower,
 I wore gold to my tae ;
 This night I 'm lighter mang Willie's horse feet,
 And fear I 'll die or day.

32 'When I was in my bigly bower.
 I wore scarlet and green ;
 This night I 'm lighter mang Willie's horse feet,
 And fear I 'll die my lane.'

33 Dow Isbel now came tripping hame,
 As fast as gang coud she ;
 'I thought your page was not a man,
 Ye brought alang wi thee.

34 'As I gaed to your stable, Willie,
 I heard a grievous groan ;
 I thought I heard a bairn greet,
 But and a woman's moan.

35 'She said, when in her bigly bower,
 She wore but what she would ;
 But this night is lighter mang your horse feet,
 And fears she 'll die for cold.

36 'She said, when in her bigly bower,
 She wore gold to her tae ;
 But this night is lighter mang your horse feet,
 And fears she 'll die or day.

37 'Win up, win up, now Sweet Willie,
 At my bidding to be,
 And speak some comfort to the maid,
 That 's dreed sae much for thee.'

38 He is to the stable door gane,
 As fast as gang coud he ;
 'O open, O open, Burd Helen,' he says,
 'Ye 'll open the door to me.'

39 'That was never my mother's custom,
 And hope it 's never be mine,

A knight into her companie,
 When she drees a' her pine.'

40 'O open the door, Burd Helen,' he says,
 'O open the door to me ;
 For as my sword hangs by my gair,
 I 'll gar it gang in three.'

41 'How can I open, how shall I open,
 How can I open to thee,
 When lying amang your great steed's feet,
 Your young son on my knee ?'

42 He hit the door then wi his foot,
 Sae did he wi his knee,
 Till doors o deal, and locks o steel,
 In splindlers gart he flee.

43 'An asking, asking, Sweet Willie,
 An asking ye 'll grant me ;
 The warst in bower in a' your towers,
 For thy young son and me.'

44 'Your asking 's nae sae great, Burd Helen,
 But granted it shall be ;
 The best in bower in a' my towers,
 For my young son and thee.'

45 'An asking, asking, sweet Willie,
 An asking ye 'll grant me ;
 The warst an woman about your bowers,
 To wait on him and me.'

46 'The best an woman about my bowers,
 To wait on him and thee,
 And that 's my sister Dow Isbel,
 And a gude woman is she.'

47 'Ye will take up my little young son,
 And wash him wi the milk ;
 And ye 'll take up my gay lady,
 And row her in the silk.'

48 'Be favourable to my lady,
 Be favourable, if ye may ;
 Her kirking and her fair wedding
 Shall baith stand on ae day.'

49 'There is not here a woman living
 But her shall be my bride,
 And all is for the fair speeches
 I got frae her at Clyde.'

A. And throughout for &.

18³, 19³, 22¹, 23¹. four and twenty, *MS. has 24.*

26⁶. [rich]. *Percy.*

27². they way.

28¹. goe thy. 28³. ffarest.

28⁵, 29⁵. armes 2.

31¹. this and itt droue now. *The emendation, made without confidence, assumes, as does that to 31¹, and to be used as in 'Sir Cawline.'*

32³. did on.

B. a. 21². An a' man.

b. 1¹. I forbid you.

1³. To leave your father's families.

1⁴. And follow . . . frae the.

2¹. I am a gay ladie. 2². wear.

2³. father's castle. 3¹, 3³. stands.

3². Says I am boon to ride.

3⁴. Says I'll run by your side.

4¹. He has mounted on his berry brown steed.

4³. She's clad her in a page's weed.

4⁴. And ay as fast. 5². An folks.

5³. He's lookd oer.

5⁴. Says Ellen will you ride.

6¹. O I leard it when I was a bairn.

7¹, 8¹, 9¹. that ladie.

7². It was aboon her knee.

7³. Says Bird Ellen.

8². It was up till.

8³. Ohon alas says Bird Ellen.

9¹. The thirden step. 9². touched her pap.

9³. The bairn between her sides twa.

9⁴. begood to.

10². You gie your mother pain.

10⁴. And cares little for us twain.

11¹. O *wanting*. Clyde's. 11². There stands.

11³. He has turnd about his berry brown steed.

11⁴. And taen her up him behind.

12⁴. Where this night you mean to be.

13¹. Do not ye see. 13². so far and hie.

13³. ladie there, he says.

14. Altho there be a ladie there,

Should sunder you and me,

Betide my life, betide my death,

I will go thither and see.

15², 16². brown. 15³. Then you will.

15⁴. That ever you lovd a man.

16¹. O 'tis I shall.

16³, 4. But I neer shall live to cry alas,

That ever I lovd a man.

17¹, 2. My horse shall eat the baken meat,

And you shall eat the corn.

17³. You then will.

18¹. O I shall eat the baken meat.

18³. And I still shall bless.

20⁴. her lane.

21². a' were.

22=a 23. 3. O I can neither eat nor drink.

23=a 22. 3. O I can neither eat nor drink.

24³, 4. My son, where gat ye that foot-page

You have brought hame to me?

25¹. cheeks look. 25². pale and wan.

25³. He looks mair like a ladie wi bairn.

26. He has looked oer his left shoulder,

And a loud laugh laughed he;

Says, He's a squire's ae dear son,

I got in the north countrie.

27¹. Win up, win up. 27³. And so.

27⁴. As fast as ever I may.

28², 4. And the corn in her right hand,

And she's hied her to the stable-door,

As fast as she could gang.

29². Stand nearer to. 29³. between my sides.

30¹, 2. She has leand to the manger side

And gien a grieveous groan.

30⁴. brought home a son.

31=a 31, 32.

Then out it spake Lord John's mother,

As she stood on the stair,

'I think I hear a woman groan,

And a bairn greeting sair.'

32=a 33. 1. O quickly, quickly raise he up.

3. But hied him to the stable-door.

33, *wanting in a.*

'Now open the door, Bird Ellen,' he says,

'O open and let me in,

Or baith the door and the door cheeks

Into the floor I'll fling.'

34. He is struck the door wi his right foot

And pushed it wi his knee,

Till iron bolts and iron bars

In flinders he has gard flee :

'Be not afraid, Bird Ellen,' he says,

'For there's nane win in but me.'

35, wanting in a.

The never a word spake that ladie,
 As on the floor she lay,
 But hush'd her young son in her arms
 And turnd his face away.

36 = a 35.

'Now up ye take my bonny young son
 And wash him wi the milk,
 And up ye take my fair ladie,
 And row her i the silk.'

a 36 is wanting in b.

37. 'And smile on me now, Bird Ellen,
 And cast awa your care,
 For I 'll make you ladie of a' my lands,
 And your son shall be my heir.'

38. 'Blessd be the day,' sayd Bird Ellen,
 'That I followd you frae the town,
 For I 'd rather far be your foot-page
 Than the queen that wears the crown.'

C. The stanzas bracketed are those which Kinloch
 interpolated in his later copy.

27, 31, 32, were derived from D.

22¹. In his later copy Kinloch has made the
 change, Win up, win up, my bonnie boy.E. 20⁴. Or lyin : see G 14.G. 22⁶. Aye.H. 5⁴. This line is included in () in the MS.,
 and was probably supplied by Motherwell.I. 3³, 4³, 6³. sichean : MS. "sich an, perhaps sich-in."J. 4⁸ seems to be a corruption of I forbid you
 leave your families, or something of the
 kind : cf. B a 1^{1,3}.10¹. The knight seems to be lack (wanting)
 rather in not bidding, or letting, her
 ride ; his lack is nothing but his leave ;
 but as the idea may conceivably be that
 it would be unknightly to ride with a
 lady behind — all ballads to the contrary
 — no emendation has been attempted.21³. five foot page.

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FAIR JANET

A. 'Fair Janet,' Sharpe's Ballad Book, p. 1.

E. 'Willie and Janet,' Kinloch MSS, V, 283, II, 41.

B. 'Fair Janet and Sweet William,' Motherwell's MS.,
 p. 357.F. 'Sweet Willie and Fair Maisry,' Buchan's Ballads
 of the North of Scotland, I, 97 ; Motherwell's MS.,
 p. 606.C. 'Willie and Annet,' Herd's Scots Songs, 1769, p.
 303.

G. 'Sweet Willie,' Finlay's Scottish Ballads, II, 61.

D. 'Lord William,' Motherwell's MS., p. 271.

G, as printed by Finlay, was made up from various fragments. Of his twenty-seven stanzas fourteen were taken from C, and these are now omitted. A 13, D 5, G 4, 5, C 19, are found also in some copies of 'Fair Annie of Lochroyan ;' C 19 also in 'Sweet Willie and Fair

Annie.' The very inappropriate question in F 4, "O will ye gang to the cards, Meggie," occurs in Jamieson's 'Clerk Saunders,' I, 84, st. 5. The inquiry in G 1, "Will you burn for Sweet Willie ?" may probably have been suggested by the ballad of 'Lady Maisry.' We

have the oath by the thorn, **G** 13, in 'Glasgerion.' For the conclusion of **A**, **E**, see No 7, I, 96 ff.

Fair Janet, **A**, **B**, **E** [Annet, Maisry], loving Sweet Willie, and on the point of becoming a mother by him, is destined by her father to marry a French lord, **A**; a Southland lord, **B**, **E**, **G**. She implores Willie to fly with her over sea, **B**, **C**; to good green wood, **F**. They set sail, but her condition obliges her to return, **B**; her time comes before they can get away, **C**. She bears a child.* To avoid discovery, the babe is taken to Willie's mother, who very readily assumes charge of it. Scarcely has the child been born, when Janet's father comes with orders to busk the bride, **A**, **B**, **C** (?), **E**, **F**. She begs to be tenderly handled, as not being in good plight. They attire her gayly, and she selects Willie to lead her horse, or ride before her on her horse, to church, **A**, **B**, **E**. Her cheek is pale, her color goes and comes; it is suspected, and even suggested, that she has borne a bairn, or is near to doing so, **A** 22, **C** 14, **D** 10, **E** 11, **F** 25. She seeks to clear herself by an ambiguous oath, **E** 12, **G** 26, 27; Willie does this for her, **G** 11. After dinner, or supper, **A**, **B**, dancing is in order. Janet makes excuses to her brothers, her father, the bridegroom's man, and declines very decidedly the bridegroom's own invitation, with marked asperity in **A**, **B**. But with Willie she will dance though her heart should break in three. She takes three turns, and falls down dead. Willie gives the key of his coffer to his man, and bids him tell his mother that his horse has slain him. He would not survive Janet in any pure and full form of the story, and does not in **A**, **C**, **E**.

'Sweet William,' Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 307, borrows some stanzas at the beginning from 'Fair Janet.'

There are points of resemblance between 'Fair Janet' and a ballad very popular in

Scandinavia and in Germany, which demand notice, though they may not warrant the assumption of community of origin.

The Scandinavian ballad is: Danish, 'Kong Valdemar og hans Søster,' Grundtvig, No 126, III, 63 ff, 911 f, **A-I**; **G** from a sixteenth-century manuscript, **A-F** from seventeenth-century manuscripts or print, the two last from recent tradition. Icelandic, 'Soffíu kvæði,' Íslenzk Fornkvæði, No 52, II, 152, **A-F**, all of which, according to Grundtvig, must be put, at latest, in the seventeenth century, though some are first met with in the eighteenth. Färöë, a single copy, almost Danish, from the beginning of this century, printed by Grundtvig, III, 67 f. Norwegian, three copies from recent tradition, Grundtvig, III, 69, 913 f. Swedish, all from this century, 'Liten Kerstin och Fru Sofia,' Arwidsson, No 53, I, 335-51, **A-E**; **F**, **G**, in Cavallius and Stephens' collection, Grundtvig, III, 70; **H**, 'Liten Kerstin och drottning Sofia,' Wigström, Folkdiktning, I, 79.†

The German ballad is: **A**. 'Graf Hans von Holstein und seine Schwester Annchristine,' Müllenhoff, p. 492, No 48. **B**. 'Der grobe Bruder,' Wunderhorn, II, 272, 1808, Birlinger und Crecelius, II, 24. **C**. 'Der grausame Bruder,' Parisius, p. 38, No 12, A. **D**. 'Das Lied vom Pfalzgrafen,' Düntzer und Herder, Briefe Goethe's an Herder, I, 154. **E**. 'Der grausame Bruder,' Erk, Liederhort, p. 153, No 45. **F**. 'Christinchen,' Pröhle, p. 4, No 2. **G**. Wunderhorn, Birlinger und Crecelius, II, 247, No 4. **H**. Parisius, No 12, C. **I**. Reifferscheid, p. 107. **J**. 'Der böse Bruder,' Zuccalmaglio, p. 185, No 89. **K**. 'Der Pfalzgraf vom Rhein,' Wunderhorn, I, 259, 1806, Birlinger und Crecelius, II, 24. **L**. 'Der grausame Bruder,' Hoffmann und Richter, Schlesische Volkslieder, p. 49, No 27. **M**. Parisius, No 12, B. A version in broadside style, Erlach, II, 585, Doenniges, p. 217; compounded copies,

that she may have the attendance of three women, selects the top of a tree for her labor, and informs Willie that he will have to drie every pain that she herself has, which experience duly follows.

† Danish **E** is translated by Prior, II, 99.

* She bids Willie leave her bower while she is in travail, **C** 7; in default of bower-woman, Willie offers to bandage his eyes and do a woman's part, **E** 3, after which a stanza is doubtless lost, in which man's aid would be rejected: cf. No 15, I, 182. **F** has a strange passage, 6-10 (belonging, perhaps, to 'Leesome Brand'), in which the lady, after asking

Simrock, No 16, Scherer, Jungbrunnen, No 35, A.

According to the Scandinavian story, a king is informed by his queen, her inexorable enemy, that Kirstin, his sister, has just borne a child. The king sends for Kirstin, who is at some distance, to come to him immediately. She is obliged to make the journey on horseback. Upon her arrival the king puts her to a variety of tests, among these a long dance. Kirstin comes off so well that her brother says the queen has belied her. The queen then bares Kirstin's breast and makes milk flow from it. The king herenpon sends for heavy whips, and flogs his sister to the point of death. In the Icelandic and Färöe versions Kirstin dies of the dance, in her brother's arms. In the Swedish versions and in Danish I the king is Kirstin's father, not her brother. The Norwegian versions and Swedish F, H have a false conclusion: Kirstin survives, and is united to her lover. In Danish A the king had, before he learned the state of things, promised his sister to the son of the King of England, and in Danish F, H, I, Swedish F, and the Färöe ballad, Kirstin's lover is an English prince, who, in Danish H, comes to claim his mistress, and, finding her dead, kills the king. In Swedish A Kirstin dances with four, dances with five, dances with all the men of the court, and in Swedish C, H she tires out successively all the courtiers, the king, and the queen.

A, far the best preserved of the German versions, makes a hunter ask a count for his sister Annchristine. Being refused, as an unequal match, he tells the count that his sister, for all her nobility, has borne a child. The count maintains Annchristine to be a maid. The hunter says, Send for her, and see. The young lady is required to come on horseback. When her brother sees her approaching, with her long hair flowing, his confidence is strengthened. The hunter says, Make her dance. She dances seven hours, and her brother finds reason to continue of the same mind as before. The hunter says, Let us tighten her lacing, and, when that is done, milk springs from her breasts. Her brother gives her the choice be-

tween whipping and the sword. She chooses the former. He beats her till liver and lungs spring from her body. She then calls on him to stop; Prince Frederick of England is his brother-in-law. The count is much troubled, and promises everything if she will live. But Annchristine dies, and presently Prince Frederick appears. He has heard of what the count has done, cuts him to bits, and gives him to the crows.

In the other German versions the informant is generally of low rank, and sometimes professes to be father of the child. In B, C, G, H, K he is a kitcheboy, a personage who plays no insignificant part in romantic story. The coming on horseback is wanting. The long dance is found in B-F. The father of the child is always the English King, who runs the brother through with his sword, B, D, E, G, K, L, or otherwise gives him his due.

The slight resemblance and the great difference of the Scottish story are apparent. Fair Janet has to go a certain distance on horseback, at a time when she is peculiarly ill fitted to do so, like the hapless Kirstin of the Scandinavian ballads and the German A, and she dies from dancing in her weak condition, as the lady does in the Icelandic and Färöe ballad. But both the ride and the dance are incidental to her forced marriage, and neither the ride nor the dance is employed as a test, as the dance always is in the other ballad, and as the ride is expressly devised to be in German A 6. The Scottish Janet is not constrained to dance, nor does she dance down all the men in the room. She declines every invitation except Willie's, and this, in some cases, she (very naturally and touchingly) encourages or incites; and her vital powers give way after three turns. All the unspeakably ferocious features of the Norse and German ballads are wanting, and the bound which divides the pathetic from the horrible is never passed.

A Breton ballad, 'Ar C'homt Gwillou,' 'Princes ar Gwillon,' 'Le Comte Guillou,' 'La Princesse Le Guillou,' Luzel, II, 6-15, in three versions, has the probation by dancing. A count or prince, returning to his mistress after a considerable absence, happens to hear a shep-

herdess singing a song, of which he himself is unfortunately the subject. The lady has had a child. Fearing to encounter her injured lover, she tries to pass off a younger sister for herself, but, as may be imagined, this desperate artifice does not succeed. She is told what is said of her, and hopes she may melt like butter if ever she had daughter or son. The count calls out, Play up, musicians, that we may see how this damsel will step out. The young woman pleads that she is suffering from fever, and cannot dance just now, but the count strikes her on the breast so that milk spurts on her gown, A. He kills her.*

There is also a Magyar ballad, in which a jealous or offended lover makes his mistress dance till her boots are full of blood, as Kjerssti's are in Norwegian A, B: 'Darvas Kis Clement,' Aigner, p. 110.

One or two correspondences with the Scandinavian-German ballad will require to be noted under 'Lady Maisry,' which immediately follows.

A is translated by Knortz, Schottische Balladen, No 7; F by Gerhard, p. 97; a combination of A, C and others by Grundtvig, No 39.

A

Sharpe's Ballad Book, p. 1, as sung by an old woman in Perthshire.

1 'YE maun gang to your father, Janet,
Ye maun gang to him soon ;
Ye maun gang to your father, Janet,
In case that his days are dune.'

2 Janet's awa to her father,
As fast as she could hie :
'O what's your will wi me, father?
O what's your will wi me ?'

3 'My will wi you, Fair Janet,' he said,
'It is both bed and board ;
Some say that ye loe Sweet Willie,
But ye maun wed a French lord.'

4 'A French lord maun I wed, father ?
A French lord maun I wed ?
Then, by my sooth,' quo Fair Janet,
'He's neer enter my bed.'

5 Janet's awa to her chamber,
As fast as she could go ;
Wha's the first ane that tapped there,
But Sweet Willie her jo ?

6 'O we maun part this love, Willie,
That has been lang between ;

There's a French lord coming oer the sea,
To wed me wi a ring ;
There's a French lord coming oer the sea,
To wed and tak me hame.'

7 'If we maun part this love, Janet,
It causeth mickle woe ;
If we maun part this love, Janet,
It makes me into mourning go.'

8 'But ye maun gang to your three sisters.
Meg, Marion, and Jean ;
Tell them to come to Fair Janet,
In case that her days are dune.'

9 Willie's awa to his three sisters,
Meg, Marion, and Jean :
'O haste, and gang to Fair Janet,
I fear that her days are dune.'

10 Some drew to them their silken hose,
Some drew to them their shoon,
Some drew to them their silk manteils,
Their coverings to put on,
And they're awa to Fair Janet,
By the hie light o the moon.

* * * * *

11 'O I have born this babe, Willie,
Wi mickle toil and pain ;

* La Fidanzata Infedele, Nigra, Rivista Contemporanea, XXXI, 21, and 'L'adultera,' Ferraro, Canti p. monferrini, p. 5, are the same ballad as the Breton, but the dance is not proposed in these.

Take hame, take hame, your babe, Willie,
For nurse I dare be nane.'

12 He's tane his young son in his arms,
And kisst him cheek and chin,
And he's awa to his mother's bower,
By the hie light o the moon.

13 'O open, open, mother,' he says,
'O open, and let me in;
The rain rains on my yellow hair,
And the dew drops oer my chin,
And I hae my young son in my arms,
I fear that his days are dune.'

14 With her fingers lang and sma
She lifted up the pin,
And with her arms lang and sma
Received the baby in.

15 'Gae back, gae back now, Sweet Willie,
And comfort your fair lady;
For where ye had but ae nourice,
Your young son shall hae three.'

16 Willie he was scarce awa,
And the lady put to bed,
Whan in and came her father dear:
'Make haste, and busk the bride.'

17 'There's a sair pain in my head, father,
There's a sair pain in my side;
And ill, O ill, am I, father,
This day for to be a bride.'

18 'O ye maun busk this bonny bride,
And put a gay mantle on;
For she shall wed this auld French lord,
Gin she should die the morn.'

19 Some put on the gay green robes,
And some put on the brown;
But Janet put on the scarlet robes,
To shine foremost throw the town.

20 And some they mounted the black steed,
And some mounted the brown;
But Janet mounted the milk-white steed,
To ride foremost throw the town.

21 'O wha will guide your horse, Janet?
O wha will guide him best?'

'O wha but Willie, my true-love?
He kens I loe him best.'

22 And when they cam to Marie's kirk,
To tye the haly ban,
Fair Janet's cheek looked pale and wan,
And her colour gaed an cam.

23 When dinner it was past and done,
And dancing to begin,
'O we'll go take the bride's maidens,
And we'll go fill the ring.'

24 O ben than cam the auld French lord,
Saying, Bride, will ye dance with me?
'Awa, awa, ye auld French lord,
Your face I downa see.'

25 O ben than cam now Sweet Willie,
He cam with ane advance:
'O I'll go tak the bride's maidens,
And we'll go tak a dance.'

26 'I've seen ither days wi you, Willie,
And so has mony mae,
Ye would hae danced wi me mysel,
Let a' my maidens gae.'

27 O ben than cam now Sweet Willie,
Saying, Bride, will ye dance wi me?
'Aye, by my sooth, and that I will,
Gin my back should break in three.'

28 She had nae turned her throw the dance,
Throw the dance but thrice,
Whan she fell doun at Willie's feet,
And up did never rise.

29 Willie's taen the key of his coffer,
And gien it to his man:
'Gae hame, and tell my mother dear
My horse he has me slain;
Bid her be kind to my young son,
For father he has nane.'

30 The tane was buried in Marie's kirk,
And the tither in Marie's quire;
Out of the tane there grew a birk,
And the tither a bonny brier.

B

Motherwell's MS., p. 357, from the recitation of Agnes Lyle, Kilbarchan.

- 1 'If you do love me weel, Willie,
Ye 'll shew to me truelie ;
Ye 'll build to me a bonnie ship,
And set her on the sea.'
- 2 He did love her very weel,
He shewed to her trulie ;
He builded her a bonnie ship,
And set her on the sea.
- 3 They had not sailed one league, one league,
One league but only three,
Till sharp, sharp showers fair Janet took,
She grew sick and like to die.
- 4 'If you do love me weel, Willie,
Ye 'll shew to me trulie ;
Ye 'll tak me to my mother's bower,
Whare I was wont to be.'
- 5 He did love her very weel,
He shewed to her trulie ;
He took her to her mother's bower,
Whare she was wont to be.
- 6 'It 's ye 'll stand up at my richt side,
You will on tiptaes stand,
Until you hear your auld son weep,
But an your Janet mourn.'
- 7 'Come take your auld son in your arms,
He is both large and lang ;
Come take your auld son in your arms,
And for a nourice gang.'
- 8 He is to his mother's bowers,
An hour or it struck nine :
'I have a babe into my arms,
He 'll die for nouricing.'
- 9 'Goe home, go home, my son,' she says,
'And mak thy Jenny blythe ;
If ae nurse winna sere her son,
It 's I 'll provide him five.'
- 10 Fair Janet was nae weel lichter,
Nor weel doun on her side,
Till ben and cam her father dear,
Saying, Wha will busk our bride ?

- 11 Ben and cam her brethren dear,
Saying, Wha will busk our bride ?
And wha will saddle our bride's horse ?
Whom ahint will she ride ?
- 12 'Hold your tongue, my brethren dear,
And let your folly be,
For I 'm sae fair and full of hair
Sma busking will serve me.'
- 13 'Hold your tongue, my brethren dear,
And let your folly be,
For I will ride behint William,
He will best wait on me.'
- 14 'Willie, lay the saddle saft,
And lead the bridle soun,
And when we come to Mary's Kirk,
Ye 'll set me hooly down.'
- 15 Supper scarslie was owre,
Nor musick weel fa'n to,
Till ben and cam the bride's brethren,
Saying, Bride, ye 'll dance wi me :
'Awa, awa, my brethren dear,
For dancing 's no for me.'
- 16 Ben and came her ain bridegroom,
Saying, Bride, ye 'll dance wi me ;
She says, Awa, awa, ye southland dog,
Your face I downna see.
- 17 Ben and cam then Sweet Willie,
Saying, Bride, ye 'll dance wi me :
'Oh I will dance the floor once owre,
Tho my heart should break in three.'
- 18 'Oh no, oh no,' said Sweet William,
'Let no such things eer be ;
But I will cut my glove in two,
And I 'll dance for thee and me.'
- 19 She hadna danced the floor once owre,
I 'm sure she hadna thrice,
Till she fell in a deadly swound,
And from it neer did rise.
- 20 Out and spak her ain bridegroom,
And an angry man was he :
'This day she has gien me the geeks,
Yet she must bear the scorn ;
There 's not a bell in merry Linkum
Shall ring for her the morn.'

21 Out and spoke then Sweet William,
 And a sorry man was he :
 ' Altho she has gien you the gecks,
 She will not bear the scorn ;
 There 's not a bell in merry Linkum
 But shall ring for her the morn.'

22 There was not a bell in merry Linkum
 But they tinkled and they rang,
 And a' the birds that flew above,
 They changed their notes and sang.

C

Herd's Scots Songs, 1769, p. 303 : I, 162, ed. 1776.

1 LIVD ance twa luvers in yon dale,
 And they luvd ither weel ;
 Frae evning late to morning aire
 Of loving luvd their fill.

2 ' Now, Willie, gif you luve me weel,
 As sae it seems to me,
 Gar build, gar build a bonny schip,
 Gar build it speedilie.

3 ' And we will sail the sea sae green,
 Unto some far countrie,
 Or we 'll sail to some bonie isle,
 Stands lanely midst the sea.'

4 But lang or ere the schip was built,
 Or deckd, or rigged out,
 Came sick a pain in Annet's back
 That down she coud na lout.

5 ' Now, Willie, gif ye luve me weel,
 As sae it seems to me,
 O haste, haste, bring me to my bowr,
 And my bowr-maidens three.'

6 He 's taen her in his arms twa,
 And kissd her, cheik and chin ;
 He 's brocht her to her ain sweet bowr,
 But nae bowr-maid was in.

7 ' Now leave my bower, Willie,' she said,
 ' Now leave me to my lane ;
 Was nevir man in a lady's bower
 When she was travelling.'

8 He 's stepped three steps down the stair,
 Upon the marble stane ;
 Sae loud 's he heard his young son's greet,
 But and his lady's mane !

9 ' Now come, now come, Willie,' she said,
 ' Tak your young son frae me,

And hie him to your mother's bower,
 With speed and privacie.'

10 He 's taen his young son in his arms,
 He 's kissd him, cheik and chin ;
 He 's hied him to his mother's bower,
 By th' ae light of the moon.

11 And with him came the bold barone,
 And he spake up wi pride :
 ' Gar seek, gar seek the bower-maidens,
 Gar busk, gar busk the bryde.'

12 ' My maidens, easy with my back,
 And easy with my side ;
 O set my saddle saft, Willie,
 I am a tender bryde.'

13 When she came to the burrow-town,
 They gied her a broch and ring,
 And when she came to . . . ,
 They had a fair wedding.

14 O up then spake the norland lord,
 And blinkit wi his ee :
 ' I trow this lady 's born a bairn,'
 Then laucht loud lauchters three.

15 And up then spake the brisk bridegroom,
 And he spake up wi prude :
 ' Gin I should pawn my wedding-gloves,
 I will dance wi the bryde.'

16 ' Now had your tongue, my lord,' she said,
 ' Wi dancing let me be ;
 I am sae thin in flesh and blude,
 Sma dancing will serve me.'

17 But she 's taen Willie be the hand,
 The tear blinded her ee :
 ' But I wad dance wi my true-luve,
 But bursts my heart in three.'

18 She 's taen her bracelet frae her arm,
 Her garter frae her knee :

'Gie that, gie that to my young son,
He'll neer his mother see.'

* * * *

D

Motherwell's MS., p. 271, "from Margery Johnston, who had it of her grand-aunt, a very old woman."

* * * *

1 'IT never was my mother's fashion,
As little will 't be mine,
For to hae gay lords within my room
When ladies are travailing.'

2 Lord William was scarsely down the stair,
A step but only ane,
Till he heard his auld son gie a cry,
And his lady a heavy maen.

3 'Turn back, turn back, Lord William,' she says,
'Take thy auld son in thy coat-neuk,
And see and reach thy mother's bowers
Twa hours before day comes.'

4 He's awa wi his auld son in his coat-neuk,
As fast as he can run,
And there he's reached his mother's bowers,
Twa hours before day came.

5 'O rise, O rise, my mother dear,
O rise and let me in,
For I've my auld son in my coat-neuk,
And he shivers at the chin.'

6 'Ye're welcome hame to me, Lord William,
And so is thy auld son;
It's where ye had but ae nourice,
Thy auld son he'll hae four.'

7 His lady was scarsely in her bed,
Nor well fain owre asleep,
When four and twenty knights and lords
Came for the bride at last.

8 They dressed her up, they dressed her down,
They dressed her wondrous fine,
And just before her ain bedside
She lost her colour clean.

19 'Gar deal, gar deal the bread, mother,
Gar deal, gar deal the wyne;
This day hath seen my true-love's death,
This nicht shall witness myne.'

9 'Be hooly wi my head, maidens,
Be hooly wi my hair,
For it was washen late last night,
And now it's very sair.'

10 Out then spoke a southern lord,
And oh but he spak bauld:
'She is the likest that bore a child
That eer my eyes did see.'

11 Up then spak her auld, auld father,
And oh he spoke in time:
'She neer bore a child since her birth
Except it was yestreen.'

12 Out then spoke a northern lord:
'It's bride, will ye dance wi me?'
'Oh no, oh no, you northland lord,
It's dancing's no for me.'

13 Out then spoke a southland lord:
'It's bride, will ye dance wi me?'
'Oh no, oh no, you southland lord,
I would as lief chuse to die.'

14 Out then spoke her ain bridegroom:
'O bride, will ye dance wi me?'
'Oh no, oh no, my ain bridegroom,
It's dancing's no for me.'

15 Out then spoke her ain Willy,
And oh he spoke fu fine:
'O bride, O bride, will ye dance wi me,'
.

16 'Oh yes, oh yes, Willie,' she said,
'It's I will dance with thee;
Oh yes, I'll dance, dear Willie,' she said,
'Tho my back it gaes in three.'

17 She leaned her head on Willie's breast,
And her back unto the wa:
'O there's the key of my coffer,
And pay weel the nouriss fee,
And aye when ye look on your auld son,
Ye may aye think on me.'

E

Kinloch MSS, V, 283, II, 41, from Mary Barr, Clydesdale.

1 WILLIE and Fair Janet

Sat a' day on yon hill ;
And Janet she took sair pains,
And O but she grew ill.

2 'Fetch a woman to me, Willie,

O fetch a woman to me,
For without the help of woman, Willie,
Surely I will dee.'

3 'O tie a napkin on my face,

That naething I may see,
And what can a woman do, Janet,
But I will do for thee ?'

* * * * *

4 She was na scarcely brought to bed,
Nor yet laid on her side,
Till in and cam her father there,
Crying, Fy, gae busk the bride.5 'A wearyed bride am I, father,
A wearyed bride am I ;
Must I gae wed that southlan lord,
And let Sweet Willie abe ?'

* * * * *

6 'Now chuse, now chuse now, Fair Janet,
What shall your cleeding be ;
Now chuse, now chuse now, Fair Janet,
And I will gie it to thee.7 'Whether will you hae it of the berry brown,
Or of the holland green ;
Or will you hae it of the crimson red,
Most lovely to be seen ?'8 'I will not hae 't of the berry brown,
Nor yet o the holly green ;
But I will hae 't of the crimson red,
Most lovely to be seen.'9 'Now chuse, now chuse now, Fair Janet,
What man you 'll ride behind :'
'O wha sae fitting as Sweet Willie ?
He 'll fit my saddle fine.'

10 O they rode on, and they rode on,
Till they cam to Merrytown green ;
But Sweet Willie and Fair Janet
Cam aye hoolie ahin.

11 O whan they cam to Merrytown,
And lighted on the green,
Monie a bluidy aith was sworn
That our bride was wi bairn.

12 Out and spake the bonny bride,
And she swore by her fingers ten :
'If eer I was wi bairn in my life,
I was lighter sin yestreen.'

13 Up and raise he the bridegroom,
Says, Bride, will ye dance wi me ?
'Dance on, dance on, bridegroom,' she says,
'For I 'll dance nane wi thee.'

14 Up and raise her father then,
Says, Bride, will ye dance wi me ?
'Dance on, my father,' she replied,
'I pray thee let me be.'

15 Then up and raise he Sweet Willie,
And he had meikle pride :
'I 'll lay my gloves in the bride's han,
And I 'll dance for the bride.'

16 'O no, O no, O Sweet Willie,
O no, that shall na be ;
For I will dance wi thee, Willie,
Tho my back should fa in three.'

17 She had na run a reel, a reel,
A reel but barely three,
Till pale and wan grew Fair Janet,
And her head took Willie's knee.

18 Out and spake then the bridegroom,
And he spake wi great scorn :
'There 's not a bell in Merrytown kirk
Shall ring for her the morn.'

19 Out and spak he Sweet Willie,
And his heart was almost gane :
'Tis a the bells in Merrytown kirk
Shall ring for her the morn.'

20 Willie was buried in Mary's kirk,
etc., etc., etc.

F

Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 97 ; Motherwell's MS., p. 606.

1 HEY, love Willie, and how, love Willie,
And Willie my love shall be;
They're thinking to sinder our lang love, Willie;
It's mair than man can dee.

2 'Ye'll mount me quickly on a steed,
A milk-white steed or gray,
And carry me on to gude greenwood,
Before that it be day.'

3 He mounted her upon a steed,
He chose a steed o gray ;
He had her on to gude greenwood,
Before that it was day.

4 'O will ye gang to the cards, Meggie ?
Or will ye gang wi me ?
Or will ye hae a bower-woman,
To stay ere it be day ?'

5 'I winna gang to the cards,' she said,
'Nor will I gae wi thee,
Nor will I hae a bower-woman,
To spoil my modestie.'

6 'Ye'll gie me a lady at my back,
An a lady me beforne,
An a midwife at my twa sides,
Till your young son be born.

7 'Ye'll do me up, and further up,
To the top o yon greenwood tree ;
For every pain myself shall hae,
The same pain ye maun drie.'

8 The first pain that did strike Sweet Willie,
It was into the side ;
Then sighing sair said Sweet Willie,
These pains are ill to bide !

9 The nextan pain that strake Sweet Willie,
It was into the back ;
Then sighing sair said Sweet Willie,
These pains are women's wreck !

10 The nextan pain that strake Sweet Willie,
It was into the head ;
Then sighing sair said Sweet Willie,
I fear my lady's dead !

11 Then he's gane on, and further on,
At the foot o yon greenwood tree ;
There he got his lady lighter,
Wi his young son on her knee.

12 Then he's taen up his little young son,
And kissd him, cheek and chin,
And he is on to his mother,
As fast as he could gang.

13 'Ye will take in my son, mother,
Gie him to nurses nine ;
Three to wauk, and three to sleep,
And three to gang between.'

14 Then he has left his mother's house,
And frae her he has gane,
And he is back to his lady,
And safely brought her hame.

15 Then in it came her father dear,
Was belted in a brand :
'It's nae time for brides to lye in bed,
When the bridegroom's send's in town.'

16 'There are four-and-twenty noble lords
A' lighted on the green ;
The fairest knight amang them a',
He must be your bridegroom.'

17 'O wha will shoe my foot, my foot ?
And wha will glove my hand ?
And wha will prin my sma middle,
Wi the short prin and the lang ?'

18 Now out it speaks him Sweet Willie,
Who knew her troubles best :
'It is my duty for to serve,
As I'm come here as guest.'

19 'Now I will shoe your foot, Maisry,
And I will glove your hand,
And I will prin your sma middle,
Wi the sma prin and the lang.'

20 'Wha will saddle my steed,' she says,
'And gar my bridle ring ?
And wha will hae me to gude church-door,
This day I'm ill abound ?'

21 'I will saddle your steed, Maisry,
And gar your bridle ring,
And I'll hae you to gude church-door,
And safely set you down.'

22 'O healy, healy take me up,
And healy set me down,
And set my back until a wa,
My foot to yird-fast stane.'

23 He healy took her frae her horse,
And healy set her down,
And set her back until a wa,
Her foot to yird-fast stane.

24 When they had eaten and well drunken,
And a' had thornd fine,
The bride's father he took the cup,
For to serve out the wine.

25 Out it speaks the bridegroom's brother,
An ill death mat he die !
'I fear our bride she's born a bairn,
Or else has it a dee.'

26 She's taen out a Bible braid,
And deeply has she sworn ;
'If I hae born a bairn,' she says,
'Sin yesterday at morn,

27 'Or if I've born a bairn,' she says,
'Sin yesterday at noon,
There's nae a lady amang you a'
That woud been here sae soon.'

28 Then out it spake the bridegroom's man,
Mis chance come ower his heel !
'Win up, win up, now bride,' he says,
'And dance a shamefu reel.'

29 Then out it speaks the bride hersell,
And a sorry heart had she :
'Is there nae ane amang you a'
Will dance this dance for me ?'

30 Then out it speaks him Sweet Willie,
And he spake aye thro pride :
'O draw my boots for me, bridegroom,
Or I dance for your bride.'

31 Then out it spake the bride hersell :
O na, this maunna be ;
For I will dance this dance mysell,
Tho my back shoud gang in three.

32 She hadna well gane thro the reel,
Nor yet well on the green,
Till she fell down at Willie's feet
As cauld as ony stane.

33 He's taen her in his arms twa,
And haed her up the stair ;
Then up it came her jolly bridegroom,
Says, What's your business there ?

34 Then Willie lifted up his foot,
And dang him down the stair,
And brake three ribs o the bridegroom's side,
And a word he spake nae mair.

35 Nae meen was made for that lady,
When she was lying dead ;
But a' was for him Sweet Willie,
On the fields for he ran mad.

G

Finlay's Scottish Ballads, II, 61.

1 'WILL you marry the southland lord,
A queen of fair England to be ?
Or will you burn for Sweet Willie,
The morn upon yon lea ?'

2 'I will marry the southland lord,
Father, sen it is your will ;
But I'd rather it were my burial-day,
For my grave I'm going till.'

3 'O go, O go now, my bower-wife,
O go now hastilie,

O go now to Sweet Willie's bower,
And bid him cum speak to me.'

* * * *

4 And he is to his mother's bower,
As fast as he could rin :
'Open, open, my mother dear,
Open, and let me in.'

5 'For the rain rains on my yellow hair,
The dew stands on my chin,
And I have something in my lap,
And I wad fain be in.'

6 'O go, O go now, Sweet Willie,
And make your lady blithe,
For wherever you had ae nourice,
Your young son shall hae five.'

7 Out spak Annet's mother dear,
An she spak a word o' pride ;
Says, Whare is a' our bride's maidens,
They're no busking the bride ?

8 'O haud your tongue, my mother dear,
Your speaking let it be,
For I'm sae fair and full o flesh
Little busking will serve me.'

9 Out an spak the bride's maidens,
They spak a word o pride ;
Says, Whare is a' the fine cleiding ?
It's we maun busk the bride.

10 'Deal hooly wi my head, maidens,
Deal hooly wi my hair ;

For it was washen late yestreen,
And it is wonder sair.'

* * * * *

11 And Willie swore a great, great oath,
And he swore by the thorn,
That she was as free o a child that night
As the night that she was born.

12 'Ye hae gien me the gowk, Annet,'
But I'll gie you the scorn ;
For there's no a bell in a' the town
Shall ring for you the morn.'

13 Out and spak then Sweet Willie :
Sae loud's I hear you lie !
There's no a bell in a' the town
But shall ring for Annet and me.

* * * * *

E. The copy in Kinloch MSS, II, 41, has been revised by Mr Kinloch. His more important changes are as follows :

1¹. Sweet Willie. 1². took in labor-pains.
2¹. Gae fetch. 2². For but.
2⁴. It's surely.
3². And what a woman can do, Janet.
3⁴. That I. 4⁴. Says, Fy.
6¹, 3². now chuse thee, Fair Janet.
7², 8². hollin.
10², 11¹, 18³, 19³. Marytoun.
10⁴. Cam riding. 12¹. Then out.
14⁴. ye let me abee.
18¹. the bridegroom then.
19¹. But out. 19². His heart.

20. Fair Janet was buried in Mary's kirk,
Sweet Willie in Mary's quier,
And out o the tane there sprang a rose,
Out o the tither a brier.

21. And aye they grew, and aye they threw,
Till thae twa they did meet,
That ilka ane might plainly see
They war twa lovers sweet.

G. 1³. Var. mourn for. 11, in Finlay, follows 13.
Fourteen stanzas, taken from C, have been omitted.

65

LADY MAISRY

A. 'Lady Maisry,' Jamieson - Brown MS., fol. 24; Jamieson's Popular Ballads, I, 73.

B. Motherwell's MS., p. 422, communicated by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe.

C. 'Janet,' Motherwell's MS., p. 472.

D. 'Lady Margery,' Campbell MSS, II, 70.

E. 'Lady Marjory,' Motherwell's MS., p. 1; Motherwell's Minstrelsy, p. 234.

F. The Scots [Edinburgh] Magazine, 1822, LXXXIX 734.

G. Notes and Queries, Second Series, IX, 193.

H. 'Young Prince James,' Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 103.

I. a. 'Bonnie Susie Cleland,' Motherwell's MS., p. 235, Motherwell's Minstrelsy, p. 221. b. 'Susie Cleland,' Motherwell's MS., p. 179. c. 'Susie Cleland,' Motherwell's MS., p. 181.

A WAS No 12 in William Tytler's Brown manuscript, and stanzas 1, 21, 22, of that copy are cited by Anderson in his letter to Percy, Nichols's Illustrations, VII, 177. Jamieson, who made a few changes in printing from his manuscript, attributes, by an oversight, the ballad to Mrs Arrot: compare Popular Ballads, I, pp 66 and 59. His copy is repeated by Motherwell, p. 71. C, of which no account is given by Motherwell, is hardly more than a variety of B. There is a copy in the Abbotsford manuscript, "Scottish Songs," which is more considerably tampered with, in the way of change, omission, and insertion.*

All the versions are in accord as to the material points of the story. Lady Maisry rejects the suit of all the lords in the north country, A; she has given her love to an English lord. Her lover's seat is Strawberry Castle, D, E, F; Adam's Tower, H; he lives at London, G. Maisry has been at Strawberry Castle for a time, and has there learned some unco lair, D, E.† It is discovered that Maisry

goes with bairn. Her brother, A, H, father, I, informed to this effect, requires her to renounce her English lord, but she refuses; her father offers her the choice of marrying an auld man or burning, D. In the other versions the family set about preparations for burning her without attempting any arrangement. Maisry, warned of her approaching fate, calls for a boy to carry word to England, and a light-footed and heartily devoted young messenger takes her errand. The English lord asks if his biggins are broken, his towers won, or is his lady lighter, and is told that his lady is to be burnt for him that very day. Horses are instantly saddled: a black, a brown, are founedered, a milk-white [a dapple-gray], fair fall the mare that foaled that foal! holds out, B, C, E, F. In D fifteen stout steeds are burst, yet the little foot-page runs aye before, crying, Mend your pace an you may! Maisry, in the flames, hears her lover's horn, hears his bridle ring, A, E, F, H. "Beet on!" she cries; "I value you not one straw. Mend up

* The genuineness of H, Buchan's version, may be doubted both on general and on particular grounds, and both because of its departures from the common story and because of its repeating some peculiarities of the Jamieson-Brown copy, A. If H was compiled, as I think it was, largely from A, the person that did the work may have seen the manuscript, which is not at all improbable; for the *English blude* of H 13 is found in the MS., A 16, and not in

the copy printed by Jamieson, and so with the *thistle* of H 15, A 17. Buchan, or Buchan's foreman, is entitled to copyright for the invention, in H 17, of Maisry's carrying peats in her petticoat, "her ainsell for to burn;" also for English James, that little prince, 10³, Adam's high tower, 20³, thro Linkum and thro Lin, 37⁴.

† Like the Clerk of Oxenford's two sons, and Sweet William, Motherwell, Minstrelsy, p. 307.

the fire, brother ; I see him coming that will soon mend it up to thee."* In **A**, **H** she cries out, when her lover appears, that if her hands had been free she would have cast out his young son. He leaps into the fire for a last kiss ; her body falls apart, **B-G**. He threatens an awful retaliation : he will burn father and mother, and the chief of all her kin (who, no doubt, had been concerned in this *auto da fé*). Vengeance glutted, he will throw himself into the flames, **A**, **F** ; he will take the pilgrim's cloak and staff, **C**. The foot-page shall be heir of his land, **C** ; he will remember the bonny boy that ran the errand, **E**.†

Maisry, Margery, is the heroine's name in **A**, **D-H**, **J** ; Janet in **B**, **C** ; Susie Cleland in **I**. The hero has a name only in **A**, Lord William, and in **H**, Prince James.

'Lady Maisry' has a limited, and perhaps quite accidental, resemblance to the Scandinavian-German ballad spoken of in the preface to 'Fair Janet.' The lapse of the heroine is visited with a fearful death at the hand of brother or father, and the lover who was partner to her trespass appears on the scene immediately after, and takes his revenge. A kitchey-boy is informant in **A**, as in some versions of the German story.

The regular penalty for incontinence in an unmarried woman, if we are to trust the authority of romances, is burning. This, accord-

* There is no word of quailing except in **G**, and in **G** she blesses her lover most touchingly, with almost her last words.

She turned her head on her left shoulder,
Saw her girdle hang on the tree:
'O God bless them that gave me that!
They'll never give more to me.'

† According to Buchan, **H** 39, Maisry's true-love ran *brain* ; so again in Buchan's version of Fair Janet, see **F** 35. This is Maisry's end in several versions of 'Auld Ingram', and in all, I suppose, a modern substitute for the immediate death of older ballads.

‡ A champion may be offered even in Ariosto's Scotland.

§ In 'The Infanta and Don Galvan,' the lady, like Fair Janet, calls to Don Galvan to come and take her new-born child and carry it to his mother to nurse. The father superintends in person the preparation of the pile in 'Dona Au-

ing to the well-known passage in Ariosto, *Orlando Furioso*, IV, 58, 59, was l'aspra legge di Scozia, empia e severa, though it might be as difficult to point out a law to that effect in any European code as a corresponding *patria potestas*.‡ Some ballad cases are : Scandinavian (Danish, Swedish, Norwegian, Icelandic), 'Ildpröven' and 'Møen paa Baalet,' Grundtvig, Nos 108, 109, II, 577-590, III, 904 f, Eva Wigström, *Folkdiktning*, I, 30, No 13 ; Spanish and Portuguese, 'De la infanta y don Galvan,' Wolf and Hofmann, Primavera, No 159, II, 92 ; 'Conde Claros de Montalvan,' Primavera, No 191, II, 374 ; 'La infanta seducida,' Milá, *Romancerillo Catalan*, No 258, **A-M**, pp 249-54 ; 'L'infanta,' Briz, IV, 39 ; 'Dom Carlos de Montealbar,' etc., Braga, *Romanceiro*, p. 79 ff, Nos 31, 32, 33, *Cantos pop. do Archipelago Açoriano*, p. 246, No 25, Almeida-Garrett, II, 203 ; 'Dona Ausenda,' Almeida-Garrett, II, 177, 'Dona Aldonça,' Estacio da Veiga, p. 75 ; Hardung, *Romanceiro Portuguez*, I, 180-204. To these add the prose Merlin, ed. Wheatley, I, 16 ; *L'Histoire plaisante du noble Siperis de Vineaulx*, etc., cited by Liebrecht, Dunlop, p. 467, note 117.§

A is translated, after Jamieson, I, 73, by Grundtvig, *Engelske og skotske Folkeviser*, p. 38 ; **I**, a, the same, p. 322.

senda.' In the romances of Conde Claros, the infanta, when she learns that she is to be burnt, asks for some one "que haya comido mi pan," to carry a letter to Don Claros, and a page does the errand, just as in the Scottish ballad : Primavera, II, 374, etc. Often a bird, hawk, dove, takes the message, as in 'Sweet William,' Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 307. Don Claros asks the infanta of her father in marriage, and is refused (because she is promised). He then informs the emperor that the infanta is with child. It is a *hunter* who informs the father of the love of his daughter and the count in one of the romances, Primavera, II, 362. Compare the German ballad, in 'Fair Janet,' p. 102. When the lover gets his letter, in Briz, IV, 43, he reminds us of Sir Patrick Spens :

Quan D. Carlos reb la carta, molt content y alegre estava:
Al desclohent de la carta, llágrimas de sanch llansava.

A

Jamieson-Brown MS., fol. 24.

1 THE young lords o the north country
Have all a wooing gone,
To win the love of Lady Maisry,
But o them she woud hae none.

2 O they hae courted Lady Maisry
Wi a' kin kind of things ;
An they hae sought her Lady Maisry
Wi brotches an wi' rings.

3 An they ha sought her Lady Maisry
Frae father and frae mother ;
An they ha sought her Lady Maisry
Frae sister an frae brother.

4 An they ha followd her Lady Maisry
Thro chamber an thro ha ;
But a' that they coud say to her,
Her answer still was Na.

5 'O had your tongues, young men,' she says,
'An think nae mair o me ;
For I 've gien my love to an English lord,
An think nae mair o me.'

6 Her father's kitchy-boy heard that.
An ill death may he dee !
An he is on to her brother,
As fast as gang coud he.

7 'O is my father an my mother well,
But an my brothers three ?
Gin my sister Lady Maisry be well,
There 's naething can ail me.'

8 'Your father and your mother is well,
But an your brothers three ;
Your sister Lady Maisry's well,
So big wi bairn gangs she.'

9 'Gin this be true you tell to me,
My mailison light on thee !
But gin it be a lie you tell,
You sal be hangit hie.'

10 He 's done him to his sister's bowr,
Wi meikle doole an care ;
An there he saw her Lady Maisry,
Kembing her yallow hair.

11 'O wha is aught that bairn,' he says,
'That ye sae big are wi ?
And gin ye winna own the truth,
This moment ye shall dee.'

12 She turnd her right an roun about,
An the kem fell frae her han ;
A trembling sezid her fair body,
An her rosy cheek grew wan.

13 'O pardon me, my brother dear,
An the truth I 'll tell to thee ;
My bairn it is to Lord William,
An he is betrothd to me.'

14 'O coud na ye gotten dukes, or lords,
Intill your ain country,
That ye draw up wi an English dog,
To bring this shame on me ?

15 'But ye maun gi up the English lord,
Whan youre young babe is born ;
For, gin you keep by him an hour langer,
Your life shall be forlorn.'

16 'I will gi up this English blood,
Till my young babe be born ;
But the never a day nor hour langer,
Tho my life should be forlorn.'

17 'O whare is a' my merry young men,
Whom I gi meat and fee,
To pu the thistle and the thorn,
To burn this wile whore wi ?'

18 'O whare will I get a bonny boy,
To help me in my need,
To rin wi hast to Lord William,
And bid him come wi speed ?'

19 O out it spake a bonny boy,
Stood by her brother's side :
'O I would rin your errand, lady,
Oer a' the world wide.'

20 'Aft have I run your errands, lady,
Whan blawn baith win and weet ;
But now I 'll rin your errand, lady,
Wi sat tears on my cheek.'

21 O whan he came to broken briggs,
He bent his bow and swam,

An whan he came to the green grass growin,
He slackd his shoone and ran.

22 O whan he came to Lord William's gates,
He baed na to chap or ea,
But set his bent bow till his breast,
An lightly lap the wa ;
An, or the porter was at the gate,
The boy was i the ha.

23 'O is my biggins broken, boy ?
Or is my towers won ?
Or is my lady lighter yet,
Of a dear daughter or son ?'

24 'Your biggin is na broken, sir,
Nor is your towers won ;
But the fairest lady in a' the lan
For you this day maun burn.'

25 'O saddle me the black, the black,
Or saddle me the brown ;
O saddle me the swiftest steed
That ever rade frae a town.'

26 Or he was near a mile awa,
She heard his wild horse sneeze :

27 O whan he lighted at the gate,
She heard his bridle ring :
'Mend up the fire, my false brother,
It's na come to my knees.'

28 'Mend up the fire to me, brother,
Mend up the fire to me ;
For I see him comin hard an fast
Will soon men 't up to thee.

29 'O gin my hands had been loose, Willy,
Sae hard as they are boun,
I would have turnd me frae the gleed,
And castin out your young son.'

30 'O I 'll gar burn for you, Maisry,
Your father an your mother ;
An I 'll gar burn for you, Maisry,
Your sister an your brother.

31 'An I 'll gar burn for you, Maisry,
The chief of a' your kin ;
An the last bonfire that I come to,
Mysel I will cast in.'

B

Motherwell's MS., p. 422, communicated by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe.

1 In came her sister,
Stepping on the floor ;
Says, It's telling me, my sister Janet,
That you're become a whore.

2 'A whore, sister, a whore, sister ?
That's what I'll never be ;
I'm no so great a whore, sister,
As liars does on me lee.'

3 In came her brother,
Stepping on the floor ;
Says, It's telling me, my sister Janet,
That you're become a whore.'

4 'A whore, brother, a whore, brother ?
A whore I'll never be ;
I'm no so bad a woman, brother,
As liars does on me lee.'

5 In came her mother,
Stepping on the floor :
'They are telling me, my daughter,
That you're so soon become a whore.'

6 'A whore, mother, a whore, mother ?
A whore I'll never be ;
I'm only with child to an English lord,
Who promised to marry me.'

7 In came her father,
Stepping on the floor ;
Says, They tell me, my daughter Janet,
That you are become a whore.'

8 'A whore, father, a whore, father ?
A whore I'll never be ;
I'm but with child to an English lord,
Who promisid to marry me.'

9 Then in it came an old woman,
The lady's nurse was she,

And ere she could get out a word
The tear blinded her ee.

10 'Your father's to the fire, Janet,
Your brother's to the whin ;
All for to kindle a bold bonfire,
To burn your body in.'

11 'Where will I get a boy,' she said,
'Will gain gold for his fee,
That would run unto fair England
For my good lord to me ?'

12 'O I have here a boy,' she said,
'Will gain gold to his fee,
For he will run to fair England
For thy good lord to thee.'

13 Now when he found a bridge broken,
He bent his bow and swam,
And when he got where grass did grow,
He slacked it and ran.

14 And when he came to that lord's gate,
Stopt not to knock or call,
But set his bent bow to his breast
And lightly leapt the wall ;
And ere the porter could open the gate,
The boy was in the hall,

15 In presence of that noble lord,
And fell down on his knee :
'What is it, my boy,' he cried,
'Have you brought unto me ?'

16 'Is my building broke into ?
Or is my towers won ?
Or is my true-love delivered
Of daughter or of son ?'

17 'Your building is not broke,' he cried,
'Nor is your towers won,
Nor is your true-love delivered
Of daughter nor of son ;
But if you do not come in haste,
Be sure she will be gone.

18 'Her father is gone to the fire,
Her brother to the whin,

To kindle up a bold bonfire,
To burn her body in.'

19 'Go saddle to me the black,' he cried,
'And do it very soon ;
Get unto me the swiftest horse
That ever rade from the town.'

20 The first horse that he rade upon,
For he was raven black,
He bore him far, and very far,
But failed in a slack.

21 The next horse that he rode upon,
He was a bonny brown ;
He bore him far, and very far,
But did at last fall down.

22 The next horse that he rode upon,
He as the milk was white ;
Fair fall the mare that foaled that foal
Took him to Janet's sight !

23 And boots and spurs, all as he was,
Into the fire he lap,
Got one kiss of her comely mouth,
While her body gave a crack.

24 'O who has been so bold,' he says,
'This bonfire to set on ?
Or who has been so bold,' he says,
'Her body for to burn ?'

25 'O here are we,' her brother said,
'This bonfire who set on ;
And we have been so bold,' he said,
'Her body for to burn.'

26 'O I'll cause burn for you, Janet,
Your father and your mother ;
And I'll cause die for you, Janet,
Your sister and your brother.

27 'And I'll cause mony back be bare,
And mony shed be thin,
And mony wife be made a widow,
And mony ane want their son.'

C

Motherwell's MS., p. 472.

1 BEN came to her father dear,
Stepping upon the floor;
Says, It's told me, my daughter Janet,
That you're now become a whore.

2 'A whore, father, a whore, father?
That's what I'll never be,
Tho I am with bairn to an English lord,
That first did marry me.'

3 Soon after spoke her bower-woman,
And sorely did she cry:
'Oh woe is me, my lady fair,
That ever I saw this day!'

4 'For your father's to the fire, Janet,
Your brother's to the whin,
Even to kindle a bold bonefire,
To burn your body in.'

5 'Where will I get a bonnie boy,
Will win gold to his fee,
That will run on to fair England
For my good lord to me?'

6 'Oh here am I, your waiting-boy,
Would win gold to my fee,
And will carry any message for you,
By land or yet by sea.'

7 And when he fand the bridges broke,
He bent his bow and swam,
But when he fand the grass growing,
He slacked it and ran.

8 And when he came to that lord's gate,
Stopt not to knock nor call,
But set his bent bow to his breast,
And lightly lap the wall.

9 And ere the porter was at the gate
The boy was in the hall,
And in that noble lord's presence
He on his knee did fall.

10 'O is my biggins broken?' he said,
'Or is my towers won?
Or is my lady lighter yet,
Of daughter or of son?'

11 'Your biggins are not broken,' he said,
'Nor is your towers won,
Nor is your lady lighter yet,
Of daughter or of son;
But if you stay a little time
Her life it will be gone.'

12 'For her father's gone to the fire,
Her brother to the whin,
Even to kindle a bold bonfire,
To burn her body in.'

13 'Go saddle for me in haste,' he cried,
'A brace of horses soon;
Go saddle for me the swiftest steeds
That ever rode to a town.'

14 The first steed that he rade on,
For he was as jet black,
He rode him far, and very far,
But he fell down in a slack.

15 The next steed that he rode on,
He was a berry brown;
He bore him far, and very far,
But at the last fell down.

16 The next steed that he rode on,
He was as milk so white;
Fair fall the mare that foaled the foal
Took him to Janet's lyke!

17 But boots and spurs, all as he was,
Into the fire he lap,
Took ae kiss of her comely mouth,
While her body gave a crack.

18 'O who has been so bold,' he said,
'This bonfire to set on?
Or who has been so bold,' he cried,
'My true-love for to burn?'

19 Her father cried, I've been so bold
This bonefire to put on;
Her brother cried, We've been so bold
Her body for to burn.

20 'Oh I shall hang for you, Janet,
Your father and your brother;
And I shall burn for you, Janet,
Your sister and your mother.'

21 'Oh I shall make many bed empty,
And many shed be thin,
And many a wife to be a widow,
And many one want their son.'

22 'Then I shall take a cloak of cloth,
A staff made of the wand,
And the boy who did your errand run
Shall be heir of my land.'

D

Campbell MSS, II, 70.

1 LADY MARGERY was her mother's ain daughter,

And her father's only heir,
And she's away to Strawberry Castle,
To learn some unco lair.

2 She hadna been in Strawberry Castle
A year but only three,
Till she has proved as big with child,
As big as woman could be.

3 Word has to her father gone,
As he pat on his shoon,
That Lady Margery goes wi child,
Unto some English loon.

4 Word has to her mother gane,
As she pat on her gown,
That Lady Margery goes wi child,
Unto some English loon.

5 The father he likes her ill,
The mother she likes her waur,
But her father he wished her in a fire strang,
To burn for ever mair.

* * * *

6 'Will ye hae this auld man, Lady Margery,
To be yeer warldly make?
Or will ye burn in fire strang,
For your true lover's sake?'

7 'I wunna hae that old, old man
To be my worldly make,
But I will burn in fire strang,
For my true lover's sake.'

8 'O who will put of the pot?
O who will put of the pan?
And who will build a bale-fire,
To burn her body in.'

9 The brother took of the pot,
The sister took of the pan,
And her mother builded a bold bale-fire,
To burn her body in.

10 'O where will I get a bony boy
That will run my errand soon?
That will run to Strawberry Castle,
And tell my love to come soon?'

11 But then started up a little boy,
Near to that lady's kin:
'Often have I gane your errands, madam,
But now it is time to rin.'

12 O when he came to Strawberry Castle,
He tirled at the pin;
There was nane sae ready as that lord himsell
To let the young body in.

13 'O is my towers broken?
Or is my castle wone?
Or is my lady Margery lighter
Of a daughter or a son?'

14 'Your towers are not broken,
Nor is your castle wone;
But the fairest lady of a' the land
For thee this day does burn.'

15 'Go saddle for me the black, black horse,
Go saddle to me the brown;
Go saddle to me as swift a steed
As ever man rade on.'

16 They saddled to him the black horse,
They saddled to him the brown;
They've saddled to him as swift a steed
As ever man rade on.

17 He put his foot into the stirrup,
He bounded for to ride;
The silver buttons lap of his breast,
And his nose began to bleed.

18 He bursted fifteen gude stout steeds,
And four o them were dappled gray,
And the little foot-page ran aye before,
Crying, Mend it, an ye may !

19 When he came to the bale-fire,
He lighted wi a glent,
Wi black boots and clean spurs,
And through the fire he went.

20 He laid ae arm about her neck,
And the other beneath her chin ;
He thought to get a kiss o her,
But her middle it gade in twain.

21 'But who has been so false,' he said,
'And who has been sae cruel,

— — —

22 'But I 'll burn for ye, Lady Margery,
Yeer father and yeer mother ;
And I 'll burn for ye, Lady Margery,
Yeer sister and yeer brother.

23 'I 'll do for ye, Lady Margery,
What never was done for name ;
I 'll make many lady lemanless,
And many a clothing thin.

24 'And I 'll burn for yeer sake, Lady Margery,
The town that yeer burnt in,
And [make] many a baby fatherless,
That 's naething o the blame.'

E

Motherwell's MS., p. 1, from the recitation of Mrs Thomson,
Kilbarchan, February 25, 1825; Motherwell's Minstrelsy,
p. 234.

1 LADY MARJORY was her mother's only daughter,
Her father's only heir, O
And she is awa to Strawberry Castle,
To get some unco lair. O

2 She had na been in Strawberry Castle
A twelve month and a day,
Till Lady Marjory she gaes wi child,
As big as she can gae.

3 Word is to her father gone,
Before he got on his shoon,
That Lady Marjory she gaes wi child,
And it is to an Irish groom.

4 But word is to her mother gane,
Before that shè gat on her gown,
That Lady Marjorie she goes wi child,
To a lord of high renown.

5 'O wha will put on the pot?' they said,
'Or wha will put on the pan ?
Or wha will put on a bauld, bauld fire,
To burn Lady Marjorie in ?'

6 Her father he put on the pot,
Her sister put on the pan,

And her brother he put on a bauld, bauld fire,
To burn Lady Marjorie in ;
And her mother she sat in a golden chair,
To see her daughter burn.

7 'But where will I get a pretty little boy,
That will win hose and shoon,
That will go quickly to Strawberry Castle
And bid my lord come doun ?'

8 'O here am I a pretty boy,
That 'll win hose and shoon,
That will rin quickly to Strawberry Castle,
And bid thy lord come doun.'

9 O when he came to broken brigs,
He bent his bow and swam,
And when he came to good dry land,
He let down his foot and ran.

10 When he came to Strawberry Castle,
He tirled at the pin ;
None was so ready as the gay lord himsell
To open and let him in.

11 'O is there any of my towers burnt ?
Or any of my castles broken ?
Or is Lady Marjorie brought to bed,
Of a daughter or a son ?'

12 'O there is nane of thy towers burnt,
Nor nane of thy castles broken,

But Lady Marjorie is condemned to die,
To be burnt in a fire of oaken.'

13 'O gar saddle to me the black,' he said,
'Gar saddle to me the brown ;
Gar saddle to me the swiftest steed
That eer carried a man from town.'

14 He left the black into the slap,
The brown into the brae,
But fair fa that bonny apple-gray
That carried this gay lord away !

15 He took a little horn out of his pocket,
And he blew't both loud and shrill,
And the little life that was in her,
She hearkend to it full weel.

16 'Beet on, beet on, my brother dear,
I value you not one straw,
For yonder comes my own true-love,
I hear his horn blaw.

17 'Beet on, beet on, my father dear,
I value you not a pin,

For yonder comes my own true-love,
I hear his bridle ring.'

18 But when he came into the place,
He lap unto the wa ;
He thought to get a kiss o her bonny lips,
But her body fell in twa.

19 'Oh vow, oh vow, oh vow,' he said,
'Oh vow but ye've been cruel !
Ye've taken the timber out of my own wood
And burnt my ain dear jewel.

20 'Now for thy sake, Lady Marjorie,
I'll burn both father and mother ;
And for thy sake, Lady Marjorie,
I'll burn both sister and brother.

21 'And for thy sake, Lady Marjorie,
I'll burn both kith and kin ;
But I will remember the pretty little boy
That did thy errand rin.'

F

The Scots [Edinburgh] Magazine, 1822, LXXXIX, 734,
communicated by W. W.

1 FAIR MARJORY's gaen into the school,
Between six and seven,
An she's come back richt big wi bairn,
Between twalve and eleven.

2 It's out then sprung her mither dear,
Stood stately on the flure :
'Ye're welcum back, young Marjory,
But ye're sune becum a hure.'

3 'I'm not a hure, mither,' she said,
'Nor ever intend to be ;
But I'm wi child to a gentleman,
An he swears he'll marry me.'

4 [It's out then sprung her father dear,
Stood stately on the flure :
'Ye're welcum back, young Marjory,
But ye're sune becum a hure.'

5 'I'm not a hure, father,' she said,
'Nor ever intend to be ;

But I'm wi child to a gentleman,
An he swears he will marry me.'

6 It's out then sprung her brother dear,
Stood stately on the flure :
'Ye're welcum back, young Marjory,
But ye're sune becum a hure.'

7 'I'm not a hure, brother,' she said,
'Nor ever intend to be ;
But I'm wi child to a gentleman,
An he swears he will marry me.'

8 It's out then sprung her sister dear,
Stood stately on the flure :
'Ye're welcum back, young Marjory,
But ye're sune becum a hure.'

9 'I'm not a hure, sister,' she said,
'Nor ever intend to be ;]
Ye're but a young woman, sister,
An ye shuld speak sparinlie.'

10 Her father's to the grene-wude gaen,
Her brither's to the brume ;

An her mither sits in her gowden chair,
To see her dochter burn.

* * * *

11

The sister she culd do naething,
And she sat down to greet.

12 'Oh whare will I get a bonny boy,
That wull win hose an shoon,
That wull rin to Strawberry Castle for me,
And bid my true-love come?'

13 It's out than spak a bonny boy,
That stude richt at her knee :
'It's I wull rin your errand, ladie,
Wi the saut tear i my ee.'

14 It's whan he cam to broken brigg,
He bent his bow an swam,
An whan he cam whare green grass grew,
Set doon his feet an ran.

15 An whan he cam to Strawberry Castle,
He thirled at the pin,
'An aye sae ready as the porter was
To rise and let him in.

* * * *

16 'Gae saddle to me the black,' he says,
'Gae saddle to me the broun ;
Gae saddle to me the swiftest steed
That eer set fute on grun.'

17 It's first he burst the bonny black,
An syne the bonny broun,
But the dapple-gray rade still away,
Till he cam to the toun.

18 An aye he rade, an aye he rade,
An aye away he flew,
Till the siller buttons flew off his coat ;
He took out his horn an blew.

19 An aye he blew, an aye he blew,
He blew baith loud an shrill,
An the little life that Marjory had,
She heard his horn blaw weel.

20 'Beik on, beik on, cruel mither,' she said,
'For I value you not a straw ;
For if ever I heard my love in my life,
He's comin here awa.'

* * * *

21 When he cam unto the flames
He jump in, butes and a' ;
He thocht to hae kissd her red rosy lips,
But her body broke in twa.

* * * *

22 I'll burn for thy sake, Marjory,
The toun that thou lies in ;
An I'll mak the baby fatherless,
For I'll throw mysel therein.

G

Notes and Queries, Second Series, IX, 193 ; communicated by A. J., Edinburgh, as learned by himself and an elder sister from an old washerwoman of East Dereham, Norfolk, in the early part of this century.

* * * *

1 'My father was the first good man
Who tied me to a stake ;
My mother was the first good woman
Who did the fire make.

2 'My brother was the next good man
Who did the fire fetch ;

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My sister was the next good woman
Who lighted it with a match.

3 'They blew the fire, they kindled the fire,
Till it did reach my knee :
"O mother, mother, quench the fire !
The smoke will smother me."

4 'O had I but my little foot-page,
My errand he would run ;
He would run unto gay London,
And bid my lord come home.'

5 Then there stood by her sister's child,
Her own dear sister's son :

‘O many an errand I’ve run for thee,
And but this one I’ll run.’

6 He ran, where the bridge was broken down
He bent his bow and swam ;
He swam till he came to the good green turf,
He up on his feet and ran.

7 He ran till he came at his uncle’s hall ;
His uncle sat at his meat :
‘Good mete, good mete, good uncle, I pray,
O if you knew what I’d got to say,
How little would you eat !’

8 ‘O is my castle broken down,
Or is my tower won ?
Or is my gay lady brought o bed,
Of a daughter or a son ?’

9 ‘Your castle is not broken down,
Your tower it is not won ;
Your gay lady is not brought to bed,
Of a daughter or a son.

10 ‘But she has sent you a gay gold ring,
With a posy round the rim,

To know, if you have any love for her,
You’ll come to her burning.’

11 He ealled down his merry men all,
By one, by two, by three ;
He mounted on his milk-white steed,
To go to Margery.

12 They blew the fire, they kindled the fire,
Till it did reach her head :
‘O mother, mother, quench the fire !
For I am nearly dead.’

13 She turned her head on her left shoulder,
Saw her girdle hang on the tree :
‘O God bless them that gave me that !
They’ll never give more to me.’

14 She turned her head on her right shoulder,
Saw her lord come riding home :
‘O quench the fire, my dear mother !
For I am nearly gone.’

15 He mounted off his milk-white steed,
And into the fire he ran,
Thinking to save his gay ladye,
But he had staid too long.

H

Buchan’s Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 103.

1 THERE stands a stane in wan water,
It’s lang ere it grew green ;
Lady Maisry sits in her bower door,
Sewing at her silken seam.

2 Word’s gane to her mother’s kitchen,
And to her father’s ha,
That Lady Maisry is big wi bairn —
And her true-love’s far awa.

3 When her brother got word of this,
Then fiercely looked he :
‘Betide me life, betide me death,
At Maisry’s bower I’se be.

4 ‘Gae saddle to me the black, the black,
Gae saddle to me the brown ;
Gae saddle to me the swiftest steed,
To hae me to the town.’

5 When he came to Maisry’s bower,
He turnd him round about,
And at a little shott-window,
He saw her peeping out.

6 ‘Gude morrow, gude morrow, Lady Maisry,
God make you safe and free !’
‘Gude morrow, gude morrow, my brother dear,
What are your wills wi me ?’

7 ‘What’s come o a’ your green claiting,
Was ance for you too side ?
And what’s beeome o your lang stays,
Was ance for you too wide ?’

8 ‘O he that made my claiting short,
I hope he’ll make them side ;
And he that made my stays narrow,
I hope he’ll make them wide.’

9 ‘O is it to a lord o might,
Or baron o high degree ?

Or is it to any o your father's boys,
Rides in the chase him wi ?'

10 'It 's no to any Scottish lord,
Nor baron o high degree ;
But English James, that little princee,
That has beguiled me.'

11 'O was there not a Scots baron
That could hae fittid thee,
That thus you 've loyd an Englishman,
And has affronted me ?'

12 She turnd her right and round about,
The tear blinded her ee :
'What is the wrang I 've done, brother,
Ye look sae fiercee at me ?'

13 'Will ye forsake that English blude,
When your young babe is born ?'
'I 'll nae do that, my brother dear,
Tho I shoud be forlorn.'

14 'I 'se cause a man put up the fire,
Anither ca in the stake,
And on the head o yon high hill
I 'll burn you for his sake.

15 'O where are all my wall-wight men,
That I pay meat and fee,
For to hew down baith thistle and thorn,
To burn that lady wi ?'

16 Then he has taen her, Lady Maisry,
And fast he has her bound ;
And he causd the fiercest o his men
Drag her frae town to town.

17 Then he has causd ane of his men
Hew down baith thistle and thorn ;
She carried the peats in her petticoat-lap,
Her ainsell for to burn.

18 Then ane pat up this big bauld fire,
Anither ca'd in the stake ;
It was to burn her Lady Maisry,
All for her true-love's sake.

19 But it fell anee upon a day,
Prince James he thought full lang ;
He minded on the lady gay
He left in fair Scotland.

20 'O where will I get a little wee boy,
Will win gowd to his fee,
That will rin on to Adam's high tower,
Bring tidings baek to me ?'

21 'O here am I, a little wee boy,
Will win gowd to my fee,
That will rin on to Adam's high tower,
Bring tidings back to thee.'

22 Then he is on to Adam's high tower,
As fast as gang coud he,
And he but only wan in time
The fatal sight to see.

23 He sat his bent bow to his breast,
And ran right speedilie,
And he is back to his master,
As fast as gang coud he.

24 'What news, what news, my little wee boy ?
What news hae ye to me ?'
'Bad news, bad news, my master dear,
Bad news, as ye will see.'

25 'Are ony o my biggins brunt, my boy ?
Or ony o my towers won ?
Or is my lady lighter yet,
O dear daughter or son ?'

26 'There 's nane o your biggins brunt, master,
Nor nane o your towers won,
Nor is your lady lighter yet,
O dear daughter nor son.

27 'There 's an has been [put up] a big banld fire,
Anither ca'd in the stake,
And on the head o yon high hill,
They 're to burn her for your sake.'

28 'Gae saddle to me the black, the black,
Gae saddle to me the brown ;
Gae saddle to me the swiftest steed,
To hae me to the town.'

29 Ere he was three miles near the town,
She heard his horse-foot patt :
'Mend up the fire, my fause brother,
It scarce comes to my pap.'

30 Ere he was twa miles near the town,
She heard his bridle ring :

‘Mend up the fire, my fause brother,
It scarce comes to my chin.

31 ‘But look about, my fause brother,
Ye see not what I see ;
I see them coming here, or lang
Will mend the fire for thee.’

32 Then up it comes him little Prince James,
And fiercely looked he :
‘I’se make my love’s words very true
She said concerning me.

33 ‘O wha has been sae bauld,’ he said,
‘As put this bonfire on ?
And wha has been sae bauld,’ he said,
‘As put that lady in ?’

34 Then out it spake her brother then,
He spoke right furiouslie ;
Says, I’m the man that put her in :
Wha dare hinder me ?

35 ‘If my hands had been loose,’ she said,
‘As they are fastly bound,

I woud hae looted me to the ground,
Gien you up your bonny young son.’

36 ‘I will burn, for my love’s sake,
Her father and her mother ;
And I will burn, for my love’s sake,
Her sister and her brother.

37 ‘And I will burn, for my love’s sake,
The whole o’ her kin ;
And I will burn, for my love’s sake,
Thro Linkum and thro Lin.

38 ‘And mony a bed will I make toom,
And bower will I make thin ;
And mony a babe shall thole the fire,
For I may enter in.’

39 Great meen was made for Lady Maisry,
On that hill whare she was slain ;
But mair was for her ain true-love,
On the fields for he ran brain.

I

a. Motherwell’s MS., p. 235 ; Motherwell’s Minstrelsy, p. 221. b. Motherwell’s MS., p. 179, from Mrs Thomson, of Kilbarchan. c. Motherwell’s MS., p. 181, from Mrs McLean, of Glasgow.

1 THERE lived a lady in Scotland,
Hey my love and ho my joy
There lived a lady in Scotland,
Who dearly loved me
There lived a lady in Scotland,
An she’s fa’n in love wi an Englishman.
And bonnie Susie Cleland is to be burnt in
Dundee

2 The father unto the daughter came,
Who dearly loved me
Saying, Will you forsake that Englishman ?

3 ‘If you will not that Englishman forsake,
Who dearly loved me
O I will burn you at a stake.’

4 ‘I will not that Englishman forsake,
Who dearly loved me
Tho you should burn me at a stake.

5 ‘O where will I get a pretty little boy,
Who dearly loves me
Who will carry tidings to my joy ?’

6 ‘Here am I, a pretty little boy,
Who dearly loves thee
Who will carry tidings to thy joy.’

7 ‘Give to him this right-hand glove,
Who dearly loves me
Tell him to get another love.
For, etc.

8 ‘Give to him this little penknife,
Who dearly loves me
Tell him to get another wife.
For, etc.

9 ' Give to him this gay gold ring ;
 Who dearly loves me
 Tell him I 'm going to my burning.'
 An, etc.

10 The brother did the stake make,
 Who dearly loved me
 The father did the fire set.
 An bonnie Susie Cleland was burnt in Dundee.

—

A. 11¹. she says.
 16¹. blood *I was disposed to change to lord :*
but see H 13¹.
 21^{3, 4}. *As cited by Anderson from William Tytler's MS.,*
 to green grass growing
 He took off his sheen.

B. 22⁴. Janet's exite : *in C 16⁴ Janet's lyke.*

D. *Stanzas 8, 9, 21, are the three last of the MS.*
 8^{1, 2}. *I should read put on, were it not for*
9^{1, 2}.
 23³. lady lamentless.

E. 3³. If *for that in the margin, without explanation.*
 15-17. *The order in the MS. is 16, 17, 15.*
Motherwell, as often elsewhere, makes slight changes in printing, as : 11², broken to won, though not changed in 12² ; 15³ [17³], And to And wi, unnecessarily, see F 19³.

F. 2-9. "Her father, brother, and sister successively address her in the same polite style, and receive the same answer ; except that to the latter, instead of the information contained in the last two lines, she addresses a piece of advice." *The phrase stood stately in 2², most appropriate for the mother, was probably varied for father, brother, and sister.*
 15-16. "He delivers his message in the approved ballad style, and the lover speaks."

20. "The few verses following contain her testamentary bequests to her relatives above mentioned ; but the person from whom I got the ballad could not repeat them."

G. 6². He bend.

I. a. 1. *Given in the Appendix to Motherwell's Minstrelsy, p. xix, XIV, with this slight difference in the burden : And she dearly loved me.*
 3-9. at Dundee *in the burden.*
 8². *Penknife for wife, in my copy of the MS.*
 10. *In the Minstrelsy, from b :*

Her father he ca'd up the stake,
 Her brother he the fire did make.

b. 1. There lived a lady in Scotland
 O my love and O my joy
 Who dearly loved an Englishman.
 And bonnie Susie Cleland is to be burnt
 at Dundee

2. The father to the daughter came :
 ' Will you forsake your Englishman ? '
 For, etc.

3 is wanting.

4. ' My Englishman I 'll neer forsake,
 Altho you burn me at your stake.
 For, etc.

5. ' O where will I get a pretty little boy,
 That will bring tidings to my joy ? '
 For, etc.

6. ' O here am I, a pretty little boy,
 And I 'll carry tidings to thy joy.'
 For, etc.

7. ' O take to him this right-hand glove,
 Tell him to seek another love.'
 For, etc.

8 is wanting.

9. ' O bring to him this gay gold ring,
 And bid him come to my burning.'
 For, etc.

10. Her father he ca'd up the stake,
 Her brother he the fire did make.
 And bonnie Susie Cleland is burnt at
 Dundee

c. 1-4 are wanting.

5. 'Where will I get a bonny boy,
 Oh my love and oh my joy
Where will I get a bonny boy,
 That dearly loves me
Where will I get a bonny boy,
 Will carry tidings to my joy ?'
 Bonnie Susie Cleland was burned at
 Dundee

6. 'Here am I, a little boy,
 That dearly loves thee
Will carry tidings to thy joy.'

7. 'Carry my love this glove,
 Who dearly loves me
 Bid him seek another love.

8. 'Carry my love this knife,
 That dearly loves me
 Bid him seek another wife.

9. 'Carry my love this ring,
 That dearly loves me
 Bid him come to my burning.'

10 *is wanting.*

66

LORD INGRAM AND CHIEL WYET

A. a. 'Lord Ingram and Chiel Wyet,' Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 173. b. 'Child Vy whole,' Maidment's *North Country Garland*, p. 24.

B. 'Lord Ingram and Gil Viett,' Skene MS., p. 16.

C. 'Auld Ingram,' Herd's MSS., I, 169, II, 84; 'Lord

Wa' Yates and Auld Ingram,' Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*, II, 265.

D. 'Lord Ingram and Childe Viat,' Kinloch MSS., V, 323.

E. 'Lord Ingram and Childe Vy whole,' Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, I, 234.

C WAS furnished Jamieson from Herd's MSS by Scott, and underwent a few slight changes in publication. Jamieson inquired through the *Scots Magazine*, October, 1803, p. 699, for the conclusion, which is wanting, but unsuccessfully.

The only variation of much moment in the five versions of this tragedy is that, in C, the bridegroom and the lover are not brothers, but uncle and nephew. Some inconsistencies have been created in the course of tradition. The bride's insisting on having twenty men before her and twenty on each side, ere she will go to kirk, not to mention the extrav-

gance of twenty milk-white doves above her head, C 22,* is incompatible with her aversion to the "weary wedding," and with her language about the bridegroom's gifts in C 4, 5, D 4-6, E 8-10. There is much confusion at the end. After the death of the two rivals the lady, in E, imposes on herself the penance of begging her bread as a pilgrim for the rest of her days. This penance we find also in the two last stanzas of A, and a trace of it in B 20, D 10. Another, and probably later, representation is that she went mad, A 30, B 19, D 9. The two are blended in A, B, D; unless we are to suppose that Maisry's adopting

* This stanza, which comes in here with flagrant impropriety, is a commonplace, or movable passage. It occurs, as a feature in the ceremony of a brilliant wedding, in 'Fair

Mary of Wallington,' E 6, 7, and in some copies of 'Lord Thomas and Fair Annet:' see that ballad, note to A.

a beggar's life was a consequence of her madness, which is not according to the simplicity of old ballads. That something was due the unfortunate Lord Ingram, especially if he was disposed to relinquish his wife to his brother, **B** 17, the modern sense of justice will admit; but that Maisry's remorse on account of the handsome wedding Ingram had given her should exceed her grief for Chiel Wyet, **A** 32, **B** 20, **D** 10, **E** 43, 44, is as little natural as romantic, and is only to be explained as an exhibition of imbecility, whether on her part or on the part of some reciter who gave that turn to the story. **B** confounds confusion by killing Maisry on the top of all.

The sword laid in bed between man and woman, **B** 14, **E** 30, as a sign or pledge of continence, does not occur often in popular ballads. We have it in 'Südeli,' Uhland, I, 275, No 121, st. 11, and in two of the Swedish forms of Grundtvig's 'Brud i Vaande,' Danmarks gamle Folkeviser, V, 345, No. 277, **D**, sts 26, 27, and Arwidsson, II, 248, No 132, sts 21, 22, 'Fru Margaretha.' In popular tales: Grimms, K. u. H. Märchen, No 60; Asbjørnsen og Moe, Norske Folkeeventyr, No 3; Il Pentamerone, I, 9; Hahn's Griechische Märchen, I, 171, No 122. In Norse poetry and saga: Völsunga saga, 27, Rafn, Fornaldar Sögur, I, 187; Sæmund's Edda, Sigurðarkviða, III, 65, Lüning, p. 401, Bugge (68), p. 259; Snorri's Edda, Hafniae, 1848, I, 362, Skáldskaparmál, 41; Saxo Grammaticus, Book 9, p. 162 of the Frankfort edition of 1576; Gaungu-Hrólfs saga, 24, Fornaldar Sögur, III, 303. Further, in Orendel und Bríde, ed. Ettmüller, p. 46, XII, 49, 50; Wolfdietrich, von der Hagen's Heldenbuch, I, 236, st. 592; Tristan, ed. Michel, I, 88, v. 1768 ff, Scott's Sir Tristrem, III, 20; Amis and Amiloun, Weber's Metrical Romances, II, 417, v. 1163 ff;

Aladdin in the Arabian Nights, J. Scott, IV 345.*

Lord Wayets, in C 17, kicks up the table and sends the silver cup into the fire. Young Beichan takes the table with his foot and makes the cups and cans to flee, **B** 18, **D** 23, **F** 28, **J** 5, **N** 42, or makes the table flee, **H** 42; so the knight in 'Child Waters,' **G** 18, the baron in 'Child Maurice,' **E**, **F**, and the mother in 'Fair Mary of Wallington,' **A**, **B**. Kinmont Willie, st. 9, takes the table with his hand and gars the red wine spring on hie. The table, being of boards laid on trestles, would be easy to ding over or make flee. Being also narrow, it might be jumped over, and those in whose way it might be seem to have preferred to clear it in that fashion, at least out of Britain. So the Danish Lord Lovel on hearing of his love's death, spilling the mead or wine, Kristensen, II, No 20, **A** 6, **B** 10, **C** 3, **D** 4; Sir Peter in Afzelius, No 9, I, 50, Grundtvig, No 210, IV, 220, etc. The king in the Icelandic Ribbalds kvæði, to be sure, kicks the table away and spills the mead and wine, Íslenzk Fornkvæði, No 16, **B** 8, **C** 2, so that Lord Wayets, Young Beichan, and others may have taken their cue from that island. But against this we may put Hervarar saga, c. 3, Fornaldar Sögur, I, 516; Olafs saga hins Helga, c. 50, Keyser and Unger, p. 36; Grundtvig, Danmarks Folkeviser, No 11, **A** 23, No 13, **B** 18, **G** 15, **I** 16; etc. In 'Magnus Algotsøn,' Grundtvig, No 181, **D** 18, the bride jumps over the table and goes off with her old love; in Sušil's Bohemian ballads, No 135, p. 131, the bride jumps over four tables and on to a fifth to get at her first betrothed; in the Novella della Figlia del Re di Dacia, ed. Wesselofsky, p. 38, the duke jumps over the table to get to his wife; in a German ballad in Schröer's Ausflug nach Gottschee, p. 210 f,

* These citations, which might easily be extended, are many of them repeated from Grimm's Rechtsalterthümer, pp. 168-70 of the second edition. Sir Walter Scott has pointed out that on the occasion of the marriage of Maria of Burgundy with the Archduke Maximilian, in 1477, the marriage being by proxy, Ludwig, Pfalzgraf of Vendelz, the bridegroom's representative, was formally bedded with the bride, a naked sword being laid between them. Scott also refers to a play called The Jovial Crew, acted in 1641, in

which one of the characters, to enrage another, proposes to be his proxy, marry his love for him, and lay a naked cudgel betwixt them: Sir Tristrem, p. 439, ed. 1833. In an Italian ballad the sword is reduced to a straw: Wolf, Volkslieder aus Venetien, No 95, Bolza, No 56, Ferraro, C. p. monferrini, No 76. In the Spanish and Portuguese romances of 'Gericeldo,' the sultan or king, having found the page asleep with the infanta, lays his sword between the two and retires: Duran, Nos 320, 321; Hardung, I, 101.

the bridegroom, who has lost the bride, jumps over the table to get out of the room as soon as possible; a French gentleman takes a vault over the table before him, Gautier, *Les Épopées Françaises*, I, 508, ed. 1865, and a lady in a ludicrous anecdote told in the *Zimmerische Chronik*, ed. Barack, 1881, II, 132 f. But Torello's wife, on the other hand, *Decameron*, x, 9, throws down the table which bars her way to her lord, and so does the steward in 'Sir Orfeo,' v. 576, ed. Zielke.*

Ebbe Skammelsøn, being obliged to absent himself from his plighted maid for a considerable time, loses her through the artifices of his brother [and mother], who pretends first that Ebbe is unfaithful, and then that he is dead. Ebbe is warned by a dream that his brother is about to wed his mistress, goes home in

great haste, and arrives on the wedding-day. He kills the bride, and then his brother, who, at the last moment, offers to cede the bride to him, as Lord Ingram, in B 17, says he meant to do. Ebbe after this begs his bread, or goes on a pilgrimage weighted with iron on his hands and loins; wherein his part resembles Maisry's. *Danske Viser*, III, 75, No 120, translated by Prior, II, 380; Arwidsson, No 33, I, 216, 224, 412; Atterbom's *Poetisk Kalender*, 1816, p. 55.

It may be worth noting that Maisry's wedding, according to B 20, was "in good kirk-door," like the five of *The Wife of Bath*.

Translated by Knortz, *Lieder und Romanzen Alt-Englands*, p. 166, No 44, after Allingham, p. 306.

A

a. Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 173, communicated by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe. b. Maidment's *North Country Garland*, p. 24, from tradition in Aberdeenshire.

1 LORD INGRAM and Chiel Wyet

Was baith born in one bower;
Laid baith their hearts on one lady,
The less was their honour.

2 Chiel Wyet and Lord Ingram

Was baith born in one hall;
Laid baith their hearts on one lady,
The worse did them befall.

3 Lord Ingram wood her Lady Maisery

From father and from mother;
Lord Ingram wood her Lady Maisery
From sister and from brother.

4 Lord Ingram wood her Lady Maisery
With leave of a' her kin;
And every one gave full consent,
But she said no to him.

5 Lord Ingram wood her Lady Maisery
Into her father's ha;
Chiel Wyet wood her Lady Maisery
Amang the sheets so sma.

6 Now it fell out upon a day,
She was dressing her head,
That ben did come her father dear,
Wearing the gold so red.

7 He said, Get up now, Lady Maisery,
Put on your wedding gown;
For Lord Ingram he will be here,
Your wedding must be done.

* Some of the Norse examples were derived from notes of Grundtvig, three others from Liebrecht. Grundtvig cites an ordinance of Frederic II of Denmark, dated 1586, to this effect: Whereas a custom has come in of having a dance during a wedding-repast, which dance those that sit behind the tables are asked to as well as others, and therefore are obliged to step on the tables, on which the victuals are still standing, and whereas this, indecorous of itself, might even prove dangerous to women-folk, and others, who should attempt to jump over the tables, now therefore dancing during meal-time is forbidden until dishes and tables shall have

been cleared away: IV, 754. The table-jumping above is mostly done under great excitement, and at weddings, in order that the right parties may come together; but nimble young men in England seem to have taken this short way to their places habitually in old times. Liebrecht cites this curious passage from the *Jests of Scogin*, Hazlitt's *Shakespeare Jest-Books*, II, 105: "Scogin did mark the fashions of the court, and among all other things he did mark how men did leap over the table in the king's hall to sit down at dinner and supper, which is not used now." The first edition of Scogin's *Jests* is of 1565.

8 'I'd rather be Chiel Wyet's wife,
The white fish for to sell,
Before I were Lord Ingram's wife,
To wear the silk so well.'

9 'I'd rather be Chiel Wyet's wife,
With him to beg my bread,
Before I were Lord Ingram's wife,
To wear the gold so red.'

10 'Where will I get a bonny boy,
Will win gold to his fee,
And will run unto Chiel Wyet's,
With this letter from me?'

11 'O here I am, the boy,' says one,
'Will win gold to my fee,
And carry away any letter
To Chiel Wyet from thee.'

12 And when he found the bridges broke,
He bent his bow and swam;
And when he found the grass growing,
He hastened and he ran.

13 And when he came to Chiel Wyet's castle,
He did not knock nor call,
But set his bent bow to his breast,
And lightly leaped the wall;
And ere the porter opended the gate,
The boy was in the hall.

14 The first line he looked on,
A grieved man was he;
The next line he looked on,
A tear blinded his ee:
Says, I wonder what ails my one brother
He'll not let my love be!

15 'But I'll send to my brother's bridal —
The bacon shall be mine —
Full four and twenty buck and roe,
And ten tun of the wine;
And bid my love be blythe and glad,
And I will follow syne.'

16 There was not a groom about that castle
But got a gown of green,
And all was blythe, and all was glad,
But Lady Maisery she was neen.

17 There was no cook about that kitchen
But got a gown of gray,

And all was blythe, and all was glad,
But Lady Maisery was wae.

18 Between Mary Kirk and that castle
Was all spread ower with garl,
To keep Lady Maisery and her maidens
From tramping on the marl.

19 From Mary Kirk to that castle
Was spread a cloth of gold,
To keep Lady Maisery and her maidens
From treading on the mold.

20 When mass was sung, and bells was rung,
And all men bound for bed,
Then Lord Ingram and Lady Maisery
In one bed they were laid.

21 When they were laid into their bed —
It was baith soft and warm —
He laid his hand over her side,
Says, I think you are with bairn.

22 'I told you oncee, so did I twice,
When ye came me to woo,
That Chiel Wyet, your only brother,
One night lay in my bower.

23 'I told you twicee, I told you thrice,
Ere ye came me to wed,
That Chiel Wyet, your one brother,
One night lay in my bed.'

24 'O will you father your bairn on me,
And on no other man?
And I'll give him to his dowry
Full fifty ploughs of land.'

25 'I will not father my bairn on you,
Nor on no wrongeous man,
Though ye would give him to his dowry
Five thousand ploughs of land.'

26 Then up did start him Chiel Wyet,
Shed by his yellow hair,
And gave Lord Ingram to the heart
A deep wound and a sair.

27 Then up did start him Lord Ingram,
Shed by his yellow hair,
And gave Chiel Wyet to the heart
A deep wound and a sair.

28 There was no pity for that two lords,
 Where they were lying slain ;
But all was for her Lady Maisery,
 In that bower she gaed brain.

29 There was no pity for that two lords,
 When they were lying dead ;
But all was for her Lady Maisery,
 In that bower she went mad.

30 Said, Get to me a cloak of cloth,
 A staff of good hard tree ;
If I have been an evil woman,
 I shall beg till I dee.

31 'For a bit I 'll beg for Chiel Wyet,
 For Lord Ingram I 'll beg three ;
All for the good and honorable marriage
 At Mary Kirk he gave me.'

B

Skene MS., p. 16; taken down in the North of Scotland,
1802-1803.

1 LORD INGRAM and Gil Viett
 Were baith born in ae ha ;
They laid their love on ae lady,
 An fate they coud na fa.

2 Lord Ingram and Gil Viett
 Were baith laid in ae wame ;
They laid their love on ae lady,
 The greater was their shame.

3 Lord Ingram wood her Lady Masery
 Frae father and frae mither ;
Gill Viett wood her Lady Masery
 Frae sister and frae brither.

4 Lord Ingram courted her Lady Masery
 Among the company a' ;
Gill Viett he wood her Lady Masery
 Among the sheets so sma.

5 'Get up, my daughter dear,
 Put on your bridal gown ;
This day 's your bridal day
 Wi Lord Ingram.'

6 'How can I get up,
 An put on my bridal gown,
Or how marry the ae brither,
 An the tither's babe in my womb ?'

* * * *

7 'O laugh you at myself, brither,
 Or at my companie ?
Or laugh ye at my bonnie bride,
 She wad na laugh at thee ?'

8 'I laugh na at yoursel, brither,
 Nor at your companie ;
Nor laugh I at your buirlie bride,
 She wad na laugh at me.

9 'But there 's a brotch on a breast-bane,
 A garlan on ane's hair ;
Gin ye kend what war under that,
 Ye wad neer love woman mair.

10 'There is a brotch on a breast-bane,
 An roses on ane's sheen ;
Gin ye kend what war under that,
 Your love wad soon be deen.'

11 Whan bells were rung, and mass was sung,
 And a' man boun to bed,
Lord Ingram and Lady Masery
 In ae chamer were laid.

12 He put his hand out oure his bonnie bride,
 The babe between her sides did quake :

13 'O father your babe on me, Lady Masery,
 O father your babe on me.'

14 'I may father my babe on a stock,
 Sae may I on a stane,
But my babe shall never hae
 A father but its ain.'

15 He took out a brand,
 And laid it atween them twa ;

16 Gill Viett took out a long brand,
And stroakd it oer a stro,
An thro and thro Lord Ingram's bodie
He made it come and go.

17 'Wae mat worth ye, Gill Viett,
An ill died mat ye die!
For I had the cup in my hand
To hae drunken her oer to thee.'

18 '[For] ae mile [I wad gae] for Gil Viett,
For Lord Ingram I wad hae gaen three;
An a' for that in good kirk-door
Fair wedding he gave me.'

19 Gil Viett took a long brand,
An stroakd it on a stro,
An through and thro his own bodie
He made it come and go.

20 There was nae mean made for that godd lords,
In bowr whar they lay slain,
But a' was for that lady,
In bowr whar she gaed brain.

21 There was nae mean made for that lady,
In bowr whar she lay dead,
But a' was for the bonnie babe
That lay blabbering in her bleed.

C

Herd's MSS, I, 169, II, 84. Jamieson's Popular Ballads, II, 265.

1 LADY MAISDRY was a lady fair,
She maid her mither's bed;
Auld Ingram was an aged knight,
And hee sought her to wed.

2 'Tis I forbid ye, Auld Ingram,
For to seek me to spouse;
For Lord Wayets, your sister's son,
Has been into my bowrs.

3 'Tis I forbid ye, Auld Ingram,
For to seek me to wed;
For Lord Wayets, your sister's son,
Has been into my bed.'

4 'Tis he has bought to this lady
The robes of the brown;
'And ever alas,' says this lady,
'The robes will pit mee down!'

5 And he has bought to this lady
The robes of the red;
'And ever alas,' says this lady,
'The robes will be my dead!'

6 And he has bought to this lady
The chrystal and the lammer,
Sae has hee bought to her mither
The curches of the cammer.

7 Every ane o her se'n brethren
They had a hawk in hand,

And every lady i the place
They got a goud garland.

8 Every cuk in that kichen
They gat a noble claiith;
A' was blyth at Auld Ingram's cuming,
But Lady Maisdry was wraith.

9 'Whare will I get a bonny boy,
Wad fain wun hos and shoon,
That wud rin on to my Wayets,
And quickly cume again?'

10 'Here am I, a bonny boy,
Wad fain wun hoes and shoon,
Wha wull rin on to your Wayets,
And quickly cume again.'

11 'Ye 'l bid him, and ye 'l pray him baith,
Gif ony prayer can dee,
To Mary Kirk to cume the morn,
My weary wadding to see.'

12 Lord Wayets lay our his castle wa,
Beheld baith dale and down,
And he beheld a bonny boy
Cume rinnen to the town.

13 'What news, what news, ye bonny boy?
What news ye hae to mee?
• • • • • • •
• • • • • • •

14 'O is my ladie's fauldis brunt?
Or is her towrs wun?'

Or is my Maisdrey lighter yet
A dear dochter or sun ?'

15 'Your ladie's faulds they are not brunt,
Nor yet are her towrs wun,
Neither is Maisdrey lighter yet
A dear dochter or sun.'

16 'But she bids ye and she prays ye baith,
Gif ony prayer can dee,
To Mary Kirk to cume the morn,
Her weary wadding to see.'

17 He dung the boord up wi his fit,
Sae did he wi his tae ;
The silver cup that sat upon 't
I the fire he gard it flee :
'O what na a lord in a' Scotland
Dare marry my Maisdrey ?'

18 'O 't is but a feeble thought
To tell the tane and not the tither ;
O 't is but a feeble thought
To tell 't is your mither's brither.'

19 "'T is I wull send to that wadding,
And I wul follow syne,
The fitches o the fallow deer
An the gammons o the swine,
An the nine hides o the noble cow ;
'T was slain in season time.

20 "'T is I wul send to that wadding
Ten ton of the red wyne ;
Much more I 'll send to that wadding,
An I wul follow syne.'

21 When he came in unto the ha,
Lady Maisdrey she did ween,
And twenty times he kist her mou
Before Auld Ingram's een.

22 Nor to the kirk she wud ne gae,
Nor til 't she wudn ride,
Till four and twunty men she gat her before,
An twunty on ilka side,
An four and twunty milk-white dows
To flee aboon her head.

23 A loud laughter gae Lord Wayets
Mang the mids o his men :
'Marry the lady wham they weel,
A maiden she is nane.'

24 'O laugh ye at my men, Wayets ?
Or di ye laugh at me ?
Or laugh ye at the beerly bride,
That 's gane to marry me ?'

25 'I laugh na at your men, uncle,
Nor yet dive I at thee,
Bit I laugh at my lands sae braid,
Sae weel's I do them see.'

26 Whan ene was cume, and ene-bells rung,
An a' man gane to bed,
The bride bit and the silly bridegroom
In chambers they were laid.

27 Was na it a fell thing for to see,
Twa heads lye on a coad,
Lady Maisdrey like the moten goud,
Auld Ingram like a toad ?

28 He turnd his face unto the stock,
And sound he fell asleep ;
She turnd her fair face unto the wa,
An sa't tears she did weep.

29 It fell about the mark midnight,
Auld Ingram began to turn him ;
He pat his hands on 's lady's sides,
An waly, sair was she murnin.

30 'What aileth thee, my lady dear ?
Ever alas and wae's me,
There is a baube betwixt thy sides !
O sae sair 's it grieves me.'

31 'Didn I tell ye that, Auld Ingram,
Or ye saught me to wed,
That Lord Wayets, your sister's son,
Had been into my bed ?'

32 'O father that bairn on me, Maisdrey,
O father it on me,
An ye soll hae a rigland shire
Your mornin's gift to bee.'

33 'O sarbit,' says the Lady Maisdrey,
'That ever the like me befa,
To father my bairn on Auld Ingram,
Lord Wayets in my father's ha !'

34 'O sarbit,' says the Lady Maisdrey,
'That ever the like me betide,
To father my bairn on Auld Ingram,
An Lord Wayets beside !'

D

Kinloch MSS, V, 323, in the handwriting of John Hill Burton.

- 1 LORD INGRAM and Childe Viat
Were both bred in one ha ;
They laid their luves on one ladye,
And frae her they could na fa.
- 2 Lord Ingram courted Ladye Maisery,
He courted her frae ha to bower ;
And even sae did Childe Viat,
Amang the summer flowers.
- 3 Lord Ingram courted Ladye Maisery,
He courted her frae bower to ha ;
And even sae did Childe Viat,
Among the sheets sae sma.
- 4 Sir Ingram bought her Ladye Maisery
The steed that paid him well ;
She wads he were ayont the sea,
Gin she had her true love.
- 5 Lord Ingram bought her Lady Maisery
The knives hafted wi steel ;
She wads they were in his heart's bluid,
Gin Childe Viat was weel.
- 6 Lord Ingram bought her Lady Maisery
The golden knobbed gloves ;

She wads they were ayone the sea,
Gin she had her true love.

* * * * *

- 7 'There 's two swords in one scabbard,
They cost me many a pound ;
Take you the best, leave me the worst,
We 's fight till they be done.'
- 8 The firsten stroke Lord Ingram gae,
He wounded Childe Viat nigh ;
The nexten stroke Childe Viat gae,
Lord Ingram's head did flie ;
And fifty feet oer a burken buss
Lord Ingram's head did flee.
- 9 There was no mane made for these two lords,
In bower where they lay slain ;
But all was for this fair ladie,
In bower where she gaed brain.
- 10 'For one word I would gie for Childe Viat,
For Lord Ingram I would gie three ;
And it 's a' for the brave wedding
That he did to me gie.'

* * * * *

E

Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 234.

- 1 LORD INGRAM and Childe Vyett
Were baith born in ae bower ;
They fell in love wi ae lady,
Their honour was but poor.
- 2 Lord Ingram and Childe Vyett
Were baith bred in ae ha ;
They laid their love on Lady Maisry,
The waur did them befa.
- 3 Lord Ingram gained Lady Maisry
Fraeler and frae mother ;
Lord Ingram gained Lady Maisry
Fraeler and frae brother.

- 4 Lord Ingram gained Lady Maisry
Fraeler and frae mother ;
Lord Ingram courted Lady Maisry
But she said nay to him.
- 5 Lord Ingram courted Lady Maisry
In the garden amo the flowers ;
Childe Vyett courted Lady Maisry
Amo her ha's and bowers.
- 6 Lord Ingram sent to Lady Maisry
A steed paced fu well ;
She wishes he were ower the sea,
If Childe Vyett were well.
- 7 Lord Ingram courted Lady Maisry
Fraeler and frae brother ;

Childe Vy whole courted Lady Maisry
Amo the sheets sae sma.

8 Lord Ingram bought to Lady Maisry
The siller knapped gloves ;
She wishd his hands might swell in them,
Had she her ain true love.

9 Lord Ingram bought to Lady Maisry
The brands garnishd wi steel ;
She wishd the same might pierce his heart,
Gin Childe Vy whole were weell.

10 Childe Vy whole bought to Lady Maisry
The fancy ribbons sma ;
She had mair delight in her sma fancy
Than o Lord Ingram, gowd and a'.

11 Lord Ingram's gane to her father,
And thus he did complain :
'O am I doomd to die for love,
And nae be loved again ?

12 'I hae sent to your daughter
The steed paced fu well ;
She wishes I were ower the sea,
Gin Childe Vy whole were well.

13 'I hae bought to your daughter
The siller knapped gloves ;
She wishd my hands might swell in them,
Had she her ain true love.

14 'I hae bought to your daughter
The brands garnishd wi steel ;
She wishd the same might pierce my heart,
Gin Childe Vy whole were weell.

15 'Childe Vy whole bought to your daughter
The fancy ribbons sma ;
She's mair delight in her sma fancy
Nor o me, gowd and a'.

16 Her father turnd him round about,
A solemn oath sware he,
Saying, She shall be the bride this night,
And you bridegroom shall be.

17 'O had your tongue, my father dear,
Let a' your passion be ;
The reason that I love this man,
It is unknown to thee.'

18 Sweetly played the merry organs,
Intill her mother's bower ;
But still and dum stood Lady Maisry,
And let the tears down pour.

19 Sweetly played the harp sae fine,
Intill her fathers ha ;
But still and dum stood Lady Maisry,
And let tears down fa.

20 Tween Marykirk and her mother's bower,
Was a' clad ower wi gowd,
For keeping o her snaw-white feet
Frae treading o the mould.

21 Lord Ingram gaed in at ae church-door,
Childe Vy whole at another,
And lightly leugh him Childe Vy whole
At Lord Ingram, his brother.

22 'O laugh ye at my men, brother ?
Or do ye laugh at me ?
Or laugh ye at young Lady Maisry,
This night my bride's to be ?'

23 'I laugh na at your men, brother,
Nor do I laugh at thee ;
But I laugh at the knightless sport
That I saw wi my ee.

24 'It is a ring on ae finger,
A broach on ae breast-bane ;
And if ye kent what's under that,
Your love woud soon be dane.'

25 Lord Ingram and his merry young men
Out ower the plains are gane,
And pensively walkd him Childe Vy whole,
Him single self alone.

26 When they had eaten and well drunken,
And a' men bound for bed,
Lord Ingram and Lady Maisry
In ae chamber were laid.

27 He laid his hand upon her breast,
And thus pronounced he :
'There is a bairn within your sides,
Wha may the father be ?'

28 'Wha ever be your bairn's father,
Ye will father it on me ;

The fairest castle o Snowdown
Your morning gift shall be.'

29 'Wha ever be my bairn's father,
I 'll neer father it on thee;
For better love I my bairn's father
Nor ever I 'll love thee.'

30 Then he 's taen out a trusty brand,
Laid it between them tway;
Says, Lye ye there, ye ill woman,
A maid for me till day.

31 Next morning her father came,
Well belted wi a brand;
Then up it starts him Lord Ingram,
He was an angry man.

32 'If your daughter had been a gude woman,
As I thought she had been,
Cauld iron shoud hae never lien
The lang night us between.'

33 'Ohon, alas! my daughter dear,
What's this I hear o thee?
I thought ye was a gude woman
As in the north countrie.'

34 'O had your tongue, my father dear,
Let a' your sorrows be;
I never liked Lord Ingram,
Ye ken ye forced me.'

35 Then in it came him Childe Vy whole
Well belted wi a brand;
Then up it raise him Lord Ingram,
He was an angry man.

36 'Win up, win up, now Lord Ingram,
Rise up immediately,
That you and I the quarrel try,
Who gains the victory.'

37 'I hae twa brands in ae scabbard,
That cost me mony pound;
Take ye the best, gie me the warst,
And I 'll fight where I stand.'

38 Then up it starts him Childe Vy whole,
Shook back his yellow hair;
The first an stroke Childe Vy whole drew,
He wounded Ingram sair.

39 Then up it starts him Lord Ingram,
Shed back his coal-black hair;
The first an stroke Lord Ingram drew,
Childe Vy whole needed nae mair.

40 Nae meen was made for these twa knights,
Whan they were lying dead,
But a' for her Lady Maisry,
That gaes in mournfu weed.

41 Says, 'If I hae been an ill woman,
Alas and wae is me!
And if I 've been an ill woman,
A gude woman I 'll be!'

42 'Ye 'll take frae me my silk attire,
Bring me a palmer's weed,
And thro the world, for their sakes,
I 'll gang and beg my bread.'

43 'If I gang a step for Childe Vy whole,
For Lord Ingram I 'll gang three;
All for the honour that he paid
At Marykirk to me.'

44 'I 'll gang a step for Childe Vy whole,
For Lord Ingram I 'll gang three;
It was into my mother's bower
Childe Vy whole wronged me.'

A. a. 1⁴. their bonheur. 8². to kill.
11¹. boy *wanting* : see b.
11². And will. 19¹. and that.
26¹. did stand.
b. 1¹. Childe Vy whole, *and always*.
1⁸, 2⁸. Had . . . loves. 1⁴. honour.
3¹, 3⁸, 4¹, 5¹, 5⁸. the Lady.

7¹. He said *wanting*.
7⁸. he *wanting*. 8². to sell. 9⁸. I 'd be.
10⁸. Will run. 11¹. I am the boy, says one.
11². Will win. 13¹. to Vy whole's.
14¹. line that Childe Vy whole read.
14⁸. line that he.
14^{5, 6}, 15^{1, 2}, as 15.

What ails my one brother, he says,
He'll not let my love be?
But I'll send to my brother's bridal,
The woman shall be free.

15³. Take four and twenty bucks and ewes.
16⁴. was wi wean. 17¹. about the.
18². with gold. 18³, 19³. keep the lady.
18⁴. the mould.
20¹. bells were. 21¹. upon their.
21⁴. Says he, You are with bairn.
22². came as my wooer. 22³. your one.
23¹. so did I. 26¹. start him.
28¹, 29¹. for the.
28³, 29³. All was for Lady.
30¹. O get to me. 31. For ae.
31³. All for the honourable marriage that.
B. 1³. Their laid. 2². womb.

12, 13 make one stanza in the MS.
15, 16 are written together in three long lines.
18 did not belong where it stands, cf. A 31, E
43, 44, but as the text now runs, cannot
well change place.

C. Herd's copies differ little except in spelling.
6⁴. cannell (cinnamon). I have thought it best to
risk cammer, for camerik, cambric, though
I have not found the word in English:
Danish kammer-dug.
10³. second copy omits on. 11². due (?).
13, 14 are written in one stanza.
19⁵. second copy hidies.
25¹. men, Wayets: uncle in second copy.
26-28 precede 23-25.
D. 4². that paid: cf. E 6². 10 follows 6 in MS.
E. 31², 35². belted and a brand.

67

GLASGERION

A. 'Glasgerion,' Percy MS., p. 94; Hales and Furnivall, I, 248.

B. 'Glenkindie,' Jamieson's Popular Ballads, I, 93.

C. Kinloch MSS, III, 139.

'GLASGERION' was first printed in Percy's Reliques, III, 43, 1765, and was not thought by the editor to require much correction. Certainly the English ballad is one which it would be hard to mend. Scottish B is mainly of good derivation (a poor old woman in Aberdeenshire), and has some good stanzas, but Jamieson unfortunately undertook to improve a copy in which the story was complete, but "the diction much humbled," by combining with it a fragment of another version. Dr John Hill Burton seems, in turn, to have compounded a portion of the ballad as printed by Jamieson with a fragment from tradition (C): Kinloch MSS, III, 147.

Cunningham, Songs of Scotland, II, 32, has fused Percy's and Jamieson's copies, as Moth-

erwell remarks, "in a flux of his own which has disfigured and quite changed the features of each."

The ^{great} grete Glascurion is joined in Chaucer's House of Fame, III, 13-18, with the harpers Orpheus, Orion (Arion), and Chiron, and with Orpheus again by Gavin Douglas, copying Chaucer, in his Palice of Honour, I, 21, vv 15, 16, ed. Small.

Y Bardd Glas, Keraint, in English Keraint the Blue Bard (Blue Bard being an appellation of a chief bard, who wore an official robe of blue), is recorded, as Mr Edward Williams informs us, to have been an eminent poet of distinguished birth, son of Owain, Prince of Glamorgan. The English name Glasgerion, Mr Williams further remarks, differs not half

Bret/

so much from Glasgeraint as most Welsh names, as written by Englishmen, do from their true orthography. There is, therefore, at least no absurdity in the suggestion that the Glascurion of Chaucer and the Glasgerion of the ballad may represent the Welsh Glas Keraint.*

A peasant lad, tailor's lad, who had overheard the troth-plight of a knight and lady, anticipates the lover in 'Den fule Bonde-dreng,' Kristensen, II, 25-27; 'Torpardrängen,' Hazelius, Ur de Nordiska Folkens Lif, p. 138; 'Die Betrogene,' Norrenberg, Des dülkener Fiedlers Liederbuch, p. 79. The adventure is jocosely treated in the first two, and does not amount to a tragedy in the other. A groom forestalls Agilulf, King of the Lombards, in the Decameron, III, 2, again without a bloody conclusion.

The marvellous power of the harp in **B** 2, **C** 1 is precisely paralleled in the Scandinavian 'Harpans Kraft,' Arwidsson, No 149, II, 311-17; Afzelius, No 91, III, 144-47; Grundtvig, No 40, II, 65-68; Landstad, No 51, p. 475; Íslensk Fornkvæði, No 3, p. 18f. In these the fish is harped out of the water, the young from folk and from fee, the bairn from its mother's womb, the water from the brook, the hind from the wood, the horns from the hart's head, the bark from the tree, the dead out of the mould, etc., etc. These effects are of the same nature as those produced by the harp of Orpheus, and it is to be observed that in the ballad of 'Harpans Kraft' the harper is a bridegroom seeking (successfully) to recover his bride, who has been carried down to the depths of the water by a merman. We have had something like these effects in the 'Twa Brothers,' No 49, **B** 10, I, 439, where Lady Margaret harps the small birds off the briars and her true love out of the grave.† There is a fisherman in the *Gesta Romanorum* who has a harp so sweet that all the fish in the water come to his hand: Oesterley, No 85,

p. 413, Madden, No 35, p. 116, No 8, p. 293. Equally potent is pipe, flute, or song in many ballads of various nations; the fish come up from below, the stars are stopped, the brook rises, the pines vail their top, the deer stops in its leap, etc., the musician being sometimes an elf, sometimes an inspired mortal: 'Hr. Tönne af Alsö,' Grundtvig, No 34, II, 15, 19, Afzelius, No 7, I, 33, 128; 'Elvehöj,' Grundtvig, No 46, II, 107-109, Afzelius, No 95, III, 170, Arwidsson, No 147, II, 301; Kudrun, ed. Bartsch, sts 379, 381, 388; the Roumanian 'Salga,' 'Mihu Copilul,' 'Vidra,' Stanley, p. 29, Alecsandri, pp 58, 66, 98f, the same, Ballades et Chants populaires, pp 118, 168, Murray, pp 44, 53f, 83; 'El Poder del Canto,' Milá, Romancerillo, No 207, p. 165, Nigra, Rivista Contemporanea, XX, 78; 'Conde Arnaldos,' Wolf and Hofmann, No 153, II, 80. For the soporific effect of such music, as shown in **B** 5, **C** 2, there are parallels in 'Albred Lykke,' who sings a ballad which sets everybody asleep but the young bride who had been stolen from him, Kristensen, I, 281, No 105, sts 11, 12, II, 259f, No 76, sts 13, 14; 'Den fortryllende Sang,' Grundtvig, No 243, IV, 470, Danish **A** 12, 473, Swedish **G** 25, 26; 'El Rey marinero,' Milá, No 201, p. 151, Briz, I, 117, IV, 15, V, 75; Campbell's West Highland Tales, I, 291f.

The oath by oak, ash, and thorn, **A** 18, is a relic or trait of high antiquity. We have an oath by the thorn in 'Fair Janet,' **G** 13, 'Young Hunting,' **K** 26; by corn, grass sae green and corn, in 'Young Hunting,' **A** 16, **D** 19, **G** 7. It is to be supposed that the tree, thorn, corn, was touched while swearing, a sod taken up in the hand. See Grimm's *Rechtsalterthümer*, 2d ed., p. 896f, p. 117f.

For drying the sword on the sleeve, **A** 22, see 'Little Musgrave and Lady Bernard.'

Translated by Bodmer, I, 73, after Percy; by Knortz, *Lieder und Romanzen Alt-England*, No 59, after Allingham, p. 358

* See *The Cambrian Journal*, September, 1858, pp 192-194, communicated to me by the kind courtesy of Rev. Professor D. Silvan Evans. As to Glasgerion's being a king's son, ballad titles count for little.

† In **C** 18, p. 440,
She wept the sma brids frae the tree,
She wept the starns adoun frae the lift,
She wept the fish out o the sea.

A

Percy MS., p. 94; Hales and Furnivall, I, 248.

1 GLASGERION was a kings owne sonne,
And a harper he was good ;
He harped in the kings chamber,
Where cuppe and candle stoode,
And soe did hee in the queens chamber,
Till ladies waxed wood.

2 And then bespake the *kings* daughter,
And these words thus sayd shee :
• • • • •

3 Saide, Strike on, strike on, Glasgerrion,
Of thy striking doe not blinne ;
There 's neuer a stroke comes ouer thin harpe
But it glads my hart within.

4 'Faire might you fall, lady ! ' quoth hee ;
' Who taught you now to speake ?
I haue loued you, lady, seuen yeere ;
My hart I durst neere breake.'

5 'But come to my bower, my Glasgerryon,
When all men are att rest ;
As I am a ladie true of my promise,
Thou shalt bee a welcome guest.'

6 But hom then came Glasgerryon,
A glad man, Lord, was hee :
' And come thou hither, Iacke, my boy,
Come hither vnto mee.'

7 'For the *kings* daughter of Normandye,
Her loue is granted mee,
And beffore the cocke haue crowen,
Att her chamber must I bee.'

8 'But come you hither master,' quoth hee,
'Lay your head downe on this stone ;
For I will waken you, master deere,
Afore it be time to gone.'

9 But vpp then rose *that* lither ladd,
And did on hose and shoone ;
A coller he cast vpon his necke,
Hee seemed a gentleman.

10 And when he came to *that* ladies chamber,
He thrild vpon a pinn ;

11 He did not take the lady gay
To boulster nor to bedd,
But downe vpon her chamber-flore
Full soone he hath her layd.

12 He did not kisse *that* lady gay
When he came nor when he youd ;
And sore mistrusted that lady gay
He was of some churlës blood.

13 But home then came *that* lither ladd,
And did of his hose and shoone,
And cast *that* coller from about his necke ;
He was but a churlës sonne :
' Awaken,' quoth hee, ' my master deere,
I hold it time to be gone.'

14 'For I haue saddled your horsse, master,
Well bridled I haue your steed ;
Haue not I serued a good breakfast,
When time comes I haue need.'

15 But vp then rose good Glasgerryon,
And did on both hose and shoone,
And cast a coller about his necke ;
He was a *king*ës sonne.

16 And when he came to *that* ladies chamber,
He thrild vpon a pinn ;
The *lady* was more then true of promise,
Rose vp and let him in.

17 Saies, Whether haue you left with me
Your braclett or your gloue ?
Or are you returned backe againe
To know more of my loue ?'

18 Glasgerryon swore a full great othe,
By oake and ashe and thorne,
'Lady, I was neuer in your chamber
Sith the time that I was borne.'

19 'O then it was your litle foote-page
Falsly hath beguiled me :'
And then shee pulld forth a litle pen-kniffe,
That hanged by her knee,
Says, There shall neuer noe churlës blood
Spring within my body.

20 But home then went Glasgerryon,
A woe man, good [Lord], was hee ;
Sayes, Come hither, thou Iacke, my boy,
Come thou hither to me.

21 Ffor if I had killed a man to-night,
Iacke, I wold tell it thee ;
But if I haue not killed a man to-night,
Iacke, thou hast killed three !

B

Jamieson's Popular Ballads, I, 93, taken from the recitation of an old woman by Professor Scott, of Aberdeen, and "somewhat improved" by a fragment communicated by the Rev. William Gray, of Lincoln.

1 GLENKINDIE was ance a harper gude,
He harped to the king ;
And Glenkindie was ance the best harper
That ever harpd on a string.

2 He 'd harpit a fish out o saut water,
Or water out o a stane,
Or milk out o a maiden's breast,
That bairn had never nane.

3 He 's taen his harp intill his hand,
He harpit and he sang,
And ay as he harpit to the king,
To haund him nnthought lang.

4 'I 'll gie you a robe, Glenkindie,
A robe o the royal pa,
Gin ye will harp i the winter's night
Afore my nobles a'.'

* * * *

5 He 's taen his harp intill his hand,
He 's harpit them a' asleep,
Except it was the young countess,
That love did waukin keep.

6 And first he has harpit a grave tune,
And syne he has harpit a gay,
And mony a sich atween hands
I wat the lady gae.

7 Says, Whan day is dawen, and cocks hae
crawen,
And wappit their wings sae wide,

22 And he puld out his bright browne sword,
And dried it on his sleeve,
And he smote off that lither ladds head,
And asked noe man noe leaue.

23 He sett the swords poynt till his brest,
The pumill till a stone ;
Thorrow *that* falsenese of *that* lither ladd
These three liues werne all gone.

It 's ye may come to my bower-door,
And streek you by my side.

8 But look that ye tell na Gib, your man,
For naething that ye dee ;
For, an ye tell him Gib, your man,
He 'll beguile baith you and me.

9 He 's taen his harp intill his hand,
He harpit and he sang,
And he is hame to Gib, his man,
As fast as he could gang.

10 'O mith I tell you, Gib, my man,
Gin I a man had slain ?'
'O that ye micht, my gude master,
Altho ye had slain ten.'

11 'Then tak ye tent now, Gib, my man,
My bidden for to dee ;
And but an ye wauken me in time,
Ye sall be hangit hie.

12 'Whan day has dawen, and cocks hae crawen,
And wappit their wings sae wide,
I 'm bidden gang till yon lady's bower,
And streek me by her side.'

13 'Gae hame to your bed, my good master ;
Ye 've waukit, I fear, oer lang ;
For I 'll wauken you in as good time
As ony cock i the land.'

14 He 's taen his harp intill his hand,
He harpit and he sang,
Until he harpit his master asleep,
Syne fast awa did gang.

15 And he is till that lady's bower,
As fast as he could rin ;

When he cam till that lady's bower,
He chappit at the chin.

16 'O wha is this,' says that lady,
'That opens nae and comes in ?'
'It's I, Glenkindie, your ain true-love,
O open and lat me in !'

17 She kent he was nae gentle knicht
That she had latten in,
For neither when he gaed nor cam,
Kist he her cheek or chin.

18 He neither kist her when he cam,
Nor clappit her when he gaed,
And in and at her bower window,
The moon shone like the gleed.

19 'O ragged is your hose, Glenkindie,
And riven is your sheen,
And reaveld is your yellow hair,
That I saw late yestreen.'

20 'The stockings they are Gib, my man's,
They came first to my hand,
And this is Gib, my man's shoon,
At my bed-feet they stand ;
I've reavelld a' my yellow hair
Coming against the wind.'

21 He's taen the harp intill his hand,
He harpit and he sang,
Until he cam to his master,
As fast as he could gang.

22 'Won up, won up, my good master,
I fear ye sleep oer lang ;
There's nae a cock in a' the land
But has wappit his wings and crawn.'

23 Glenkindie's tane his harp in hand,
He harpit and he sang,
And he has reachd the lady's bower
Afore that eer he blan.

24 When he cam to the lady's bower,
He chappit at the chin :
'O wha is that at my bower-door,
That opens na and comes in ?'
'It's I, Glenkindie, your ain true-love,
And in I canna win.'

* * * * *

25 'Forbid it, forbid it,' says that lady,
'That ever sic shame betide,
That I should first be a wild loon's lass,
And than a young knight's bride.'

26 He's taen his harp intill his hand,
He harpit and he sang,
And he is hame to Gib, his man,
As fast as he could gang.

27 'Come forth, come forth, now, Gib, my man,
Till I pay you your fee ;
Come forth, come forth, now, Gib, my man,
Weel payit sall ye be.'

28 And he has taen him Gib, his man,
And he has hangd him hie,
And he's hangit him oer his ain yate,
As high as high could be.

29 There was nae pity for that lady,
For she lay cald and dead,
But a' was for him, Glenkindie,
In bower he must go mad.

C

Kinloch's MSS, III, 139, in the handwriting of John Hill Burton.

1 GLENKINNIE was as good a harper
As ever harpet tone ;
He harpet fish out o the sea-flood,
And water out of a dry loan,
And milk out o the maiden's breast
That bairn had never neen.

2 He harpit i the king's palace,
He harpit them a' asleep,
Unless it were Burd Bell alone,
And she stud on her feet.

3 'Ye will do ye home, Glenkinnie,
And ye will take a sleep,
And ye will come to my bower-door
Before the cock's crowing.'

4 He 's taen out his milk-white steed,
And fast away rode he,
Till he came to his ain castle,
Where gold glanced never so hie.

5 'Might I tell ye, Jeck, my man,
Gin I had slain a man ?'
'Deed might [ye], my good master,
Altho ye had slain ten.'

6 'I've faun in love wi a gay ladie,
She 's daughter to the Queen,
And I maun be at her bower-door
Before the cock's crowing.'

7 He 's taen out his master's steed,
And fast awa rode he,
Until he cam to Burd Bell's door,
Where gold glanced never so hie.

8 When he came to Burd Bell's door,
He tirled at the pin,

And up she rose, away she goes,
To let Glenkinnie in.

9
That I combed out yestreen.

* * * * *

10 She looked out at a shot-window,
Atween her and the meen:
'There is twa lovers beguiled the night,
And I fear I am ane.'

11 'Ye shall na hae to say, Glenkindie,
When you sit at the wine,
That once you loved a queen's daughter,
And she was your footman's quean.'

* * * * *

A. 1⁴. cappe . . . yoode.

1^{5,6}, 2^{1,2} make a stanza in the MS.

3³. this harpe. 4¹. him fall? 4³. 7 yeere.

6¹. whom then.

7^{3,4}. & at her chamber must I bee
beffore the cocke haue crowen.

10². pinn: one stroke of the n is left out, as
frequently, in the MS. Furnivall.

11². nor noe. 14⁴. times. 16⁴. him im.

17¹. you you. 17³. you are. 21⁴. killed 3.

22³. head: there is a tag to the d as if for s.
Furnivall.

23⁴. these 3.

B. 1^{3,4}, 2 are cited by Jamieson in the Scots
Magazine, October, 1803, p. 698, as the
beginning of a fragment [Gray's], with
only this variation:

Glenkindie was ance the best harper.

*He has, therefore, combined the two ver-
sions here.*

*Stanza 4, as published, is the first of
"another copy [Scott's], in which the
story is complete, but, it having been
written from the recitation of a poor old
woman in Aberdeenshire, the diction
has been much humbled. It begins:*

'I 'll gie you a robe, Glenkindy,
A robe o the royal pa,
Gin ye will harp i the winter's night
Afore my nobles a'.'

(Robe is misprinted rolu).

*After 4 follows this stanza, which, with
but a word or two of difference, is the
first of 'Brown Robin,' where, no doubt,
it belongs, but not here:*

And the king but and his nobles a'
Sat birling at the wine,
And he wad hae but his ae dochter
To wait on them at dine.

10 may not be in the right place, and
should, perhaps, be put just before Gib
gets his deserts. Some such stanza
would come in well between 20 and 21
of A.

*After 25 follows 29, manifestly with no
right. If this commonplace is retained,
it must come at the end.*

*After 29 (27 in Jamieson) follow these
three stanzas, the first a superfluous
and very improbable repetition; the
second altered by Jamieson, "to intro-*

duce a little variety, and prevent the monotonous tiresomeness of repetition," *the last as little in traditional style as the second.*

He 'd harpit a fish out o saut water,
The water out o a stane,
The milk out o a maiden's breast
That bairn had never nane.

He 's taen his harp intill his hand,
Sae sweetly as it rang,
And wae and weary was to hear
Glenkindie's dowie sang.

But cald and dead was that lady,
Nor heeds for a' his maen ;
An he wad harpit till domis day,
She 'll never speak again.

C. 8 follows 2 in the MS.

A fragment in Kinloch MSS, III, 147, sixteen stanzas, in the writing of John Hill Burton, is thus made up : B 1, 2, C 2, B 6, 7, C 4, 5, B 11, C 6, B 14, C 7, 8, B 17, 18, B 19¹⁻³ and C 9⁴, B 20 ; with the following variations, probably arbitrary.

Variations from

B 1¹. a gude harper.

1⁸. he was the. 1⁴. on string.

2¹. o the sea-flood. 2². o the.

2³. And milk.

C 2³. Except it was. B 7⁴. streek down.

C 4⁸. Until. C 5¹. Now might.

C 5². a man had slain = B 10².

C 5³. Indeed ye micht.

B 11¹. Jock my man. 11³. And but ye.

C 7¹. And he 's. C 8¹. bower-door.

C 8³. and away.

68

YOUNG HUNTING

A. 'Young Hunting.' a. Herd's MSS, I, 182. b. The same, II, 67.

B. 'Young Redin,' Kinloch MSS, VII, 7, Kinloch's Ancient Scottish Ballads, p. 1.

C. 'Young Riedan,' Harris MS., fol. 8.

D. Motherwell's MS., p. 377.

E. 'Lord William,' Scott's Minstrelsy, III, 265, 1803.

F. 'Earl Richard.' a. Motherwell's MS., p. 61, Motherwell's Minstrelsy, p. 218. b. Motherwell's Minstrelsy, Appendix, p. xvii, one stanza.

G. Herd's MSS, I, 34; Herd's Scottish Songs, 1776, I, 148.

H. 'Clyde's Water,' Dr Joseph Robertson's Journal of Excursions, No 1, 1829.

I. 'Lord John,' Motherwell's MS., p. 189.

J. 'Earl Richard,' Scott's Minstrelsy, II, 42, 1802, and III, 184, 1833.

K. 'Young Hunting,' Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 118.

J, Scott's version, and naturally the best known, is described by the editor as made up from the best verses of Herd's copies, A, G, with some trivial alterations adopted from tradition. This account is far from being exact, for there are many lines in the edition of 1802

which are not found in Herd's copies, and in the edition of 1833 four additional stanzas, 11, 12, 13, 28. Such portions of Scott's version as are not found in Herd are here distinguished by a larger type. K is perhaps a stall copy, and certainly, where it is not taken from

other versions, is to a considerable degree a modern manufacture by a very silly pen.*

The copy in Pinkerton's *Tragic Ballads*, p. 84, is only the first five stanzas of G, a little altered.

A Scandinavian ballad begins somewhat like 'Young Hunting,' but ends like 'Elveskud' or 'Clerk Colvil.' A young man who has made up his mind to marry is warned by his mother against the wiles of a former mistress. He rides to his old love's house and is welcomed to beer and wine. He tells her that he is on the way to his bride. She wants a word with him, or a kiss, and as he leans over to her on his horse, stabs him to the heart. He rides home bleeding, pretends that he has hurt himself by running against a tree, asks that his bed may be made and a priest sent for, and dies. Danish, 'Frillens Hævn,' Grundtvig, IV, 203 f, No 208, A-D, A from a manuscript of the 17th century. Swedish, A, 'Herr Magnus,' Afzelius, No 13, I, 67, an imperfect copy; B, from Cavallius and Stephens' manuscript collection, C-H, fragments in the same collection, Grundtvig, IV, 203; I, 'Herr Samsing,' Eva Wigström, in Hazellius, *Ur de nordiska Folkens Lif*, p. 124. Norwegian, 'Herre Per og Gjöðalin,' a mixed form, Landstad, p. 564, No 68, and the first stanza in Lindeman, No 132, No 178.

The place where the dead body of the knight lies at the bottom of the river is discovered by candles burning bright, A 22 f, C 19 f, H 8, K 31, 35. Sir Walter Scott supposed these candles to mean "the corpse-lights . . . which are sometimes seen to illuminate the spot where a dead body is concealed." He had been informed that the body of a man drowned in the Ettrick had been discovered by means of these candles. Though the language in the ballad is not

quite explicit, owing perhaps to the fact that the method of detection practised was more familiar formerly than now, the meaning is as likely to be that a candle, floated on the water, would burn brighter when it came to the spot where the body lay. A candle (a consecrated one in Catholic countries) stuck in a loaf of bread, or supported by cork, is still believed to be efficient for indicating the place of a drowned body; in England, Henderson, *Notes on the Folk Lore of the Northern Counties*, ed. 1879, p. 60; in Bohemia, Wuttke, *Deutscher Volksaberglaube der Gegenwart*, ed. 1869, p. 239, No 371; in Brittany, *Blätter für literarische Unterhaltung*, 1837, p. 892; in Portugal, Vasconcellos, *Tradições Populares*, p. 80, No 178.†

That the body of a murdered man will emit blood upon being touched, or even approached, by the murderer is a belief of ancient standing, and evidence of this character was formerly admitted in judicial investigations. See especially Grimm, *Rechtsalterthümer*, 1854, p. 930 f, Bahrgericht, who cites from literature the *Nibelungenlied* (1043-45, Bartsch) Hartmann's *Iwein*, 1355-64, Shakespeare's *Richard III*, I, 2, besides instances of legal or historical description; to which may be added others furnished by Sir W. Scott, *Minstrelsy III*, 190-93, ed. 1833, and Kinloch, *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, pp 10-12. See further Schmidt, *Die Märchen des Straparola*, pp 229, 346 ff, Holinshed's *Chronicle of Scotland*, p. 235, ed. 1808, Matthew Paris, *Chronica Majora*, ed. Luard, II, 344 f, Brand's *Antiquities*, ed. Ellis, II, 542-44.‡

There is a sort of *judicium ignis* in A 26-28, B 23 f, C 24, K 37 f: the fire which does not burn the innocent bower-woman consumes her guilty mistress.

For the oath by corn, A 16, D 21, grass

* For utter ineptness 7-9 even go beyond the ordinary Buchan mark.

† Other expedients are, a loaf of bread weighted with quicksilver, or without candle or quicksilver, or a chip of wood; Henderson, as above, p. 59, Gregor, *Notes on the Folk Lore of the North East of Scotland*, p. 208, *Choice Notes from Notes and Queries*, pp 40-43, and Liebrecht, *Volkskunde*, p. 344 f, who cites nearly all these places. J. S. C. observes in *Notes and Queries*: As there are in all run-

ning streams deep pools formed by eddies, in which drowned bodies would be likely to be caught and retained, any light substance thrown into the current would consequently be drawn to that part of the surface over the centre of the eddy hole.

‡ Also (not seen by me) *Danske Samlingar*, II, 274-76, 1867, *Norsk Magazin*, I, 401, 1860, cited by somebody (probably Grundtvig) whom I have neglected to note.

and corn, G 7, thorn, K 26, see 'Glasge-
rion.'

E is translated by Schubart, p. 173; F by Wolff, Halle der Völker, I, 24, Hausschatz,

p. 204; J by Schubart, p. 86, Gerhard, p. 134; Aytoun's copy by Rosa Warrens, Schottische Volkslieder, p. 46; Allingham's copy by Knortz, Lieder und Romanzen Alt-Englands, p. 42.

A

a. Herd's MSS, I, 182; b. the same, II, 67.

- 1 O LADY, rock never your young son young
One hour longer for me,
For I have a sweetheart in Garlick's Wells
I love thrice better than thee.
- 2 'The very sols of my love's feet
Is whiter then thy face :'
'But nevertheless na, Young Hunting,
Ye 'l stay wi me all night.'
- 3 She has birld in him Young Hunting
The good ale and the beer,
Till he was as fou drunken
As any wild-wood steer.
- 4 She has birld in him Young Hunting
The good ale and the wine,
Till he was as fou drunken
As any wild-wood swine.
- 5 Up she has tain him Young Hunting,
And she has had him to her bed,
.
- 6 And she has minded her on a little penknife,
That hangs low down by her gare,
And she has gin him Young Hunting
A deep wound and a sare.
- 7 Out an spake the bonny bird,
That flew abon her head :
'Lady, keep well thy green clothing
Fra that good lord's blood.'
- 8 'O better I 'll keep my green clothing
Fra that good lord's blood
Nor thou can keep thy flattering toun,
That flatters in thy head.

9 'Light down, light down, my bonny bird,
Light down upon my hand,
.

10 'O siller, O siller shall be thy hire,
An goud shall be thy fee,
An every month into the year
Thy cage shall changed be.'

11 'I winna light down, I shanna light down,
I winna light on thy hand ;
For soon, soon wad ye do to me
As ye done to Young Hunting.'

12 She has booted an spird him Young Hunting
As he had been gan to ride,
A hunting-horn about his neck,
An the sharp sourd by his side.

13 And she has had him to yon wan water,
For a' man calls it Clyde,
.

14 The deepest pot intill it all
She has puten Young Hunting in ;
A green truff upon his breast,
To hold that good lord down.

15 It fell once upon a day
The king was going to ride,
And he sent for him Young Hunting,
To ride on his right side.

16 She has turnd her right and round about,
She sware now by the corn,
'I saw na thy son, Young Hunting,
Sen yesterday at morn.'

17 She has turnd her right and round about,
She swear now by the moon,

‘I saw na thy son, Young Hunting,
Sen yesterday at noon.

18 ‘It fears me sair in Clyde Water
That he is drownd therein :’
O thay ha sent for the king’s duckers,
To duck for Young Hunting.

19 They ducked in at the tae water-bank,
Thay ducked ont at the tither :
‘We ’ll duck no more for Yonng Hunting,
All tho he wear our brother.’

20 Out an spake the bonny bird,
That flew abon their heads,
.

21 ‘O he ’s na drownd in Clyde Water,
He is slain and put therein ;
The lady that lives in yon castil
Slew him and put him in.

22 ‘Leave aff your ducking on the day,
And duck upon the night ;
Whear ever that sakeless knight lys slain,
The candels will shine bright.’

23 Thay left off their ducking o the day,
And ducked upon the night,

24 The deepest pot intill it a’
Thay got Young Hunting in ;
A green turff upon his brest,
To hold that good lord down.

25 O thay ha sent aff men to the wood
To hew down baith thorn an fern,
That they might get a great bonefire
To burn that lady in.
‘Put na the wyte on me,’ she says,
‘It was her May Catheren.’

26 Whan thay had tane her May Catheren,
In the bonefire set her in ;
It wad na take upon her cheeks,
Nor take upon her chin,
Nor yet upon her yallow hair,
To healle the deadly sin.

27 Out they hae tain her May Catheren,
And they hay put that lady in ;
O it took upon her cheek, her cheek,
An it took upon her chin,
An it took on her fair body,
She burnt like hoky-gren.

B

Kinloch MSS, VII, p. 7, Kinloch’s Ancient Scottish Ballads, p. 1 ; “from the recitation of Miss E. Beattie, of Edinburgh, a native of Mearns-shire, who sings it to a plaintive and melancholy, though somewhat monotonous, air of one measure.”

1 YOUNG REDIN ’s til the huntin gane,
Wi therty lords and three ;
And he has til his true-love gane,
As fast as he could hie.

2 ‘Ye ’re welcome here, my Young Redin,
For coal and candle-licht ;
And sae are ye, my Young Redin,
To bide wi me the nicht.’

3 ‘I thank ye for your licht, ladie,
Sae do I for your coal ;

But there ’s thrice as fair a ladie as thee
Meets me at Brandie’s Well.’

4 Whan they war at their supper set,
And merrily drinking wine,
This ladie has tane a sair sickness,
And til her bed has gane.

5 Young Redin he has followed her,
And a dowie man was he ;
He fund his true-love in her bouer,
And the tear was in her ee.

6 Whan he was in her arms laid,
And gieing her kisses sweet,
Then out she ’s tane a little penknife,
And woundid him sae deep.

7 'O lang, lang is the winter nicht,
And slawly daws the day ;
There is a slain knicht in my bouer,
And I wish he war away.'

8 Then up bespak her bouer-woman,
And she spak ae wi spite :
'An there be a slain knicht in your bouer,
It's yourself that has the wyt.'

9 'O heal this deed on me, Meggy,
O heal this deed on me ;
The silks that war shapen for me gen Pasche,
They sall be sewed for thee.'

10 'O I hae heald on my mistress
A twalmonth and a day,
And I hae heald on my mistress
Mair than I can say.'

* * * *

11 They've booted him, and they've spurred him,
As he was wont to ride,
A huntin-horn round his neck,
And a sharp sword by his side ;
In the deepest place o Clyde's Water,
It's there they've made his bed.

12 Sine up bespak the wylie parrot,
As he sat on the tree :
'And hae ye killd him Young Redin,
Wha neer had love but thee ?'

13 'Come doun, come doun, ye wylie parrot,
Come doun into my hand ;
Your cage sall be o the beaten gowd,
Whan now it's but the wand.'

14 'I winna come doun, I canna come doun,
I winna come doun to thee ;
For as ye've dune to Young Redin,
Ye'll do the like to me ;
Ye'll throw my head aff my hause-bane,
And throw me in the sea.'

15 O there cam seekin Young Redin
Mony a lord and knicht,
And there cam seekin Young Redin
Mony a ladie bricht.

16 And they've til his true-love gane,
Thinking he was wi her ;
.

17 'I hae na seen him Young Redin
Sin yesterday at noon ;
He turnd his stately steed about,
And hied him throw the toun.

18 'But ye'll seek Clyde's Water up and doun,
Ye'll seek it out and in ;
I hae na seen him Young Redin
Sin yesterday at noon.'

19 Then up bespak Young Redin's mither,
And a dowie woman was scho :
'There's na a place in Clyde's Water
But my son wad gae throw.'

20 They've sought Clyde's Water up and doun,
They've sought it out and in,
And the deepest place in Clyde's Water
They've fund Young Redin in.

21 O white, white war his wounds washen,
As white as a linen clout ;
But as the traitor she cam near,
His wounds they gushit out.

22 'It's surely been my bouer-woman,
O ill may her betide !
I neer wad slain him Young Redin,
And thrown him in the Clyde.'

23 Then they've made a big bane-fire,
The bouer-woman to brin ;
It tuke not on her cheek, her cheek,
It tuke not on her chin,
But it tuke on the cruel hands
That pat Young Redin in.

24 Then they've tane out the bouer-woman,
And pat the ladie in ;
It tuke na on her cheek, her cheek,
It tuke na on her chin,
But it tuke on the fause, fause arms
That Young Redin lay in.

C

Harris MS., fol. 8, from Mrs Harris, Perthshire.

1 THE ladie stude in her bour-door,
In her bour-door as she stude,
She thocht she heard a bridlc ring,
That did her bodie gude.

2 She thocht it had been her father dear,
Come ridin owre the sand ;
But it was her true-love Riedan,
Come liean to her hand.

3 ' You 're welcome, you 're welcome, Young
Riedan,' she said,
' To coal an cannel-licht ;
You 're welcome, you 're welcome, Young
Riedan,
To sleep in my bour this nicht.'

4 ' I thank you for your coal, madame,
An for your cannel tae ;
There 's a fairer maid at Clyde's Water,
I love better than you.'

5 ' A fairer maid than me, Riedan ?
A fairer maid than me ?
A fairer maid than ten o me
You shurely neer did see.'

6 He leant him owre his saddle-bow,
To gie her a kiss sae sweet ;
She keppit him on a little penknife,
An gae him a wound sae deep.

7 ' Oh hide ! oh hide ! my bourswoman,
Oh hide this deed on me !
An the silks that waur shappit for me at Yule
At Pasch sall be sewed for thee.'

8 They saiddled Young Riedan, they bridled
Young Riedan,
The way he was wont to ride ;
Wi a huntin-horn aboot his neck,
An a sharp sword by his side.

9 An they are on to Clyde's Water,
An they rade it up an doon,
An the deepest linn in a' Clyde's Water
They flang him Young Riedan [in].

10 ' Lie you there, you Young Riedan,
Your bed it is fu wan ;

The [maid] you hae at Clyde's Water,
For you she will think lang.'

11 Up it spak the wily bird,
As it sat on the tree :
' Oh wae betide you, ill woman,
An an ill death may you dee !
For he had neer anither love,
Anither love but thee.'

12 ' Come doon, come doon, my pretty parrot,
An pickle wheat aff my glue ;
An your cage sall be o the beaten goud,
Whan it 's of the willow tree.'

13 ' I winna come doon, I sanna come doon,
To sicc an a traitor as thee :
For as you did to Young Riedan,
Sae wald you do to mee.'

14 Come doon, come doon, my pretty parrot,
An pickle wheat aff my hand ;
An your cage sall be o the beaten goud,
Whan it 's o the willow wand.'

15 ' I winna come doon, I sanna come doon,
To sicc an a traitor as thee ;
You wald throw my head aff my hase-bane,
An fling it in the sea.'

16 It fell upon a Lammas-tide
The king's court cam ridin bye :
' Oh whare is it him Young Riedan ?
It 's fain I wald him see.'

17 ' Oh I hae no seen Young Riedan
Sin three lang weeks the morn ;
It bodes me sair, and dries me mair,
Clyde's Water's him forlorn.'

18 Up it spak the wily bird,
As it sat on the tree ;
.

19 ' Leave aff, leave aff your day-seekin,
An ye maun seek by nicht ;
Aboon the place Young Riedan lies,
The cannels burn bricht.'

20 They gae up their day-seekin,
An they did seek by nicht ;

An owre the place Young Riedan lay,
The cannels burnt bricht.

21 The firsten grip his mother got
Was o his yellow hair;
An was na that a dowie grip,
To get her ae son there!

22 The nexten grip his mother got
Was o his milk-white hand;
An wasna that a dowie grip,
To bring sae far to land!

23 White, white waur his wounds washen,
As white as ony lawn;

But sune 's the traitor stude afore,
Then oot the red blude sprang.

* * * *

24 Fire wadna tak on her bourswoman,
Niether on cheek nor chin;
But it took fast on thae twa hands
That flang young Riedan in.

25 'Come oot, come oot, my bourswoman,
Come oot, lat me win in;
For as I did the deed myself,
Sae man I drie the pine.'

D

Motherwell's MS., p. 377; from Agnes Lyle, Kilbarchan.

1 EARL RICHARD has a hunting gone,
As fast as he can ride;
He 's a hunting-horn about his neck,
And a broadsword by his side.

2 'Licht down, licht down, Earl Richard,' she
says,
'O licht down and come in,
And thou 'll get cheer and charcoal clear,
And torches for to burn.'

3 'I winna licht, I canna licht,
I winna licht at all;
A fairer lady then ten of thee
Meets me at Richard's Wall.'

4 He louted owre his saddle-bow,
And for to kiss her sweet,
But little thocht o that penknife
Wherewith she wound him deep.

5 'Why wounds thou me so deep, lady?
Why stabs thou me so sore?
There 's not a lord like Earl Richard
Could love false woman more.'

6 She called upon her waiting-maid,
Long before it was day:
'I have a dead man in my bower,
I wish he were away.'

7 'Keep ye your bower, my lily-flower,
Keep it free of all men's blood;
'Oh I will keep it een as weel
As you or any maid.

8 'But siller will be thy wage,' she says,
'And gold will be thy fee,
And I myself will gang alang
And bear thee companye.'

9 They booted him, and spurred him,
As he was wont to ride,
And they 're awa to Lorn's Water,
To Lorn's Water so wide.

10 They turned down his yellow hair,
Turnd up his milk-white feet:
'Lye thou there, Earl Richard,' she said,
'Till the blood seep from thy bane;
That fairer maid than ten of me
Will look lang or thou come hame.'

11 As they were coming hame again,
Upon the road so hie,
There they spy'd a small pyet,
Was sitting on a tree.

12 'Where has thou been, fair lady?' it says,
'Whare has thou been so soon?
Or what did thou wi Earl Richard,
Was late wi thee yestreen?'

13 'Come down, come down, my wee pyet;
An thou 'll come to my knee,

I have a cage of beaten gold,
And I'll bestow 't on thee.'

14 'Keep thou thy cage of beaten gold,
And I will keep my tree ;
For as thou did wi Earl Richard,
So wad thou do wi me ;
Thou wad throw the wee head aff my bouk,
And drown me in the sea.'

15 'Come down, come down, my wee pyet ;
An thou'll come to my hand,
I have a cage of beaten gold,
And thou's be put therein.'

16 'Keep thou thy cage o beaten gold,
And I will keep my tree ;
For as thou did wi Earl Richard,
So would thou do wi me.'

17 'Oh an I had my bow bendit,
And set unto my knee,
I wad shoot this wee pyet
Sits gabbing on the tree.'

18 'Before thou get thy bow bendit,
And set unto thy knee,

I 'll be at Earl Richard's father,
Telling ill tales on thee.'

19 As they were coming hame again,
Upon the road so bricht,
There they saw Earl Richard's father,
Coming marching in their sicht.

20 'Whare has thou been, fair lady ?' he says,
' Whare has thou been back sae sune ?
O what did thou wi my auld son,
Was late wi thee yestreen ?'

21 She did swear by stars o licht,
And grass-green growing corn,
That she had not seen Earl Richard's face
Since Saturday at morn ;
' But in Lorn's Water, indeed,' she says,
' I fear his days are done.'

22 'There was not a ford in Lorn's Water
But he could ride it weel ;
And what did thou wi my auld son,
That went with thee afield ?'

* * * * *

E

Scott's Minstrelsy, III, 265, 1803, communicated by James Hogg, from the recitation of his mother (Motherwell).

1 LORD WILLIAM was the bravest knight
That dwalt in fair Scotland,
And, though renowned in France and Spain,
Fell by a lade's hand.

2 As she was walking maid alone,
Down by yon shady wood,
She heard a smit o bridle reins,
She wish'd might be for good.

3 'Come to my arms, my dear Willie,
You're welcome hame to me ;
To best o chear and charcoal red,
And candle burnin free.'

4 'I winna light, I darena light,
Nor come to your arms at a' ;
A fairer maid than ten o you
I'll meet at Castle-law.'

5 'A fairer maid than me, Willie ?
A fairer maid than me ?
A fairer maid than ten o me
Your eyes did never see.'

6 He louted owr his saddle-lap
To kiss her ere they part,
And wi a little keen bodkin,
She pierced him to the heart.

7 'Ride on, ride on, Lord William now,
As fast as ye can dree ;
Your bonny lass at Castle-law
Will weary you to see.'

8 Out up then spake a bonny bird,
Sat high upon a tree :
' How could you kill that noble lord ?
He came to marry thee.'

9 'Come down, come down, my bonny bird,
And eat bread aff my hand ;

Your cage shall be of wiry goud,
Whar now it's but the wand.'

10 'Keep ye your cage o goud, lady,
And I will keep my tree ;
As ye hae done to Lord William,
Sae wad ye do to me.'

11 She set her foot on her door-step,
A bonny marble stane,
And carried him to her chamber,
Oer him to make her mane.

12 And she has kept that good lord's corpse
Three quarters of a year,
Until that word began to spread ;
Then she began to fear.

F

a. Motherwell's MS., p. 61, from the recitation of Miss Stevenson of Glasgow, January 22, 1825 ; Motherwell's Minstrelsy, p. 218. b. Motherwell's Minstrelsy, Appendix, p. xvii, VIII, one stanza.

1 EARL RICHARD is a hunting gone,
As fast as he can ride,
His hunting-horn hung about his neck,
And a small sword by his side.

2 When he came to my lady's gate
He tirled at the pin,
And wha was sae ready as the lady hersell
To open and let him in.

3 'O light, O light, Earl Richard,' she says,
'O light and stay a' night ;
You shall have cheer wi charcoal clear,
And candles burning bright.'

4 'I will not light, I cannot light,
I cannot light at all ;
A fairer lady than ten of thee
Is waiting at Richard's Wall.'

5 He stooped from his milk-white steed,
To kiss her rosy cheek ;
She had a pen-knife in her hand,
And wounded him so deep.

6 'O lie ye there, Earl Richard,' she says,
'O lie ye there till morn ;

13 Then she cryed on her waiting-maid,
Ay ready at her ca :
'There is a knight into my bower,
'T is time he were awa.'

14 The aue has taen him by the head,
The ither by the feet,
And thrown him in the wan water,
That ran baith wide and deep.

15 'Look back, look back, now, lady fair,
On him that loed ye weel ;
A better man than that blue corpse
Neer drew a sword of steel.'

A fairer lady than ten of me
Will think lang of your coming home.'

7 She called her servants aue by aue,
She called them twa by twa :
'I have got a dead man in my bower,
I wish he were awa.'

8 The one has taen [him] by the hand,
And the other by the feet,
And they've thrown him in a deep draw-well,
Full fifty fathom deep.

9 Then up bespake a little bird,
That sat upon a tree :
'Gae hame, gae hame, ye false lady,
And pay your maids their fee.'

10 'Come down, come down, my pretty bird,
That sits upon the tree ;
I have a cage of beaten gold,
I'll gie it unto thee.'

11 'Gae hame, gae hame, ye fause lady,
And pay your maids their fee ;
As ye have done to Earl Richard,
Sae wud ye do to me.'

12 'If I had an arrow in my hand,
And a bow bent on a string,
I'd shoot a dart at thy proud heart,
Amang the leaves sae green.'

G

Herd's MSS, I, 34; Herd's Scottish Songs, 1776, I, 148.

1 SHE has calld to her her bower-maidens,

She has calld them one by one :

‘There is a dead man in my bower,

I wish that he was gone.’

2 They have booted him, and spurred him,

As he was wont to ride,

A hunting-horn around his waist,

A sharp sword by his side.

3 Then up and spake a bonie bird,

That sat upon the tree :

‘What hae ye done wi Earl Richard ?

Ye was his gay lady.’

4 ‘Cum down, cum down, my bonie bird,

Cum sit npon my hand ;

And ye soll hae a cage o the gowd,

Where ye hae but the wand.’

5 ‘Awa, awa, ye ill woman,
Nae ill woman for me ;
What ye hae done to Earl Richard,
Sae wad ye do to mee.’

* * * * *

6 ‘O there’s a bird intill your bowir
That sings sae sad and sweet ;
O there’s a bird intill your bouri
Kept me frae my nicht’s sleep.’

* * * * *

7 And she sware by the grass sae greene,
Sae did she by the corn,
That she had not seen Earl Richard
Sen yesterday at morn.

* * * * *

H

Dr Joseph Robertson's “Journal of Excursions,” No 1,
1829.

* * * * *

1 ‘HAIL well, hail well, my little foot-page,
Hail well this deed on me,
And ever I live my life to brook,
I 'se pay thee well thy fee.’

2 ‘It's we 'l beet him, and we 'l spur him,
As gin he had been gain to ride,
Put a huntin-horn about his neck,
And a small sword by his side.

3 ‘And we 'll carry him to Clyde's Water,
And there we 'll fling him in,
That we may have it to be said
In Clyde's Water he drownd.’

4 O they bet him, and they spurr'd him,
As gin he had been gain to ride,
Put a huntin-horn about his neck,
But the sword on his wrang side.

5 And they hae carried him to Clyde's Water,
And there they flang him in,

That they might have it to be said
In Clyde's Water he drowned.

* * * * *

6 ‘It's we 'll sen for the king's doukers,
And douk it up and doun ;
It's we 'll sen for the king's doukers,
And douk it out and in.’

7 Out it spak a little wee birdie,
As it sat on yon burn-brae :

.

8 ‘Ye may lay by your day doukers,
And turn you to the night,
And where the innocent blood lies slain,
The candles will burn fou bricht.’

* * * * *

9 O they hae brunt that gay ladie,
And blawn her in the air,
And nothing o that bower-man would burn
But the hands that buskd him rare.

I

Motherwell MS., p. 189.

* * * *

1 'Come down, come down, thou bonnie bird,
 Sit low upon my hand,
 And thy cage shall be o the beaten gowd,
 And not of hazel wand.'

2 'O woe, O woe be to thee, lady,
 And an ill death may thou die !
For the way thou guided good Lord John,
 Soon, soon would thou guide me.'

3 'Go bend to me my bow,' she said,
 'And set it to my ee,
 And I will gar that bonnie bird
 Come quickly down to me.'

4 'Before thou bend thy bow, lady,
 And set it to thy ee,
 O I will be at yon far forest,
 Telling ill tales on thee.'

* * * *

J

Scott's Minstrelsy, II, 42, 1802, and III, 184, 1833, from Herd's copies (A, G), and from tradition.

1 'O lady, rock never your young son young
 One hour langer for me ;
For I have a sweetheart in Garlioch Wells
 I love far better than thee.'

2 'The very sole o that ladye's foot
 Than thy face is far mair white :'
'But, nevertheless, now, Erl Richard,
 Ye will bide in my bower a' night ?'

3 She birled him wi the ale and wine,
 As they sat down to sup:
A living man he laid him down,
 But I wot he neer rose up.

4 Then up and spake the popinjay,
 That flew aboun her head :
'Lady, keep weel your green cleiding
 Frae gude Erl Richard's bleid.'

5 'O better I 'll keep my green cleiding
 Frae gude Erl Richard's bleid,
Than thou canst keep thy clattering toun,
 That trattles in thy head.'

6 She has calld upon her bower-maidens,
 She has calld them ane by ane :
'There lies a deid man in my bowr,
 I wish that he were gane.'

7 They hae booted him, and spurred him,
 As he was wont to ride,

A hunting-horn tied round his waist,
 A sharp sword by his side ;
And they hae had him to the wan water,
 For a' men call it Clyde.

8 Then up and spake the popinjay,
 That sat upon the tree :
'What hae ye done wi Erl Richard ?
 Ye were his gaye ladye.'

9 'Come down, come down, my bonny bird,
 And sit upon my hand ;
And thou shall hae a cage o gowd,
 Where thou hast but the wand.'

10 'Awa, awa, ye ill woman,
 Nae cage o gowd for me ;
As ye hae dune to Erl Richard,
 Sae wad ye do to me.'

11 She hadna crossd a rigg o land,
 A rigg but barely ane,
When she met wi his auld father,
 Came riding all alone.

12 'Where hae ye been, now, ladye fair,
 Where hae ye been sae late ?
We hae been seeking Erl Richard,
 But him we canna get.'

13 'Erl Richard kens a' the fords in Clyde,
 He 'll ride them ane by ane ;
And though the night was neer sae mirk,
 Erl Richard will be hame.'

14 O it fell anes upon a day
 The king was boun to ride,
 And he has mist him Erl Richard,
 Should hae ridden on his right side.

15 The ladye turnd her round about,
 Wi mickle mournfu din :
 'It fears me sair o Clyde water,
 That he is drownd thererin.'

16 'Gar douk, gar douk,' the king he cried,
 'Gar douk for gold and fee ;
 O wha will douk for Erl Richard's sake,
 Or wha will douk for me ?'

17 They douked in at ae weil-heid,
 And out aye at the other :
 'We can douk nae mair for Erl Richard,
 Altho he were our brother.'

18 It fell that in that ladye's castle
 The king was boun to bed,
 And up and spake the popinjay,
 That flew abune his head.

19 'Leave aff your douking on the day,
 And douk upon the night ;
 And wherever that sackless knight lies slain,
 The candles will burn bright.'

20 'O there's a bird within this bower,
 That sings baith sad and sweet ;
 O there's a bird within your bower
 Keeps me frae my night's sleep.'

21 They left the douking on the day,
 And douked upon the night,
 And where that sackless knight lay slain,
 The candles burned bright.

22 The deepest pot in a' the linn
 They fand Erl Richard in ;

23 Then up and spake the king himsell,
 Whien he saw the deadly wound,
 'O wha has slain my right-hand man,
 That held my hawk and hound ?'

24 Then up and spake the popinjay,
 Says, What needs a' this din ?
 It was his light leman took his life,
 And hided him in the linn.

25 She swore her by the grass sae grene,
 Sae did she by the corn,
 She had na seen him Erl Richard
 Since Monunday at morn.

26 'Put na the wyte on me,' she said,
 'It was my may, Catherine :'
 Then they hae cut baith fern and thorn,
 To burn that maiden in.

27 It wadna take upon her cheik,
 Nor yet upon her chin,
 Nor yet upon her yellow hair,
 To cleanse the deadly sin.

28 The maiden touchd the clay-cauld corpse,
 A drap it never bled ;
 The ladye laid her hand on him,
 And soon the ground was red.

29 Out they hae ta'en her May Catherine,
 And put her mistress in ;
 The flame tuik fast upon her cheik,
 Tuik fast upon her chin,
 Tuik fast upon her fair bodye,
 She burnd like hollins grene.

K

Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 118.

1 LADY MAISRY forth from her bower came,
 And stood on her tower-head ;
 She thought she heard a bridle ring,
 The sound did her heart guid.

2 She thought it was her first true-love,
 Whom she loved ance in time ;

But it was her new love, Hunting,
 Come frae the hunting o the hyn.

3 'Gude morrow, gude morrow, Lady Maisry,
 God make you safe and free ;
 I'm come to take my last farewell,
 And pay my last visit to thee.'

4 'O stay, O stay then, Young Hunting,
 O stay with me this night ;

Ye shall hae cheer, an charcoal clear,
And candles burning bright.'

5 'Have no more cheer, you lady fair,
An hour langer for me ;
I have a lady in Garmouth town
I love better than thee.'

6 'O if your love be changed, my love,
Sinee better canno be,
Nevertheless, for auld lang syne,
Ye 'll stay this night wi me.'

7 'Silver, silver shall be your wage,
And gowd shall be your fee,
And nine times nine into the year
Your weed shall changed be.'

8 'Will ye gae to the eards or dice,
Or to a tavern fine ?
Or will ye gae to a table forebye,
And birl baith beer and wine ?'

9 'I winna gang to the cards nor dice,
Nor to a tavern fine ;
But I will gang to a table forebye,
And birl baith beer and wine.'

10 Then she has drawn for Young Hunting
The beer but and the wine,
Till she got him as deadly drunk
As ony unhallowed swine.

11 Then she 's taen out a trusty brand,
That haung below her gare,
Then she 's wounded him Young Hunting,
A deep wound and a sair.

12 Then out it speaks her comrade,
Being in the companie :
'Alas ! this deed that ye hae done
Will ruin baith you and me.'

13 'Heal well, heal well, you Lady Katharine,
Heal well this deed on me,
The robes that were shapen for my bodie,
They shall be sewed for thee.'

14 'Tho I woud heal it never sae well,
And never sae well,' said she,
'There is a God above us baith
That can baith hear and see.'

15 They booted him, and spurred him,
As he 'd been gaun to ride,
A hunting-horn about his neck,
A sharp sword by his side.

16 And they rode on, and farther on,
All the lang summer's tide,

Until they came to wan water,
Where a' man ca's it Clyde.

17 And the deepest pot in Clyde's water,
And there they flang him in,
And put a turf on his breast-bane,
To had Young Hunting down.

18 O out it speaks a little wee bird,
As she sat on the brier :
'Gae hame, gae hame, ye Lady Maisry,
And pay your maiden's hire.'

19 'O I will pay my maiden's hire,
And hire I 'll gie to thee ;
If ye 'll conceal this fatal deed,
Ye 's hae gowd for your fee.'

20 Then out it speaks a bonny bird,
That flew aboon their head :
'Keep well, keep well your green claithing
Frae ae drap o his bluid.'

21 'O I 'll keep well my green claithing
Frae ae drop o his bluid,
Better than I 'll do your flattering tongue,
That flutters in your head.'

22 'Come down, come down, my bonny bird,
Light down upon my hand ;
For ae gowd feather that 's in your wing,
I woud gie a' my land.'

23 'How shall I come down, how ean I come down,
How shall I come down to thee ?
The things ye said to Young Hunting,
The same ye 're saying to me.'

24 But it fell out on that same day
The king was going to ride,
And he ealld for him Young Hunting,
For to ride by his side.

25 Then out it speaks the little young son,
Sat on the nurse's knee :
'It fears me sair,' said that young babe,
'He 's in bower wi yon ladie.'

26 Then they hae calld her Lady Katharine,
And she sware by the thorn
That she saw not him Young Hunting
Sin yesterday at morn.

27 Then they hae calld her Lady Maisry,
And she sware by the moon
That she saw not him Young Hunting
Sin yesterday at noon.

28 'He was playing him at the Clyde's Water,
Perhaps he has fa'en in :'

The king he calld his divers all,
To dive for his young son.

29 They div'd in thro the wan burn-bank,
Sae did they outhro the other:
'We'll dive nae mair,' said these young men,
'Suppose he were our brother.'

30 Then out it spake a little bird,
That flew aboon their head:
'Dive on, dive on, ye divers all,
For there he lies indeed.'

31 'But ye'll leave aff your day diving,
And ye'll dive in the night;
The pot where Young Hunting lies in,
The candles they'll burn bright.'

32 'There are twa ladies in yon bower,
And even in yon ha,
And they hae kill'd him Young Hunting,
And casten him awa.'

33 'They booted him, and spurred him,
As he'd been gaun to ride,
A hunting-horn tied round his neck,
A sharp sword by his side

34 'The deepest pot o Clyde's Water,
There they flang him in,
Laid a turf on his breast-bane,
To had Young Hunting down.'

35 Now they left aff their day diving,
And they dived on the night;
The pot that Young Hunting lay in,
The candles were burning bright.

36 The king he calld his hewers all,
To hew down wood and thorn,
For to put up a strong bale-fire,
These ladies for to burn.

37 And they hae taen her Lady Katharine,
And they hae pitten her in;
But it wadna light upon her cheek,
Nor woud it on her chin,
But sang the points o her yellow hair,
For healing the deadly sin.

38 Then they hae taen her Lady Maisry,
And they hae put her in:
First it lighted on her cheek,
And syne upon her chin,
And sang the points o her yellow hair,
And she burnt like keckle-pin.

A. a. 1¹. than he. 2¹. lover's. 3⁸. drucken.
7⁸. the green. 10¹. higher. 10⁸. On every.
12². Or he.
20^{1, 2} and 21 in one stanza.
21¹. Clyd's. (?) 23⁸. lackless.
25^{5, 6} and 26 in one stanza.

b. is a revised copy, in which most of the above readings are corrected, with other changes.
1¹. second young omitted.
3⁸. love drucken. 4⁸. love drunken.
6¹. her of. 13¹. wan omitted.
14¹, 24¹. pit. 15². gan. 18¹, 21¹. Clyde's.
19¹. tae omitted. 27^{1, 2}. hae omitted.
27⁶. hoky gren wanting.

B. 6, 7. These stanzas, with the trivial variation in 6⁸ of she's taen out, are given by Chambers, *Scottish Ballads*, p. 259, note, from his recollection of a recited fragment.

D. "The catastrophe wanting, but the lady's treachery was discovered, and she was burned." *Motherwell's MS.*
9⁴. so deep. 20¹. hast.

E. "Although much of 'the language seems somewhat modernized, this must be attributed to its currency, being much liked, and very much sung, in this neighborhood. I can trace it back several generations, but cannot hear of its ever having been in print. I have never heard it with any considerable variation, save that one reciter called the dwelling of the feigned sweetheart Castle-swa." *Hogg.*

G. "To a wild melancholy tune." *Herd.*
Quhat, ze, etc., are printed what, ye, as usual.

H. 7^{1, 2} and 8 one stanza.

69

CLERK SAUNDERS

A. 'Clerk Sanders,' Herd's MSS, I, 177, II, 49.

B. 'Clerk Saunders,' Herd's MSS, I, 163, II, 46.

C. 'Clerk Saunders,' Kinloch's Scottish Ballads, p. 233.

D. 'Lord Saunders,' Motherwell's MS., p. 196.

E. 'The Seven Blaidy Brethers,' Motherwell's MS., p. 199.

F. 'Clerk Saunders,' Jamieson's Popular Ballads, I, 83.

G. 'Clerk Sandy,' Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 160.

'CLERK SAUNDERS' was first given to the world in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, II, 33, 1802, and was there said to be "taken from Mr Herd's MS., with several corrections from a shorter and more imperfect copy in the same volume, and one or two conjectural emendations in the arrangement of the stanzas." Sir Walter arranged his ballad with much good taste, but this account of his dealing with Herd's copies is very far from precisely accurate. **A**, the longer of these, does not end, as here printed, with Margret's refusal to be comforted, a rather unsufficing conclusion it must be owned. The story is continued by annexing the ballad of 'Sweet William's Ghost,' the lack of which in **B** makes Scott call that version imperfect. This sequel, found also in **F**, is omitted here, and will be given in the proper place.* Jamie-
son's, **F**, as well as Scott's, is a made-up copy, "the stanzas where the seven brothers are introduced" having been "enlarged from two fragments, which, although very defective in themselves, furnished lines which, when incorporated with the text, seemed to improve it." About one half of **G** is taken from Herd's MSS, with trivial alterations. The ghostly vis-

itation at the end blends 'Proud Lady Margaret' with 'Sweet William's Ghost,' and this conclusion, not being worth transferring, has been allowed to stand.† The dream in **E** 13 may be derived from 'Fair Margaret and Sweet William.'

The austerities vowed in **D** 13-15, **E** 17-20, found also in **A** 20-22, **G** 23-25, make a very satisfactory termination to the tragedy, and supply a want that may be felt in **B**, and in **A** as it stands here. The like are found in 'The Clerk's Twa Sons o Owsenford,' 'Bonny Bee Ho'm,' 'Lord Livingston,' 'The Weary Coble o Cargill,' and 'The Lowlands of Holland.' Also in the French ballad of 'La Biche Blanche,' where a brother, having unwittingly been the death of his sister, who was maid by day but hind by night, vows himself to a seven years' penance :

J'en suis au désespoir, j'en ferai pénitence ;
Serai pendant sept ans sans mettr' chemise blanche,
Et coucherai sept ans sous une épine blanche.

or,

Et j'aurai sous l'épin', pour toit, rien qu'une
branche.

* But it is, of course, not impossible that there may have been such a conclusion to 'Clerk Saunders.' It may be mentioned, though not as an argument, that there was a ballad in Boccaccio's time (of which he cites the first two lines), on the story of G. iv, N. 5, of the *Decamerone*; a tale in which three brothers kill their sister's lover, and bury the body in a solitary place, and his ghost appears and informs the sister of what had happened.

† Buchan 1, 2 = **B** 1, 2; 3-9 = **A** 3-9; 11 = **A** 10; 12 = **B** 11; 15 is made from **A** 12; 16 = **B** 16; 17 = **A** 15; 23-25 = **A** 21, 22, 20; 26-29 are made from **A** 24-26, 23. The fatuity of 13², 14² is such as is found nowhere out of Buchan.

The stanza given in the Appendix to Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, xix, XVI, is Scott's 13.

Vaugeois, *Histoire des Antiquités de la Ville de l'Aigle*, p. 585, repeated in Bosquet, *La Normandie Romanesque*, p. 83, Beaurepaire, *Poésie p. en Normandie*, p. 78; Haupt, *Französische Volkslieder*, p. 20, Souvestre, in *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 1849, Avril, p. 106, and *Les Derniers Paysans*, p. 36, ed. 1871.

The king, in 'Kong Valdemar og hans Søster,' Grundtvig, No 126, A, B, C, will live in a dark house where he shall never see fire nor light, nor shall the sun ever shine on him, till he has expiated his monstrous cruelty to his sister.

So the marquis, in the *Romance del Marques de Mántua*, swears, till he has avenged the death of Valdovinos,

de nunca peinar mis canas,
ni las mis barbas cortar,
de no vestir otras ropas,
ni renovar mi calzar, etc.

Wolf and Hofmann, *Primavera*, No 165, II, 192.

F, Jamieson's version, connects 'Clerk Saunders' with a Scandinavian ballad,* which seems to be preserved in abbreviated and sometimes perverted forms, also by other races. Full forms of this Northern ballad are :

Icelandic, 'Ólófar kvaeði,' eight versions, A-H, Íslenzk Fornkvæði, No 34, I, 332.

Färöe, 'Faðir og dottir,' communicated by Hammershaimb to the *Antiquarisk Tidsskrift*, 1849-51, p. 88.

Norwegian, 'Far aa dótter,' Bugge, *Gamle Norske Folkeviser*, p. 115, A (with two fragments, B, C).

A father [king, Icelandic A-H] asks his daughter if she is ready to marry. She has no such thought.† [She swore by God, by man, that she had never had the thought, had no private connection, was as clear as a nun; but nobody knew what was in her mind: Färöe.]

* We may suppose that all the three versions, two of them fragmentary, which Jamieson combined, contained the passage which furnishes the link: but it would be much more satisfactory if Jamieson had given us all three as he received them.

† Icelandic A-C have an introductory incident not found in E-H. There is a trace of this in D, and it occurs also in two other ballads, I, K, of the same series, which lack the feature that A-H and English F have in common. A king

Who, then, he asks, is the fair knight that rode to your bower? No fair knight, but one of her knaves. Whose was that horse I saw at your door? It was no horse, but a hind from the fell. Who was that fair knight you kissed at the spring? It was no knight, but her maid that she kissed. Does her maid wear a sword at her side? It was no sword, but a bunch of keys. Does her maid wear spurs? It was no spurs, but gold on her shoes. Has her maid short hair? Her plaits were coiled on her head. Does she wear short clothes, like men? Maids hold up their coats when there is a dew. What babe was crying in her chamber? It was no babe, but her dog. What was that cradle standing by her bed? It was no cradle, but her little silk-loom.

In the Färöe ballad the father then rides to the wood, meets a knight, cuts him in two, hangs his foot, hand, and head to his saddle, and returns. Do you know this foot? he asks. It has often found the way to her chamber. Do you know this hand? Many a night it has lain on her arm. Do you know this head? Many a kiss have the lips had. In the other versions these bloody tokens are produced on the spot, with a more startling effect. The daughter wishes a fire in her father's house, him in it, and herself looking on. Instantly a blaze bursts forth, the king is burnt up, and all that belongs to him. The daughter sets the fire herself in the Färöe and the Norwegian ballad. She dies of grief in Icelandic C, takes to the wood in E, F,‡ goes into a cloister in D, G (cf. English C).

A briefer form of this same story is 'Den grymma Brodern,' Afzelius, No 86, III, 107. In this a brother takes the place of the father. After several questions he asks his sister if she knows the man's hand that hangs at his saddle. She bursts out into an exclamation of

finds a young child that has been left on or in the cleft of a rock, takes it with him, and rides to his daughter's bower. He asks his daughter who the fair swain is that he has found, and how it comes to have her eyes. She feigns ignorance and indifference: many a man is like another. Then come the questions found in the other versions.

‡ "Goes brain," perhaps, as the editors suggest, like Lady Maisry in 'Lord Ingram,' and others in Scottish ballads.

grief. 'Thore och hans Syster,' Arwidsson, No 55, I, 358,* has lost its proper conclusion, for we have not come to the conclusion when the brother says that his sister's false inventions will never give out till the sea wants water, a comment which we also find in the Färöe ballad (where, however, it is misplaced). This is the case, also, with 'Det hurtige Svar,' Danske Viser, No 204, IV, 228 * and 362, but in the Danish ballad a perversion towards the comic has begun, the end being:

'Brother, would you question more,
I have answers still in store.'

'When women lack a quick reply,
The German Ocean shall be dry.'

In a Spanish and Portuguese romance a woman has received a lover in the absence of her husband. The husband returns before he is expected, and puts questions similar to those in the ballads already spoken of: whose horse, lance, sword, is this? whose spurs, whose arms are these? and is answered after the same fashion. There is considerable variety in the conclusion; the husband kills his wife, kills the paramour, kills both, both he and his rival lose their lives, the wife dies of fright, or is even pardoned. Spanish: 'De Blanca-Niña,' Wolf and Hofmann, Primavera, No 136, II,

52; 'Romance del Conde Lombardo,' the same, No 136 a, II, 53; 'La adultera castigada,' Milá, Romancerillo, No 254, A-M, pp 241-45; 'Lo retorn soptat,' Briz, IV, 183; Fernan Caballero, La Gaviota, p. 82, ed. Leipzig, 1868.†

In an Illyrian ballad, husband, wife, and a young Clerk are the parties. Three watches are set to give notice of the husband's return, one in the field, one in the house-court, one before the chamber. They give due warning, but the woman, like Lady Barnard, in 'Little Musgrave,' will not heed. After some questions and evasions the husband strikes off her head: 'Nevérnost,' Vraz, Narodne Pésni Ilirske, p. 72; 'Bestrafte Untreue,' A. Grün, Volkslieder aus Krain, p. 41.

Nothing could be easier than to give these questions, prevarications, and comments a humorous turn, and this is done in a large number of ballads: see 'Our good man came hame at een.'

The two ballads which immediately follow have connections with 'Clerk Saunders.'

Scott's copy is translated by Schubart, p. 79; Wolff, Halle der Völker, I, 45, Hausschatz, p. 202; Knortz, Lieder und Romanzen Alt-Englands, No 13. F, in Afzelius, III, 110.

A

Herd's MSS, a, I, 177; b, II, 419.

1 CLARK SANDERS and May Margret
Walkt ower yon graveld green,
And sad and heavy was the love,
I wat, it fell this twa between.

2 'A bed, a bed,' Clark Sanders said,
'A bed, a bed for you and I ;'
'Fye no, fye no,' the lady said,
'Until the day we married be.'

3 'For in it will come my seven brothers,
And a' their torches burning bright ;
They'll say, We hae but ae sister,
And here her lying wi a knight.'

4 'Ye 'l take the sourde fray my scabbord,
And lowly, lowly lift the gin,
And you may say, your oth to save,
You never let Clark Sanders in.'

5 'Yele take a napken in your hand,
And ye 'l ty up baith your een,

* These are translated by Jamieson, Illustrations of Northern Antiquities, p. 424, Prior, II, 378; W. and M. Howitt, Literature and Romance of Northern Europe, I, 261.

† Fernan Caballero had another Andalusian version besides this.

An ye may say, your oth to save,
That ye saw na Sandy sen late yestreen.

6 'Yele take me in your armes twa,
Yele carrey me ben into your bed,
And ye may say, your oth to save,
In your bower-floor I never tread.'

7 She has taen the sourde fray his seabbord,
And lowly, lowly lifted the gin ;
She was to swear, her oth to save,
She never let Clerk Sanders in.

8 She has tain a napkin in her hand,
And she ty'd up baith her een ;
She was to swear, her oth to save,
She saw na him sene late yestreen.

9 She has taen him in her armes twa,
And carried him ben into her bed ;
She was to swear, her oth to save,
He never in her bower-floor tread.

10 In and came her seven brothers,
And all their torches burning bright ;
Says thay, We hae but ae sister,
And see there her lying wi a knight.

11 Out and speaks the first of them,
'A wat they hay been lovers dear ;'
Out and speaks the next of them,
'They hay been in love this many a year.'

12 Out an speaks the third of them,
'It wear great sin this twa to twain ;'
Out an speaks the fourth of them,
'It wear a sin to kill a sleeping man.'

13 Out an speaks the fifth of them,
'A wat they 'll near be twained by me ;'
Out an speaks the sixth of them,
'We 'l tak our leave an gae our way.'

14 Out an speaks the seventh of them,
'Altho there wear no a man but me,
I bear the brand, I 'le gar him die.'

15 Out he has taen a bright long brand,
And he has striped it throw the straw,
And throw and throw Clarke Sanders' body
A wat he has gard cold iron gae.

16 Sanders he started, an Margret she lapt,
Intill his arms whare she lay,
And well and wellsom was the night,
A wat it was between these twa.

17 And they lay still, and sleeped sound,
Untill the day began to daw ;
And kindly till him she did say
'It 's time, trew-love, ye wear awa.'

18 They lay still, and sleeped sound,
Untill the sun began to shine ;
She lookt between her and the wa,
And dull and heavy was his een.

19 She thought it had been a loathsome sweat,
A wat it had fallen this twa between ;
But it was the blood of his fair body,
A wat his life days wair na lang.

20 'O Sanders, I 'le do for your sake
What other ladys would na thoule ;
When seven years is come and gone,
There 's near a shoe go on my sole.

21 'O Sanders, I 'le do for your sake
What other ladies would think mare ;
When seven years is come an gone,
Ther 's nere a comb go in my hair.

22 'O Sanders, I 'le do for your sake
What other ladies would think lack ;
When seven years is come an gone,
I 'le wear nought but dowy black.'

23 The bells gaed clinking throw the towne,
To carry the dead corps to the clay,
An sighing says her May Margret,
'A wat I bide a doulfou day.'

24 In an come her father dear,
Stout steping on the floor ;
.

25 'Hold your toun, my doughter dear,
Let all your mourning a bee ;
I 'le carry the dead corps to the clay,
An I 'le come back an comfort thee.'

26 'Comfort well your seven sons,
For comforted will I never bee ;
For it was neither lord nor loune
That was in bower last night wi mee.'

B

Herd's MSS, a, I, 163; b, II, 46.

1 CLERK SAUNDERS and a gay lady
 Was walking in yonder green,
 And heavy, heavy was the love
 That fell this twa lovers between.

2 'A bed, a bed,' Clerk Saunders said,
 'And ay a bed for you and me ;'
 'Never a ane,' said the gay lady,
 'Till ance we twa married be.

3 'There would come a' my seven brethern,
 And a' their torches burning bright,
 And say, We hae but ae sister,
 And behad, she 's lying wi you the night.'

4 'You 'll take a napkain in your hand,
 And then you will tie up your een ;
 Then you may swear, and safe your aith,
 You sawna Sandy sin yestreen.

5 'You 'll take me up upon your back,
 And then you 'll carry me to your bed ;
 Then you may swear, and save your aith,
 Your board [-floor] Sandy never tred.'

6 She 's taen him upon her back,
 And she 's carried him unto her bed,
 That she might swear, and safe her aith,
 Her board-floor Sandy never tread.

7 She 's taen a napkin in her hand,
 And lo she did tie up her een,
 That she might swear, and safe her aith,
 She sawna Sandy syne yestreen.

8 They were na weel into the room,
 Nor yet laid weel into the bed,

9 When in came a' her seven brethern,
 And a' their torches burning bright ;
 Says they, We hae but ae sister,
 And behold, she 's lying wi you this night.

10 'I,' bespake the first o them,
 A wat an ill death mat he die !
 'I bear a brand into my hand
 Shall quickly gar Clerk Saunders die.'

11 'I,' bespake the second of them,
 A wat a good death mat he die !
 'We will gae back, let him alone,
 His father has nae mair but he.'

12 'I,' bespake the third o them,
 A wat an ill death mat he die !
 'I bear the brand into my hand
 Shall quickly help to gar him die.'

13 'I,' bespake the fourth o them,
 A wat a good death mat he die !
 'I bear the brand into my hand
 Shall never help to gar him die.'

14 'I,' bespake the fifth o them,
 A wat an ill death mat he die !
 'Altho his father hae nae mair,
 I 'll quickly help to gar him die.'

15 'I,' bespake the sixth o them,
 A wat a good death mat he die !
 'He 's a worthy earl's son,
 I 'll never help to gar him die.'

16 'I,' bespake the seventh of them,
 A wat an ill death mat he die !
 'I bear the brand into my hand
 Shall quickly gar Clerk Saunders die.'

17 They baith lay still, and slept sound,
 Until the sun began to sheen ;
 She drew the curtains a wee bit,
 And dull and drowsie was his een.

18 'This night,' said she, 'the sleepiest man
 That ever my twa eyes did see
 Hay lyen by me, and sweat the sheets ;
 A wite they 're a great shame to see.'

19 She rowd the claihs a' to the foot,
 And then she spied his deadly wounds :
 'O wae be to my seven brethern,
 A wat an ill death mat they die !'

20 'I 'm sure it was neither rogue nor loun
 I had into my bed wi me ;
 'T was Clerk Saunders, that good earl's son,
 That pledgd his faith to marry me.'

C

Kinloch's Scottish Ballads, p. 233, a North Country version.

- 1 It was a sad and a rainy nicht
As ever raind frae toun to toun ;
Clerk Saunders and his lady gay
They were in the fields sae broun.
- 2 'A bed, a bed,' Clerk Saunders cried,
'A bed, a bed, let me lie doun ;
For I am sae weet and sae wearie
That I canna gae nor ride frae toun.'
- 3 'A bed, a bed,' his lady cried,
'A bed, a bed, ye 'll neer get name ;
.
- 4 'For I hae seven bauld brethren,
Bauld are they, and very rude ;
And if they find ye in bouer wi me,
They winna care to spill your blude.'
- 5 'Ye 'll tak a lang clraith in your hand,
Ye 'll haud it up afore your een,
That ye may swear, and save your aith,
That ye saw na Sandy sin yestreen.
- 6 'And ye 'll tak me in your arms twa,
Ye 'll carry me into your bed,
That ye may swear, and save your aith,
That in your bour-floor I never gaed.'
- 7 She 's taen a lang clraith in her hand,
She 's hauden 't up afore her een,
That she might swear, and save her aith,
That she saw na Sandy sin yestreen.
- 8 She has taen him in her arms twa,
And carried him into her bed,
That she might swear, and save her aith,
That on her bour-floor he never gaed.
- 9 Then in there cam her firsten brother,
Bauldly he cam steppin in :
'Come here, come here, see what I see !
We hae only but ae sister alive,
And a knave is in bouer her wi.'
- 10 Then in and cam her second brother,
Says, Twa lovers are ill to twin ;

And in and cam her thirden brother,
'O brother dear, I say the same.'

- 11 Then in and cam her fourthen brother,
'It 's a sin to kill a sleepin man ;'
And in and cam her fifthen brother,
'O brother dear, I say the same.'
- 12 Then in and cam her sixthen brother,
'I wat he 's neer be steerd by me ;'
But in and cam her seventhen brother,
'I bear the hand that sall gar him dee.'
- 13 Then out he drew a nut-brown sword,
I wat he stript it to the stroe,
And thro and thro Clerk Saunders' body
I wat he garrd cauld iron go.
- 14 Then they lay there in ither's arms
Until the day began to daw ;
Then kindly to him she did say,
'It 's time, my dear, ye were awa.'
- 15 'Ye are the sleepiest young man,' she said,
'That ever my twa een did see ;
Ye 've lain a' nicht into my arms,
I 'm sure it is a shame to be.'
- 16 She turnd the blankets to the foot,
And turnd the sheets unto the wa,
And there she saw his bluidy wound,
.
- 17 'O wae be to my seventhen brother,
I wat an ill death mot he dee !
He 's killd Clerk Saunders, an earl's son,
I wat he 's killd him unto me.'
- 18 Then in and cam her father dear,
Cannie cam he steppin in ;
Says, Haud your tongue, my dochter dear,
What need you mak sic heavy meane ?
- 19 'We 'll carry Clerk Saunders to his grave,
And syne come back and comfort thee :'
'O comfort weel your seven sons, father,
For man sall never comfort me ;
Ye 'll marrie me wi the Queen o Heaven,
For man sall never enjoy me.'

D

Motherwell's MS., p. 196, from the recitation of Mrs Thomson.

* * * * *

- 1 'O I HAVE seven bold brethren,
And they are all valiant men,
If they knew a man that would tread my
bower
His life should not go along wi him.'
- 2 'Then take me up into your arms,
And lay me low down on your bed,
That ye may swear, and keep your oath clear,
That your bower-room I did na tread.'
- 3 'Tie a handkerchief round your face,
And you must tye it wondrous keen,
That you may swear, and keep your oath clear,
Ye saw na me since late yestreen.'
- 4 But they were scarsley gone to bed,
Nor scarce fa'n owre asleep,
Till up and started her seven brethren,
Just at Lord Saunders' feet.
- 5 Out bespoke the first brither,
'Oh but love be wondrous keen !'
Out bespoke the second brither,
'It's ill done to kill a sleeping man.'
- 6 Out bespoke the third brither,
'We had better gae and let him be ;'
Out bespoke the fourth brither,
'He'll no be killd this night for me :'
- 7 Out bespoke the fifth brother,
'This night Lord Saunders he shall die ;
Tho there were not a man in all Scotland,
This night Lord Saunders he shall die.'

8 He took out a rousty rapier,
And he drew it three times thro the strae ;
Between Lord Saunders' short rib and his side
He gard the rusty rapier gae.

9 'Awake, awake, Lord Saunders,' she said,
'Awake, awake, for sin and shame !
For the day is light, and the sun shines bricht,
And I am afraid we will be taen.'

10 'Awake, awake, Lord Saunders,' she said,
'Awake, awake, for sin and shame !
For the sheets they are asweat,' she said,
'And I am afraid we will be taen.'

11 'I dreamed a dreary dream last night,
I wish it may be for our good,
That I was cutting my yellow hair,
And dipping it in the wells o blood.'

12 Aye she waukened at this dead man,
Aye she put on him to and fro ;
Oh aye she waukend at this dead man,
But of his death she did not know.

* * * * *

13 'It's I will do for my love's sake
What many ladies would think lang ;
Seven years shall come and go
Before a glove go on my hand.'

14 'And I will do for my love's sake
What many ladies would not do ;
Seven years shall come and go
Before I wear stocking or shoe.'

15 'Ther'll neer a shirt go on my back,
There'll neer a kame go in my hair,
There'll never coal nor candle-light
Shine in my bower nae mair.'

E

Motherwell MS., p. 199, from Widow Smith, George Street, Paisley.

- 1 AN ensign and a lady gay,
As they were walking on a green,
The ensign said to the lady gay,
Will you tak me to your bower at een ?

2 'I have seven bluidy brithers,
Och and to you they have nae good will ;
And if they catch you in my bower,
They'll value not your bluid to spill.'

3 'O you may take me on your back,
And carry me to your chamber-bed,

That I may swear, and avow richt clear,
That your flowery bower I did never tread.

4 'O take a napkin from your pocket,
And with it blindfold my een,
That I may swear, and avow richt clear,
That your flowery bower I have never seen.'

5 O she's taen him upon her back,
And carried him to her chamber-bed,
That he might swear, and avow it clear,
That her flowery [bower] he did never
tread.

6 O she's taen a napkin from her pocket,
And with it blinded baith his een,
That he might swear, and avow it clear,
That her flowery bower he had never seen.

7 They were not well into their bed,
Nor were they scarsely fallen asleep,
Till in there came her seven bluidy brithers,
And placed themselves at the ensign's feet.

8 Said the first one to the second,
'Och it is long since this love began ;'
Said the second unto the third,
'It's a sin to kill a sleeping man.'

9 Said the third one to the fourth,
'I will go to yon tavern hie ;'
Said [the] fourth one to the fifth,
'O if you will go, so will I.'

10 Said the fifth to the sixth,
'Och it's long since this love began ;'
Said the sixth to the seventh,
'It's a sin to kill a sleeping man.'

11 Out then spoke the seventh bluidy brither,
Aye and an angry man was he :
'Altho there was no more men alive,
The ensign's butcher I will be.'

12 He's taen out his rusty broad-sword,
And ran it three times along his throat,

And thro and thro the ensign's body
The tempered steel it went thro and thro.

13 'O I have dreamed a dream,' she said,
'And such an dreams cannot be good ;
I dreamed my bower was full of swine,
And the ensign's clothes all dipped in blood.'

14 'I have dreamed another dream,
And such an dreams are never good ;
That I was combing down my yellow hair,
And dipping it in the ensign's blood.'

15 'O hold your tongue, my sister dear,
And of your weeping let a be ;
For I will get you a better match
Than eer the ensign, what was he ?'

16 'So woe be to you, my seven bluidy brithers,
Aye and an ill death may you die !
For you durst not fight him in battle-field,
But you killed him sleeping in bed wi me.'

17 'I'll do more for my love's sake
That other lovers would not incline ;
Seven years shall come and go
Before I wash this face of mine.'

18 'I will do for my love's sake
What other lovers would not repair ;
Seven years shall come and go
Before I comb down my yellow hair.'

19 'I'll do more for my love's sake,
What other lovers will not do ;
Seven years shall come and go
Before I cast off stocking and shoe.'

20 'I will do for my love's sake
What other lovers they will be slack ;
Seven years shall come and go
Before I cast off my robes of black.'

21 'Go make to me a high, high tower,
Be sure you make it stout and strong,
And on the top put an honour's gate,
That my love's ghost may go out and in.'

F

Jamieson's Popular Ballads, I, 83, communicated by Mrs Arrot, of Aberbrothick, but enlarged from two fragments.

1 CLERK SAUNDERS was an earl's son,
He livd upon sea-sand ;
May Margaret was a king's daughter,
She livd in upper land.

2 Clerk Saunders was an earl's son,
Weel learned at the scheel ;
May Margaret was a king's daughter,
They baith loed ither weel.

3 He 's throw the dark, and throw the mark,
And throw the leaves o green,
Till he came to May Margaret's door,
And tirled at the pin.

4 'O sleep ye, wake ye, May Margaret,
Or are ye the bower within ?'
O wha is that at my bower-door,
Sae weel my name does ken ?'
'It 's I, Clerk Saunders, your true-love,
You 'll open and lat me in.

5 'O will ye to the cards, Margaret,
Or to the table to dine ?
Or to the bed, that 's weel down spread,
And sleep when we get time ?'

6 'I 'll no go to the cards,' she says,
'Nor to the table to dine ;
But I 'll go to a bed, that 's weel down spread,
And sleep when we get time.'

7 They were not weel lyen down,
And no weel fa'en asleep,
When up and stood May Margaret's brethren,
Just up at their bed-feet.

8 'O tell us, tell us, May Margaret,
And dinna to us len,
O wha is aught yon noble steed,
That stands your stable in ?'

9 'The steed is mine, and it may be thine,
To ride whan ye ride in hie ;
.

10 'But awa, awa, my bald brethren,
Awa, and mak nae din ;
.

For I am as sick a lady the nicht
As eer lay a bower within.'

11 'O tell us, tell us, May Margaret,
And dinna to us len,
O wha is aught yon noble hawk,
That stands your kitchen in ?'

12 'The hawk is mine, and it may be thine,
To hawk whan ye hawk in hie ;
.

13 'But awa, awa, my bald brethren,
Awa, and mak nae din ;
For I 'm ane o the sickest ladies this nicht
That eer lay a bower within.'

14 'O tell us, tell us, May Margaret,
And dinna to us len,
O wha is that, May Margaret,
You and the wa between ?'

15 'O it is my bower-maiden,' she says,
'As sick as sick can be ;
O it is my bower-maiden,' she says,
'And she 's thrice as sick as me.'

16 'We hae been east, and we 've been west,
And low beneath the moon ;
But a' the bower-women eer we saw
Hadna goud buckles in their shoon.'

17 Then up and spak her eldest brither,
Ay in ill time spak he :
'It is Clerk Saunders, your true-love,
And never mat I the
But for this scorn that he has done
This moment he shall die.'

18 But up and spak her youngest brother,
Ay in good time spak he :
'O but they are a gudelie pair !
True lovers an ye be,
The sword that hangs at my sword-belt
Sall never sinder ye.'

19 Syne up and spak her nexten brother,
And the tear stood in his ee :
'You 've loed her lang, and loed her weel,
And pity it wad be
The sword that hangs at my sword-belt
Shoud ever sinder ye.'

20 But up and spak her fifthen brother :
 ‘ Sleep on your sleep for me ;
 But we baith sall never sleep again,
 For the tane o us sall die.’

21 And up and spak her thirden brother,
 Ay in ill time spak he :
 ‘ Curse on his love and comeliness !
 Dishonourd as ye be,
 The sword that hangs at my sword-belt
 Sall quickly sinder ye.’

G

Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 160.

1 CLERK SANDY and a lady gay
 Where walking in the garden green,
 And great and heavy was the love
 That hae befa'en these twa between.

2 ‘ A bed, a bed,’ said Clerk Sandy,
 ‘ A bed, my love, for you and me ;’
 ‘ O never a foot,’ said the lady gay,
 ‘ Till ance that we twa married be.

3 ‘ My seven brithers will come in,
 And a’ their torches burning bright ;
 They ’ll say, We hae but ae sister,
 And here she ’s lying wi a knight.’

4 ‘ Ye ’ll take my brand I bear in hand,
 And wi the same ye ’ll lift the gin ;
 Then ye may swear, and save your oath,
 That ye neer let Clerk Sandy in.

5 ‘ Ye ’ll take that kurchie on your head,
 And wi the same tie up your een ;
 And ye will swear, and save your oath,
 Ye saw not Sandy sin yestreen.

6 ‘ Ye ’ll lift me in your arms twa,
 And carry me unto your bed ;
 Then ye may swear, and save your oath,
 Clerk Sandy in your bower neer tread.’

7 She ’s taen the brand he bare in hand,
 And wi the same lifted the gin ;
 It was to swear, and save her oath,
 She never loot Clerk Sandy in.

8 She ’s taen the kurchie frae her head,
 And wi the same tied up her een ;
 It was to swear, and save her oath,
 She saw not Sandy sin yestreen.

22 The eldest brother has drawn his sword,
 The second has drawn anither,
 Between Clerk Saunders’ hause and collar-
 bane
 The cald iron met thegither.

23 ‘ O wae be to you, my fause brethren,
 And an ill death mat ye die !
 Ye mith slain Clerk Saunders in open field,
 And no in bed wi me.’

9 She ’s taen him in her arms twa,
 And she ’s carried him to her bed ;
 It was to swear, and save her oath,
 Clerk Sandie in her bower neer tread.

10 They hadna kissd, nor love clapped,
 Like other lovers when they meet,
 Till in a quarter’s space and less
 These two lovers fell sound asleep.

11 Then in it came her seven brothers,
 And a’ their torches burning bright ;
 They said, We hae but ae sister,
 And here she ’s lying wi a knight.

12 O out it speaks the first o them,
 ‘ We will awa and lat them be ;’
 Then out it speaks the second o them,
 ‘ His father has nae mair but he.’

13 Out it speaks the third o them,
 For he was standing on the birk :
 ‘ Nae sweeter coud twa lovers lye,
 Tho they ’d been married in a kirk.’

14 Then out it speaks the fourth o them,
 Mair fair and lovely is his buke :
 ‘ Our sister dear we cannot blame,
 Altho in him she pleasure took.’

15 Then out it speaks the fifth o them,
 ‘ It were a sin to do them ill ;’
 Then out it spake the sixth o them,
 ‘ It ’s hard a sleeping man to kill.’

16 But out it speaks the seventh o them,
 I wish an ill death mat he dee !
 ‘ I wear the sharp brand by my side
 That soon shall gar Clerk Sandy die.’

17 Then he's taen out his trusty brand,
And he has stroakd it ower a strac;
And thro and thro Clerk Sandy's middle
I wat he's gart it come and gae.

18 The lady slept by her love's side
Until the dawning o the day,
But what was dune she naething knew,
For when she wak'd these words did say :

19 'Awake, awake, now Clerk Sandy,
Awake, and turn you unto me ;
Ye're nae sae keen's ye were at night,
When you and I met on the lee.'

20 O then she calld her chamber-maid
To bring her coal and candle seen :
'I fear Clerk Sandy's dead eneuch,
I had a living man yestreen.'

21 They hae lifted his body up,
They hae searched it round and round,
And even anent his bonny heart
Discovered the deadly wound.

22 She wrung her hands, and tore her hair,
And wrung her hands most bitterlie :
'This is my fause brothers, I fear,
This night hae used this cruetie.'

23 'But I will do for my love's sake
Woud nae be done by ladies rare ;
For seven years shall hae an end
Or eer a kame gang in my hair.

24 'O I will do for my love's sake
What other ladies woud think lack ;
For seven years shall hae an end
Or eer I wear but dowie black.

25 'And I will do for my love's sake
What other ladies woudna thole ;
Seven years shall hae an end
Or eer a shoe gang on my sole.'

26 In it came her father dear,
And he was belted in a brand ;
Sae softly as he trad the floor,
And in her bower did stately stand.

27 Says, Hold your tongue, my daughter dear,
And ye'll lat a' your mourning be ;
I'll wed you to a higher match
Or eer his father's son coud be.

28 'Wed well, wed well your seven sons ;
I wish ill wedded they may be,
Sin they hae killd him Clerk Sandy !
For wedded shall I never be.'

29 His corpse was laid in the cauld clay,
The bells went tinkling thro the town ;
'Alas ! alas !' said the lady gay,
'That eer I heard that waefu soun !'

30 When she had sitten intill her bower
A twalmouth lang and weary day,
Even below her bower-window
She heard a ghaist to knock an cry.

31 She says, Ye're thief or bauld robber,
Or biggin come to burn or brake ;
Or are you ony masterfu man,
That is come seeking ony make ?

32 'I am not thief nor bauld robber,
Nor bigging come to burn nor brake ;
Nor am I ony masterfu man,
That is come seeking ony make ;
But I'm Clerk Sandy, your first love,
And wants wi you again to speak.

33 'Gin ye're Clerk Sandy, my first love,
And wants wi me to speak again,
Tell me some o' the love tokenes
That you and I had last between.'

34 'O mind not ye, ye gay lady,
Sin last I was in bower wi thee,
That in it came your seven brethren,
The youngest gart me sairly dree ?'
Then sighd and said the gay lady,
'Sae true a tale as ye tell me.'

35 Sae painfully she clam the wa,
She clam the wa up after him ;
'T was not for want of stockings nor sheen,
But hadna time to put them on ;
And in the midst o gude greenwood,
'T was there she lost the sight o him.

36 The lady sat, and mourning there,
Until she coudna weep nae mair ;
At length the cloks and wanton flies
They biggit in her yellow hair.

37 'O had your peace, my dearest dear,
For I am come to mak you wise ;
Or this night nine nights come and gang,
We baith shall be in Paradise.'

A b, **B** b, Herd II, seem to be revisions, and to possess no authority.

A. a. 3¹. For an.

4². gin has been altered to pin, according to a marginal suggestion, and pin stands at 7² in my copy.

6¹. taw. (?)

14⁴. Perhaps we should read brand 'll.

15². throi. (?) 18³. and awa. 23³. his. (?)

After 18⁴ is written, but struck out:

O Sandie, ye are the sleepiest man
That ever I saw wi mine een.

And above the first verse of 19, also struck out:

Ye hae spoyled my sheets wi sweat, she said.

14³, 4 stand thus in the second copy:

I'se bear the brand into my hand
Shall quickly gar Clark Sanders die.

20 is wanting.

Stanzas 27-41 are transferred to 'Sweet William's Ghost.'

B. a is written in long lines, two to a stanza.

D. 2⁴. my bower-room ye.

E. 12. "Reeited as here written, but it was not thought to be right."

15². And if. 17³. shall I come.

F. After 20 Jamieson introduced these two stanzas of his own, "the idea of the rose being suggested by the gentleman who recited, but who could not recollect the language in which it was expressed : "

But up and spak her midmaist brother,
And an angry laugh leugh he:
'The thorn that dabs, I'll cut it down,
Though fair the rose may be.

'The flower that smelld sae sweet yes-
trean
Has lost its bloom wi thee;
And though I'm wae it should be sae,
Clerk Saunders, ye maun die.'

After 23 follow ten stanzas, which are transferred to 'Sweet William's Ghost.'

G. 32⁶. you to speak again.

70

WILLIE AND LADY MAISRY

A. 'Willie, the Widow's Son,' Motherwell's MS., p. 498; 'Sweet Willie and Lady Margerie,' Motherwell's Minstrelsy, p. 370.

B. 'Willie and Lady Maisry,' Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I. 155.

'WILLIE AND LADY MAISRY' has much in common with 'Clerk Saunders.' The chief point of difference is that of Willie's killing Maisry's brother and the guard, B 22-24.

Here the ballad has probably been affected by another, now represented in English only by a very corrupt version, 'The Bent sae Brown,' which immediately follows.

A

Motherwell's MS., p. 498; Motherwell's Minstrelsy, p. 370. From the recitation of Mrs Notman, then far advanced in years, with whose grandmother it was a favorite: September 9, 1826.

1 WILLIE was a widow's son,
And he wore a milk-white weed, O
And weel could Willie read and write,
Far better ride on steed. O

2 Lady Margerie was the first lady
That drank to him the wine,
And aye as the healths gade round and round,
'Laddy, your love is mine.'

3 Lady Margerie was the first ladye
That drank to him the beer,
And aye as the healths gade round and round,
'Laddy, you 're welcome here.'

4 ' You must come into my bower
When the evening bells do ring,
And you must come into my bower
When the evening mass doth sing.'

5 He 's taen four and twenty braid arrows,
And laced them in a whang,
And he 's awa to Lady Margerie's bower,
As fast as he can gang.

6 He set ae foot on the wall,
And the other on a stane,
And he 's killed a' the king's life-guards,
And he 's killed them every man.

7 ' Oh open, open, Lady Margerie,
Open and let me in ;
The weet weets a' my yellow hair,
And the dew draps on my chin.'

8 With her feet as white as sleet
She strode her bower within,
And with her fingers long and small
She 's looten Sweet Willie in.

9 She 's louten down unto her foot
To loose Sweet Willie's shoon ;
The buckles were sa stiff they wudna lowse,
The blood had frozen in.

10 ' O Willie, Willie, I fear that thou
Has bred me dule and sorrow ;
The deed that thou has dune this nicht
Will kythe upon the morrow.'

11 In then came her father dear,
And a broad sword by his gare,
And he 's gien Willie, the widow's son,
A deep wound and a sair.

12 ' Lye yont, lye yont, Willie,' she says,
' Your sweat weets a' my side ;
Lye yont, lie yont, Willie,' she says,
' For your sweat I downna bide.'

13 She turned her back unto the wa,
Her face unto the room,
And there she saw her auld father,
Walking up and down.

14 ' Woe be to you, father,' she said,
' And an ill deed may you die !
For ye 've killd Willie, the widow's son
And he would have married me.'

15 She turned her back unto the room,
Her face unto the wa,
And with a deep and heavy sich
Her heart it brak in twa.

B

Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 155.

1 SWEET WILLIE was a widow's son,
And milk-white was his weed ;
It sets him weel to bridle a horse,
And better to saddle a steed, my dear,
And better to saddle a steed.

2 But he is on to Maisry's bower-door,
And tirled at the pin :
' Ye sleep ye, wake ye, Lady Maisry,
Ye 'll open, let me come in.'

3 ' O who is this at my bower-door,
Sae well that knows my name ?'

' It is your ain true-love, Willie,
If ye love me, lat me in.'

4 Then huly, huly raise she up,
For fear o making din,
Then in her arms lang and bent,
She caught sweet Willie in.

5 She leand her low down to her toe,
To loose her true-love's sheen,
But cauld, cauld were the draps o bleed
Fell fae his trusty brand.

6 ' What frightfu sight is that, my love ?
A frightfu sight to see !

What bluid is this on your sharp brand ?
O may ye not tell me ?'

7 'As I came thro the woods this night,
The wolf maist worried me ;
O shoud I slain the wolf, Maisry ?
Or shoud the wolf slain me ?'

8 They hadna kissd, nor love clapped,
As lovers when they meet,
Till up it starts her auld father,
Out o his drowsy sleep.

9 'O what's become o my house-cock,
Sae crouse at ane did craw ?
I wonder as much at my bold watch,
That's nae shooting ower the wa.

10 'My gude house-cock, my only son,
Heir ower my land sae free,
If ony ruffian hae him slain,
High hanged shall he be.'

11 Then he's on to Maisry's bower-door,
And tirled at the pin :
'Ye sleep ye, wake ye, daughter Maisry,
Ye'll open, lat me come in.'

12 Between the curtains and the wa
She rowd her true-love then,
And huly went she to the door,
And let her father in.

13 'What's become o your maries, Maisry,
Your bower it looks sae teem ?
What's become o your green claiting,
Your beds they are sae thin ?'

14 'Gude forgie you, father,' she said,
'I wish ye be't for sin ;
Sae aft as ye hae dreaded me,
But never found me wrang.'

15 He turnd him right and round about,
As he'd been gaun awa ;
But sae nimbly as he slippet in
Behind a screen sae sma.

16 Maisry, thinking a' dangers past,
She to her love did say,
'Come, love, and take your silent rest ;
My auld father's away.'

17 Then baith lockd in each other's arms,
They fell full fast asleep,
When up it starts her auld father,
And stood at their bed-feet.

18 'I think I hae the villain now
That my dear son did slay ;
But I shall be revengd on him
Before I see the day.'

19 Then he's drawn out a trusty brand,
And stroakd it oer a stray,
And thro and thro Sweet Willie's middle
He's gart cauld iron gae.

20 Then up it wakend Lady Maisry,
Out o her drowsy sleep,
And when she saw her true-love slain,
She straight began to weep.

21 'O gude forgie you now, father,' she said,
'I wish ye be't for sin ;
For I never lovd a love but ane,
In my arms ye've him slain.'

22 'This night he's slain my gude bold watch,
Thirty stout men and twa ;
Likewise he's slain your ae brother,
To me was worth them a'.

23 'If he has slain my ae brither,
Himsell had a' the blame,
For mony a day he plots contriv'd,
To hae Sweet Willie slain.'

24 'And tho he's slain your gude bold watch,
He might hae been forgien ;
They came on him in armour bright,
When he was but alone.'

25 Nae meen was made for this young knight,
In bower where he lay slain,
But a' was for sweet Maisry bright,
In fields where she ran brain.

2⁴, 3⁴. Lady in MS., Laddy in *Minstrelsy*.
9¹. his foot in *Minstrelsy* : cf. B 5¹.
10³. hast in both.

Several slight changes are made by Motherwell in printing.

71

THE BENT SAE BROWN

Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 30.

'THE BENT SAE BROWN' combines the story of 'Clerk Saunders' with that of another ballad, not found in an independent form in English, but sufficiently common in Danish and Swedish; whence the non-tragical conclusion, for the killing of a certain number of brothers is not regarded as a very serious matter by the heroine, whether in English or Norse. The introduction and conclusion, and some incidental decorations, of the Scottish ballad will not be found in the Norse, but are an outcome of the invention and the piecing and shaping of that humble but enterprising rhapsodist who has left his trail over so large a part of Buchan's volumes.*

Stanzas 21-34 contain the substance of the Norse ballad referred to, which has been printed in the following versions, and exists in others not yet given to the world, Danish, Norwegian, and Icelandic.

Swedish. A. 'Unger Sven,' Arwidsson, I, 295, No 43. B. 'Ung Hillerström,' Afzelius, II, 180, No 55.

Danish. A. An unpublished version, found in two manuscripts of the 17th century, com-

municated to me by Grundtvig. B. 'Jomfruen i Skoven,' "Tragica, No 15," Danske Viser, III, 99, No 123.† C. 'Kjærligheds Styrke,' Kristensen, I, 109, No 43. D, E, F. 'Jomfruen Brødre,' Kristensen, II, 276, No 80 A, B, C. G. Madsen, Folkeminder fra Hanved Sogn, p. 88, No 5.

A youth has passed the night with his love, either in her bower or in a wood. When they are about to part in the morning, she begs him to be on his guard against her seven brothers, on his way through the wood and over the heath. He makes light of the danger, and in the wood meets the seven brothers. They demand how he comes to be there, and he feigns to have been out with his hawk and hound, to have been coursing hares. No, they say, you were with our sister last night, and asked no read of us. He makes no denial; but her will was as good as his. They ask whether he will fly or fight. He has no thought of flight, kills all seven, and goes back to his love. She will not forsake him for killing her brothers; nor would she, Danish A, C, F, had he killed her father too.‡

* Several of Buchan's ballads, says Sir Walter Scott, *Minstrelsy*, I, 87, ed. 1833, "are translated from the Norse, and Mr Buchan is probably unacquainted with the originals." Scott seems to have meant only that the ballads in question had a Norse origin, not that they were deliberately translated within what we may call historical times. In this particular instance the resemblances with the Norse are remarkably close, but the very homeliness of the Scottish ballad precludes any suspicion beyond tampering with tradition. The silliness and fulsome vulgarity of Buchan's versions often enough make one wince or sicken, and many of them came through bad mouths or hands: we have even positive proof in one instance of imposture, though not of Buchan's being a conscious party to the imposture. But such correspondences with foreign ballads as we witness in the present case are evidence of a genuine traditional foundation.

Stanzas 25, 26 are remarkably like F 3, 5 of 'Earl Brand,' the Percy copy, and may have served in some Scottish version of the 'Douglas Tragedy.'

Stanzas 36-41 are borrowed from the 'Knight and Shepherd's Daughter.' Folly could not go further than in making the mother clip her locks and kilt her clothes, as in 36: unless it be in making a boat of a coat and a topmast of a cane, as in 3, 4.

† Translated by Prior, III, 234.

‡ In Danish B the maid has grace enough to weep for her brothers seven: "and almost more for the knight." But this last line is probably taken up from another ballad. In 'Herr Helmer,' a ballad which has some of the traits of 'Ribold,' Afzelius, No 54, II, 178, 226, Arwidsson, No 21, I, 155, Eva Wigström, Folkdiktning, I, 25, and the same, Skånska Visor, p. 1, Helmer kills six of his love's seven brothers, and is treacherously slain by the seventh, whom he has spared. The seventh brother cuts off Helmer's head and takes it to his sister. A Danish version of 'Herr Helmer,' Danske Viser, No 209, IV, 251, ends differently: the seventh brother offers his sister to Helmer as ransom for his life.

1 'THERE are sixteen lang miles, I 'm sure,
 Between my love and me ;
 There are eight o them in gude dry land,
 And other eight by sea.

2 'Betide me life, betide me death,
 My love I 'll gang and see ;
 Altho her friends they do me hate,
 Her love is great for me.

3 'Of my coat I 'll make a boat,
 And o my sark a sail,
 And o my cane a gude tapmast,
 Dry land till I come till.'

4 Then o his coat he 's made a boat,
 And o his sark a sail ;
 And o his cane a gude tapmast,
 Dry land till he came till.

5 He is on to Annie's bower-door,
 And tirled at the pin :
 'O sleep ye, wake ye, my love, Annie,
 Ye 'll rise, lat me come in.'

6 'O who is this at my bower-door,
 Sae well that kens my name ?'
 'It is your true-love, Sweet Willie,
 For you I 've crossd the faem.'

7 'I am deeply sworn, Willie,
 By father and by mother ;
 At kirk or market where we meet,
 We darna own each other.

8 'And I am deeply sworn, Willie,
 By my bauld brothers three ;
 At kirk or market where we meet.
 I darna speak to thee.'

9 'Ye take your red fan in your hand,
 Your white fan ower your een,
 And ye may swear, and save your oath,
 Ye sawna me come in.

10 'Ye take me in your arms twa,
 And carry me to your bed ;
 And ye may swear, and save your oath,
 Your bower I never tread.'

11 She 's taen her red fan in her hand,
 The white fan ower her een ;
 It was to swear, and save her oath,
 She sawna him come in.

12 She 's taen him in her arms twa,
 And carried him to her bed ;
 It was to swear, and save her oath,
 Her bower he never tread.

13 They hadna kissd, nor love clapped,
 As lovers do when they meet,
 Till up it waukens her mother,
 Out o her drowsy sleep.

14 'Win up, win up, my three bauld sons,
 Win up and make ye boun ;
 Your sister's lover 's in her bower,
 And he 's but new come in.'

15 Then up it raise her three bauld sons,
 And girt to them their brand,
 And they are to their sister's bower,
 As fast as they coud gang.

16 When they came to their sister's bower,
 They sought it up and down ;
 But there was neither man nor boy
 In her bower to be foun.

17 Then out it speaks the first o them :
 'We 'll gang and lat her be ;
 For there is neither man nor boy
 Intill her companie.'

18 Then out it speaks the second son :
 'Our travel 's a' in vain ;
 But mother dear, nor father dear,
 Shall break our rest again.'

19 Then out it speaks the third o them,
 An ill death mat he die !
 'We 'll lurk amang the bent sae brown,
 That Willie we may see.'

20 He stood behind his love's curtains,
 His goud rings showd him light ;
 And by this ye may a' weell guess
 He was a renowned knight.

21 He 's done him to his love's stable,
 Took out his berry-brown steed ;
 His love stood in her bower-door,
 Her heart was like to bleed.

22 'O mourn ye for my coming, love ?
 Or for my short staying ?
 Or mourn ye for our safe sindring,
 Case we never meet again ?'

23 'I mourn nae for your here coming,
Nor for your staying lang ;
Nor mourn I for our safe sindring,
I hope we 'll meet again.'

24 'I wish ye may won safe away,
And safely frae the town ;
For ken you not my brothers three
Are mang the bent sae brown ?'

25 'If I were on my berry-brown steed,
And three miles frae the town,
I woudna fear your three bauld brothers,
Amang the bent sae brown.'

26 He leint him ower his saddle-bow,
And kissd her lips sae sweet ;
The tears that fell between these twa,
They wat his great steed's feet.

27 But he wasna on his berry-brown steed,
Nor twa miles frae the town,
Till up it starts these three fierce men,
Amang the bent sae brown.

28 Then up they came like three fierce men,
Wi mony shout and cry :
'Bide still, bide still, ye cowardly youth,
What makes your haste away ?'

29 'For I must know before you go,
Tell me, and make nae lie ;
If ye 've been in my sister's bower,
My hands shall gar ye die.'

30 'Tho I 've been in your sister's bower,
I have nae fear o thee ;
I 'll stand my ground, and fiercely fight,
Aud shall gain victorie.'

31 'Now I entreat you for to stay,
Unto us gie a wad ;
If ye our words do not obey,
I 'se gar your body bleed.'

32 'I have nae wad, says Sweet Willie,
Unless it be my brand,
And that shall guard my fair body,
Till I win frae your hand.'

33 Then two o them stept in behind,
All in a furious meed ;
The third o them came him before,
And seizd his berry-brown steed.

34 O then he drew his trusty brand,
That hang down by his gare,
And he has slain these three fierce men,
And left them sprawling there.

35 Then word has gane to her mother,
In bed where she slept soun,
That Willie had killd her three bauld sons,
Amang the bent sae brown.

36 Then she has cut the locks that hung
Sae low down by her ee,
Sae has she kiltit her green claiting
A little aboon her knee.

37 And she has on to the king's court,
As fast as gang coud she ;
When Fair Annie got word o that,
Was there as soon as she.

38 Her mother, when before the king,
Fell low down on her knee ;
'Win up, win up, my dame,' he said,
'What is your will wi me ?'

39 'My wills they are not sma, my liege,
The truth I 'll tell to thee ;
There is ane o your courtly knights
Last night hae robbed me.'

40 'And has he broke your bigly bowers ?
Or has he stole your fee ?
There is nae knight into my court
Last night has been frae me ;

41 'Unless 't was Willie o Lauderdale,
Forbid that it be he !'
'And by my sooth,' says the auld woman,
'That very man is he.'

42 'For he has broke my bigly bowers,
And he has stole my fee,
And made my daughter Ann a whore,
And an ill woman is she.'

43 'That was not all he did to me,
Ere he went frae the town ;
My sons sae true he fiercely slew,
Amang the bent sae brown.'

44 Then out it spake her daughter Ann,
She stood by the king's knee :
'Ye lie, ye lie, my mother dear,
Sae loud 's I hear you lie.'

45 'He has not broke your bigly bowers,
Nor has he stole your fee,
Nor made your daughter Ann a whore ;
A good woman I 'll be.'

46 'Altho he slew your three bauld sons,
He weel might be forgien ;
They were well clad in armour bright,
Whan my love was him lane.'

47 'Well spoke, well spoke,' the king replied,
'This tauking pleases me ;
For ae kiss o your lovely mouth,
I 'll set your true-love free.'

48 She 's taen the king in her arms,
And kissd him cheek and chin ;
He then set her behind her love,
And they went singing hame.

72

THE CLERK'S TWA SONS O OWSENFORD

A. 'The Clerk's Twa Sons o Owsenford,' Kinloch MSS, V, 403.

B. 'The Clerks o Owsenfoord,' Dr Joseph Robertson's Note-Book, "Adversaria," p. 67.

C. 'The Clerks of Oxenford,' Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 281.

D. 'The Clerks Two Sons of Oxenfoord,' Motherwell's MS., p. 433.

A, AS sung, had a sequel of six stanzas, which is found separately and seems to belong with another ballad, 'The Wife of Usher's Well.' Robert Chambers combined A with Buchan's version, C, and the six concluding stanzas with 'The Wife of Usher's Well,' and divided his ballad into two parts, "on account of the great superiority of what follows over what goes before, and because the latter portion is in a great measure independent of the other :" The Scottish Ballads, pp 345-50. His second reason for a division is better than his first. It is quite according to precedent for a ballad to end with a vow like that in A 17, D 14: see 'Clerk Saunders.'

D has some amusing dashes of prose, evidently of masculine origin: "They thought their father's service mean, their mother's no great affair," 2; "When he was certain of the fact, an angry man was he," 6; "That I may ride to fair Berwick, and see what can be done," 8. We have here a strong contrast with both the blind-beggar and the housemaid style of corruption ; something suggesting the

attorney's clerk rather than the clerk of Owsenford, but at least not mawkish.

There are ballads both in Northern and in Southern Europe which have a certain amount of likeness with 'The Clerk's Twa Sons,' but if the story of all derives from one original, time has introduced great and even unusual variations.

In the Scottish ballad two youths go to Paris to study, and have an amour with the mayor's daughters, for which they are thrown into prison and condemned to be hanged. The Clerk, their father, comes to the prison, asks them what is their offence, and learns that it is a little dear bought love. He offers the mayor a ransom for their lives, and is sternly refused. The mayor's two daughters beg for their true-love's lives with the same bad success. The students are hanged, and the father goes home to tell his wife that they are put to a higher school. She, A [he, D], vows to pass the rest of her days in penance and grief.

A very well known German ballad, found

also in the Low Countries and in Scandinavia, has the following story.* A youth is lying in a dungeon, condemned to be hanged. His father comes to the town, and they exchange words about the severity of his prison. The father then goes to the lord of the place and offers three hundred florins as a ransom. Ransom is refused: the boy has a gold chain on his neck which will be his death. The father says that the chain was not stolen, but the gift of a young lady, who reared the boy as a page, or what not. There is no dear bought love in the case. The father, standing by the gallows, threatens revenge, but his son deprecates that: he cares not so much for his life as for his mother's grief. Within a bare half year, more than three hundred men pay with their lives for the death of the boy.†

A Spanish and Italian ballad has resemblances with the Scottish and the German, and may possibly be a common link: 'Los tres estudiantes,' Milá, Romancerillo, p. 165, No 208, A-L, previously, in Observaciones, etc., p. 104, No 6, 'Los estudiantes de Tolosa'; 'Los estudiantins de Tortosa,' Briz y Candi, I, 101; 'Gli scolari di Tolosa,' Nigra, Rivista Contemporanea, XX, 62. Three students

meet three girls, and attempt some little jests with them: ask them for a kiss, Milá, H; throw small pebbles at them, Milá, D; meet one girl on a bridge and kiss her, Nigra. For this the girls have them arrested by an accommodating catchpoll, and they are hanged by a peremptory judge. The youngest student weeps all the time; the eldest tries to console him; their brother serves a king or duke, and if he hears of what has been done will kill judge, constable, and all their scribes. The brother gets word somehow, and comes with all speed, but the three clerks are hanged before he arrives. He gives the town of Tolosa to the flames, the streets run with the blood of the judge, and horses swim in the blood of the girls, Milá, C, Briz; the streets are washed with the blood of women, walls built of the heads of men, Milá, A; etc.

In a pretty passage in Buchan's not altogether trustworthy version, C 35-38, the clerks ask back their faith and troth before they die. For this ceremony see 'Sweet William's Ghost.'

Aytoun's ballad is translated by Knortz Schottische Balladen, p. 72, No 23.

A

Kinloch MSS, V, 403, in the handwriting of James Chambers, as sung to his maternal grandmother, Janet Grieve, seventy years before, by an old woman, a Miss Ann Gray, of Neidpath Castle, Peeblesshire; January 1, 1829.

* 'Das Schloss in Oesterreich,' 'Der unschuldige Tod des jungen Knaben.' One stanza in Forsters Frische Liedlein, 1540, II, No 77 (Böhme); broadside of 1606, Erk's Liederhort, p. 15, No 6^a; broadside of 1647, Eschenburg, in Deutsches Museum, 1776, p. 399, and Denkmäler Altdentischer Dichtkunst, 1799, p. 446, = Uhland, p. 300, No 125; late broadside, Wunderhorn, 1806, I, 220. From oral tradition: Gräter's Bragur, VI, I, 205; Erk, Neue Sammlung, I, 20, No 16; Erk's Liederhort, p. 12, No 6; Hoffmann u. Richter, p. 17, No 8; Fiedler, p. 172, No 12; Jeiteles, in Archiv für Litteraturgeschichte, IX, 362, No 5; Schlossar, Deutsche Volkslieder aus Steiermark, p. 346, No 314; Wittstock, Sagen u. Lieder aus dem Nösner Gelande, p. 44, No 15; Frommann, Deutsche Mundarten, V, 391; Meinert, p. 53. (The last is an independent version; the rest have all one type.) Low-German, Niederdeutsche Volkslieder, he-

1 O I will sing to you a sang,
But oh my heart is sair!
The clerk's twa sons in Owsenford
Has to learn some unco lair.

rausgegeben vom Vereine für niederdeutsche Sprachforschung, p. 56, No 84. Dutch, Hoffmann, Niederländische Volkslieder, p. 84, No 25. Norse: Afzelius, II, 62, No 40, from a seventeenth century broadside; Atterbom's Poetisk Kalender, 1816, p. 32; Wigström, Folkdiktning, I, 64, No 30; Aminson, Bidrag, etc., IV, 4, No 26, A, B, fragments; Nyerup, Udgang af Danske Viser, I, 57, No 14; Lindeman, Norske Fjeldmelodier, Tekst Bilag, I, 3 f, No 10. There is a Swedish broadside of 1642, a Danish of 1697.

† Meinert's ballad, which, though it sometimes betrays artifice, has a fresher tone than the others, makes the chain the young lady's love-token: but this love is no count in the indictment. Uhland, IV, 145, cites from a manuscript chronicle a story of a highwayman, a widow's son, thrice imprisoned and twiee ransomed; to no purpose, as far as I can see.

2 They hadna been in fair Parish
A twelvemonth an a day,
Till the clerk's twa sons o Owsenford
Wi the mayor's twa daughters lay.

3 O word 's gaen to the mighty mayor,
As he said on the sea,
That the clerk's twa sons o Owsenford
Wi his twa daughters lay.

4 'If they hae lain wi my twa daughters,
Meg an Marjorie,
The morn, or I taste meat or drink,
They shall be hangit hie.'

5 O word 's gaen to the clerk himself,
As he sat drinkin wine,
That his twa sons in fair Parish
Were bound in prison strong.

6 Then up and spak the clerk's ladye,
And she spak powrfully :
'O tak with ye a purse of gold,
Or take with ye three,
And if ye canna get William,
Bring Andrew hame to me.'

* * * *

7 'O lye ye here for owsen, dear sons,
Or lie ye here for kye ?
Or what is it that ye lie for,
Sae sair bound as ye lie ?'

8 'We lie not here for owsen, dear father,
Nor yet lie here for kye,
But it's for a little o dear bought love
Sae sair bound as we lie.'

9 O he 's gane to the mighty mayor,
And he spoke powerfully :
'Will ye grant me my twa sons' lives,
Either for gold or fee ?
Or will ye be sae gude a man
As grant them baith to me ?'

10 'I 'll no grant ye yere twa sons' lives,
Neither for gold or fee,
Nor will I be sae gude a man
As gie them back to thee ;
Before the morn at twelve o'clock
Ye 'll see them hangit hie.'

11 Up an spak his twa daughters,
An they spak powrfully :
'Will ye grant us our twa loves' lives,
Either for gold or fee ?
Or will ye be sae gude a man
As grant them baith to me.'

12 'I 'll no grant ye yere twa loves' lives,
Neither for gold or fee,
Nor will I be sae gude a man
As grant their lives to thee ;
Before the morn at twelve o'clock
Ye 'll see them hangit hie.'

13 O he 's taen out these proper youths,
And hangd them on a tree,
And he 's bidden the clerk o Owsenford
Gang hame to his ladie.

14 His lady sits on yon castle-wa,
Beholding dale an doun,
An there she saw her ain gude lord
Come walkin to the toun.

15 'Ye 're welcome, welcome, my ain gude lord,
Ye 're welcome hame to me ;
But where away are my twa sons ?
Ye should hae brought them wi ye.'

16 'It 's I 've putten them to a deeper lair,
An to a higher schule ;
Yere ain twa sons ill no be here
Till the hallow days o Yule.'

17 'O sorrow, sorrow come mak my bed,
An dool come lay me doon !
For I 'll neither eat nor drink,
Nor set a fit on ground.'

B

Noted down from a female servant by Dr Joseph Robertson, July 15, 1829 ; "Adversaria," p. 67.

* * * *

1 'De weel, de weel, my twa young sons,
An learn weel at the squeel ;
Tak no up wi young women-kin,
An learn to act the feel.'

2 But they had na been in Blomsbury
 A twalmon and a day,
 Till the twa pretty clerks o Owsenfoord
 Wi the mayr's daughters did lay.

3 Word has gaen till the auld base mayr,
 As he sat at his wine,
 That the twa pretty clerks o Owsenford
 Wi his daughters had lien.

4 Then out bespak the auld base mayr,
 An an angry man was he :
 'Tomorrow, before I eat meat or drink,
 I'll see them hanged hie.'

5 But word has gaen to Owsenfoord

 Before the letter was read,
 She let the tears doun fa.

* * * * *

6 'Your sons are weel, an verra weel,
 An learnin at the squeel ;
 But I fear ye winna see your sons
 At the holy days o Yeel.'

7 Their father he went to Bloomsbury,
 He turnit him roun about,

An there he saw his twa braw sons,
 In the prison, leukin out.'

8 'O lie ye there for owsen, my sons,
 Or lie ye there for kye ?
 Or lie ye there for dear fond love,
 Si closs as ye de lie ?'

9 'We lie na here for owsen, father,
 We lie na here for kye,
 But we lie here for dear fond love,
 An we're condemned to die.'

* * * * *

10 Then out bespak the clerks' fader,
 An a sorry man was he :
 'Gae till your bowers, ye lillie-flowers,
 For a' this winna dee.'

11 Then out bespak the aul base mayr,
 An an angry man was he :
 'Gar to your bowers, ye vile base whores,
 Ye'll see them hanged hie.'

* * * * *

C

Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 281.

1 I'LL tell you a tale, or I'll sing you a song,
 Will grieve your heart full sair ;
 How the twa bonny clerks o Oxenford
 Went aff to learn their lear.

2 Their father lov'd them very weel,
 Their mother muckle mair,
 And sent them on to Billsbury,
 To learn deeper lear.

3 Then out it spake their mother dear :
 'Do weel, my sons, do weel,
 And haunt not wi the young women,
 Wi them to play the fiel.'

4 Their father sware them on their souls,
 Their mother on their life,

Never to lie wi the auld mayor's daughters,
 Nor kiss the young mayor's wife.

5 But they hadna been in Billsbury
 A twallmonth and a day,
 Till the twa bonny clerks o Oxenford
 With the mayor's twa daughters lay.

6 As these twa clerks they sat and wrote,
 The ladies sewed and sang ;
 There was mair mirth in that chamber
 Than all fair Ferrol's land.

7 But word's gane to the wicked mayor,
 As he sat at the wine,
 That the twa bonny clerks o Oxenford
 With his twa daughters had lyne.

8 'O have they lain with my daughters dear,
 Heirs out ower a' my land,

The morn, ere I eat or drink,
I'll hang them with my hand.'

9 Then he has taen the twa bonny clerks,
Bound them frae tap to tae,
Till the reddest blood in their body
Out ower their nails did gae.

10 'Whare will I get a little wee boy,
Will win gowd to his fee,
That will rin on to Oxenford,
And that right speedilie ?'

11 Then up it starts a bonny boy,
Gold yellow was his hair ;
I wish his father and mother joy,
His true-love muckle mair.

12 Says, Here am I, a little wee boy,
Will win gowd to my fee,
That will rin on to Oxenford,
And that right speedilie.

13 'Where ye find the grass green growing,
Set down your heel and rin,
And where ye find the brigs broken,
Ye'll bend your bow and swim.

14 'But when ye come to Oxenford,
Bide neither to chap nor ca,
But set your bent bow to your breast,
And lightly loup the wa.'

15 Where he found the grass green growing,
He slackt his shoes and ran,
And where he found the brigs broken,
He bent his bow and swam.

16 And when he came to Oxenford,
Did neither chap nor ca,
But set his bent bow to his breast,
And lightly leapt the wa.

17 'What news, what news, my little wee boy ?
What news hae ye to me ?
How are my sons in Billsbury,
Since they went far frae me ?'

18 'Your sons are well, and learning well,
But at a higher school,
And ye'll never see your sons again,
On the holy days o Yule.'

19 'Wi sorrow now gae make my bed,
Wi care and caution lay me down ;
That man on earth shall neer be born
Shall see me mair gang on the groun.

20 'Take twenty pounds in your pocket,
And ten and ten to tell them wi,
And gin ye getna hynde Henry,
Bring ye gay Gilbert hame to me.'

21 Out it speaks old Oxenford,
A sorry, sorry man, was he :
'Your strange wish does me surprise,
They are baith there alike to me.'

22 'Wi sorrow now I'll saddle my horse,
And I will gar my bridle ring,
And I shall be at Billsbury
Before the small birds sweetly sing.'

23 Then sweetly sang the nightingale,
As she sat on the wand,
But sair, sair, mournd Oxenford,
As he gaed in the strand.

24 When he came to Billsbury,
He rade it round about,
And at a little shott-window
His sons were looking out.

25 'O lye ye there, my sons,' he said,
'For oxen, or for kye ?
Or is it for a little o deep dear love,
Sae sair bound as ye lye ?'

26 'We lye not here, father,' they said,
'For oxen, nor for kye ;
It's all for a little o deep dear love,
Sae sair bound as we lye.'

27 'O borrow 's, borrow 's, father,' they said,
'For the love we bear to thee !'
'O never fear, my pretty sons,
Well borrowed ye shall be.'

28 Then he 's gane to the wicked mayor,
And hailed him courteouslie :
'Good day, good day, O Billsbury,
God make you safe and free !'
'Come sit you down, brave Oxenford,
What are your wills with me ?'

29 'Will ye gie me my sons again,
For gold or yet for fee?
Will ye gie me my sons again,
For's sake that died on tree?'

30 'I winna gie you your sons again,
For gold nor yet for fee;
But if ye 'll stay a little while,
Ye 'se see them hanged hie.'

31 Ben it came the mayor's daughters,
Wi kirtle, coat alone;
Their eyes did sparkle like the gold,
As they tript on the stone.

32 'Will ye gie us our loves, father,
For gold or yet for fee?
Or will ye take our own sweet life,
And let our true-loves be?'

33 He 's taen a whip into his hand,
And lashd them wondrous sair:
Gae to your bowers, ye vile rank whores,
Ye 'se never see them mair.

34 Then out it speaks old Oxenford,
A sorry man was he:
'Gang to your bowers, ye lily-flowers,
For a' this maunna be.'

35 Out it speaks him hynde Henry:
'Come here, Janet, to me;

36 'Ye shall hae your faith and troth,
Wi God's blessing and mine;
And twenty times she kissd his mouth,
Her father looking on.

37 Then out it speaks him gay Gilbert:
'Come here, Margaret, to me;
Will ye gie me my faith and troth,
And love, as I gae thee?'

38 'Yes, ye shall get your faith and troth,
Wi God's blessing and mine;
And twenty times she kissd his mouth,
Her father looking on.

39 'Ye 'll take aff your twa black hats,
Lay them down on a stone,
That nane may ken that ye are clerks
Till ye are putten down.'

40 The bonny clerks they died that morn,
Their loves died lang ere noon;
Their father and mother for sorrow died,
They all died very soon.

41 These six souls went up to heaven,
I wish sae may we a'!
The mighty mayor went down to hell,
For wrong justice and law.

D

Motherwell's MS., p. 433, from James Nicol, Strichen.

1 OH I will tell a tale of woe,
Which makes my heart richt sair;
The Clerk's two sons of Oxenfoord
Are too soon gone to lair.

2 They thought their father's service mean,
Their mother's no great affair;
But they would go to fair Berwick,
To learn [some] uneo lair.

3 They had not been in fair Berwick
A twelve month and a day,
Till the clerk's two sons of Oxenfoord
With the mayor's two daughters lay.

4 This word came to the mighty mayor,
As he hunted the rae,
That the clerks two sons of Oxenfoord
With his two daughters lay.

5 'If they have lain with my daughters,
The heirs of all my land,
I make a vow, and will keep it true,
To hang them with my hand.'

6 When he was certain of the fact,
An angry man was he,
And he has taken these two brothers,
And hanged them on the tree.

7 Word it has come to Oxenfoord's clerk,
Ere it was many day,

That his two sons sometime ago
With the mayor's two daughters lay.

8 'O saddle a horse to me,' he cried,
'O do it quick and soon,
That I may ride to fair Berwick,
And see what can be done.'

9 But when he came to fair Berwick
A grieved man was he,
When that he saw his two bonnie sons
Both hanging on the tree.

10 'O woe is me,' the clerk cried out,
'This dismal sight to see,
All the whole comfort of my life
Dead hanging on the tree!'

11 He turned his horse's head about,
Making a piteous moan,
And all the way to Oxenfoord
Did sad and grievously groan.

12 His wife did hastily cry out,
'You only do I see;
What have you done with my two sons,
You should have brought to me?'

13 'I put them to some higher lair,
And to a deeper scule;
You will not see your bonnie sons
Till the haly days of Yule.'

14 'And I will spend my days in grief,
Will never laugh nor sing;
There's never a man in Oxenfoord
Shall hear my bridle ring.'

A. 3¹, 5¹, 6⁸, 7¹, 9¹. Oh.
5⁸. in Owsenford. 14². day an doom.
B. *In the margin as a note (see A 1):*

I will sing a sang to you,
But o my heart is sair!

The twa pretty clerks o Owsenfoord
As they went to their lair.
7². twinit, MS. ?
8⁴. sic loss.
C. 28⁸. oh.

73

LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNET

A. 'Lord Thomas and Fair Annet,' Percy's Reliques, 1765, II, 293; III, 240, ed. 1767.

B. 'The Nut-Brown Bride,' Kinloch MSS, I, 1.

C. 'The Brown Bride and Lord Thomas,' Motherwell's MS., p. 157.

D. 'Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor.' a. Pepys Ballads, III, 316, No 312. b, c, d, other broadside copies. e, f, g, h, i, recited copies.

E. 'Sweet Willie and Fair Annie,' Jamieson's Popular Ballads, I, 22.

F. 'Sweet Willie and Fair Annie,' Kinloch MSS, III, 127, V, 339.

G. Skene MSS, p. 104.

H. 'Fair Annie and Sweet Willie,' Gibb MS., p. 64.

THE copy of 'Lord Thomas and Fair Annet' in Herd, 1769, p. 246, 1776, I, 24, and

in the Musical Museum, p. 553, No 535, is Percy's, A.

The English version of this ballad, 'Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor,' given, with alterations, in Percy's *Reliques*, III, 82, 1765,* is a broadside of Charles the Second's time, printed for I. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passenger, and licensed by L'Estrange, who was censor from 1663 to 1685. This copy has become traditional in Scotland and Ireland. The Scottish traditional copy, 'Lord Thomas and Fair Annet,' given by Percy in the *Reliques* (unfortunately with some corrections, but these cannot have been many), is far superior, and one of the most beautiful of our ballads, and indeed of all ballads. 'Fair Margaret and Sweet William,' "a more pathetic story of the man who loves one woman and marries another," begins in the same way, with the last long talk before parting. The conclusion is that the forsaken maid dies of grief, not by the hand of her incensed rival, and it is most natural that the two stories should be blended in tradition, as they are here in **E-H**, **E** 31 ff, **F** 27 ff, **G** 24 ff, **H** 37 ff belonging to 'Fair Margaret and Sweet William.'

There is a copy of 'Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor,' written over for the ballad-mongers, and of course much less in the popular style, in Pepys, IV, 48, No 45, and Roxburghe, II, 553, with the title 'The Unfortunate Forrester, or, Fair Eleanor's Tragedy.' In this Fair Ellinor stabs herself and Lord Thomas then kills himself with the same dagger.†

Norse ballads have the story of 'Lord Thomas and Fair Annet,' coming very close in details. Those forms which are nearest to the English resemble more the mixed versions, **E-H**, than the simple, **A-D**. But in none of the Norse ballads is love thwarted because it stands upon the choice of friends. A man abandons a woman who is in all but the name his wife, and who regards herself, and is evidently regarded by others, as standing in

no dishonorable relation to him. There is again a bifurcation in the catastrophe. The forsaken mistress submits and hangs herself in the one case, in the other she takes a fierce revenge. The latter conclusion may well, as Grundtvig holds, be the more original, but the ballads which have the other will here be put first, as being nearer to the English.

(1.) **A.** 'Herr Peder och Liten Kerstin,' Afzelius, I, 49, No 9, Grundtvig, IV, 219, Wigström, *Folkdiktning*, II, 5, broadsides of the eighteenth century and traditional copies derived therefrom. **B.** 'Herr Peders Slegfred,' broadside of the seventeenth century, Grundtvig, IV, 216, No 210; *Danske Viser*, III, 365, No 157; Kristensen, II, 177, No 52. **C.** A traditional fragment, Grundtvig, IV, 220, Bilag 2, from Cavallius and Stephens's collection. (2.) **D.** 'Liti Kerstis hevn,' Landstad, p. 559, No 67. **E.** Manuscript of the seventeenth century, Grundtvig, IV, 215. **F.** 'Liten Kerstins Hämd,' c. 1700, Arwidsson, I, 305, No 45.

Sir Peter and Liten Kerstin sit at table talking merrily, **A**, **B**, **E**. Peter informs Kerstin that he is to be married. She says she shall not fail to be present; he, that the wedding will be too far away for anybody to come. She shall come, if asked, though it be in Rome, **B**. If you come, says Peter, you must not wear your gold. She will wear it, for it was got by no dishonor, **B**, **E**. Peter rides off, Kerstin wrings her hands: alack for the maid that trusts a loon! He makes the preparations for his bridal, and she orders her clothes, which are of the richest description, all pearls and gold.‡ She has her horse shod, as in English, **B** 21, **C** 12, **E** 22. When she enters the hall, wives and maids stand up, **B**. She pours wine for the guests. The bride asks who she is, and is told that it is Sir Peter's mistress.§ She has more gold on her

* I have been enabled to restore the original readings by the ever ready kindness of Professor Skeat.

† London, printed for W. T[hackeray], T. P[assenger], and W. W. [Whitwood ?]. This impression is therefore contemporary with the other.

‡ In **D**, **E** she borrows the fine things of her sister. Minute particulars are given in **D**. We all wonder how Fair Annet, whose face should be her fortune, comes by so much. Her

horse's shoes and bells would have made her a nice little dowry; and then she has, **F** 20, as much gold above her brow as would buy an earldom, like the oriental Susie Py. This comes of a reckless use of commonplaces, without regard to keeping.

§ Some of the versions have traits of 'Fair Annie.' In **F** the woman is a king's sister, and is not living with Sir Peter.

kirtle's hem, says the bride, than all that Sir Peter owns. Why, if he had her, did he come seeking me? After the usual long delay the bride is conducted to the bride-house, Kerstin carrying the torch before her. Kerstin even puts the bride to bed. She leaves the room, saying, **A**, I trow I shall come here no more, goes into the orchard, and hangs herself with her hair. Sir Peter is informed of what has happened, rushes to the orchard, takes Kerstin down, has a grave dug deep and broad, sets his sword against a stone, and runs on it. The next day, as so often, there are three dead, Sir Peter, Kerstin, and the bride, **A**, **B**. In **C**, Peter hangs himself on the same tree.

Not so moving, but considerably more powerful and original, is the other termination of the story. In **E**, after Kerstin has lighted the bride to the bride-house, she draws a knife and kills Peter. She tells the bride that this should have been her death too, had she not spoken her so fair. In **D**, **F**, she sets fire to the house and burns the bride on the bridegroom's arm.

Sir Peter awakes, but he wakes not ere
The flame is playing in the young bride's hair.

Sir Peter springs from his bed, o'er late ;
He saw Little Kersti go out through the gate.

'Ah, dear Little Kersti, now help thou me !
Another time shall I help thee.'

And it was Little Kersti, her laugh he heard :
'I wot how well you keep your word.'*

A Southern ballad has something of the outline of the English and Norse, and sounds like a thin echo of them. **A**. Poésies populaires de la France, MS., III, fol. 158, Burgundy. **B**. Buchon, Noëls et Chants p. de la Franche-Comté, p. 90, No 31, 'J'ai fait un rêve.' **C**.

* Herre Per vaknað inki för dá
at login leikað i Áselitis hár.

Herre Per springe han up af si seng,
dá ság han liti Kersti pá gata geng.

'Aa kære liti Kersti, no hjölper du meg!
en annen sinn skal eg hjölpe deg.'

Beaurepaire, La Poésie p. en Normandie, p. 50. D. Ampère, Instructions, p. 34, Bretagne. E. Guillon, Chansons p. de l'Ain, p. 161, 'Chante, rossignolet.' F. Arbaud, Chants p. de la Provence, II, 139, 'Lou premier Jour de Mai.' G. Ferraro, Canti p. monferrini, p. 8, No 7, 'Il primo amore.'

A youth is obliged by his father to give up his love for a bride who is less beautiful but richer. He has a dream that his love is dead, and carries her a rose, **B**, **D**. He invites her to the wedding : she will not come to the ceremony, but to the dance. She has three gowns made for the occasion, the third embroidered with gold, or of gold stuff. She falls dead while dancing : she falls on the right, he on the left. In **G**, after his love has died, the bridegroom draws his sword and kills himself. **C** and one copy of **D** have the phenomenon of the sympathetic plants, as in English **A**, **B**, **E**, **F**, **G**.

E 3 is a sort of commonplace when unequal matches are in question. So in a fragment in Herd's manuscripts, I, 55, II, 187 :

'I hae nae houses, I hae nae lands,
I hae nae gowd or fee, Sir ;
I am oer low to be your bryde,
Your loon I 'll never be, Sir.'

And again Motherwell's MS., p. 37. It is Lady Grey's answer to King Edward in the Third Part of Henry VI, III, 2 :

'I know I am too mean to be your queen,
And yet too good to be your concubine.'

So Crescentia, the Koloczaer Codex, Mailáth u. Köflinger, p. 260, v. 565 ff.

With regard to **B** 20, 'I 'll na put on the dowie green,' Kinloch remarks that green is considered unfortunate in love matters, the couplet running,

Og deð var liti Kersti, sá högt hon lög :
'eg veit du helde sá vel dit órð !'

Landstad, 33-36.

Upon which the good pastor, who loved the things nevertheless, remarks, What a culpable style of life, what moral depravation, many of these ballads depict !

Green is love deen,
Yellow's forsaken ;

whereas blue is looked upon as a most fortunate color: "blue is love true." "To be married in a green colored dress is ominous of misfortune, for according to the proverb:

They that marry in green,
Their sorrow is soon seen.

And no young woman in the North would wear that color on her wedding day. An old lady of my acquaintance, whose marriage had proved unfortunate, used seriously to warn young women to beware of being married in green, for she attributed her own misfortunes solely to her having been married in a green gown, which she had put on contrary to the sage advice of her seniors, in whose minds the belief was more firmly rooted, and who had wished her to wear in its stead a blue dress,

as being the more lucky color. To dance in green stockings is a proverbial phrase applied to an elder sister when the younger is first married, intimating that she may mourn her hapless fate, as she has now no chance of being married. To dream of green is believed to be the presage of misfortune." Kinloch MSS, I, 15 f.

A is translated by Bodmer, II, 44, Doenninges, p. 125. **D**, Percy's copy, by Eschenburg, in Ursinus, Balladen und Lieder, 1777, p. 69; by Bodmer, I, 106; by Talvj, Versuch u. s. w., p. 497; Döring, p. 191; Doenniges, p. 121; Arentsschild, Albion u. Erin, p. 535; von Marées, p. 36; Knortz, Lieder u. Romanzen Alt-Englands, p. 175, No 47; Loëve-Veimars, p. 123.

Norse **A** is translated by W. and M. Howitt, Literature and Romance of Northern Europe, I, 258; **B** by Prior, III, 363.

A

Percy's Reliques, 1765, II, 293, "given, with some corrections, from a MS. copy transmitted from Scotland."

1 LORD THOMAS and Fair Annet

Sate a' day on a hill ;
Whan night was cum, and sun was sett,
They had not talkt their fill.

2 Lord Thomas said a word in jest,

Fair Annet took it ill :
'A, I will nevir wed a wife
Against my ain friends' will.'

3 'Gif ye wull nevir wed a wife,

A wife wull neir wed yee :'
Sae he is hame to tell his mither,
And knelt upon his knee.

4 'O rede, O rede, mither,' he says,

'A gude rede gie to mee ;
O sall I tak the nut-browne bride,
And let Faire Annet bee ?'

5 'The nut-browne bride haes gowd and gear,
Fair Annet she has gat nane ;

And the little beauty Fair Annet haes
O it wull soon be gane.'

6 And he has till his brother gane :

'Now, brother, rede ye mee ;
A, sall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
And let Fair Annet bee ?'

7 'The nut-browne bride has oxen, brother,
The nut-browne bride has kye ;
I wad hae ye marrie the nut-browne bride,
And cast Fair Annet bye.'

8 'Her oxen may dye i the house, billie,
And her kye into the byre,
And I sall hae nothing to myself
Bot a fat fadge by the fyre.'

9 And he has till his sister gane :

'Now, sister, rede ye mee ;
O sall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
And set Fair Annet free ?'

10 'I'se rede ye tak Fair Annet, Thomas,
And let the browne bride alone ;

1 Lest ye sould sigh, and say, Alace,
What is this we brought hame !'

11 'No, I will tak my mither's counsel,
And marrie me owt o hand ;
And I will tak the nut-browne bride,
Fair Annet may leive the land.'

12 Up then rose Fair Annet's father,
Twa hours or it wer day,
And he is gane into the bower
Wherein Fair Annet lay.

13 'Rise up, rise up, Fair Annet,' he says,
'Put on your silken sheene ;
Let us gae to St. Marie's kirke,
And see that rich weddeen.'

14 'My maides, gae to my dressing-roome,
And dress to me my hair ;
Whaireir yee laid a plait before,
See yee lay ten times mair.'

15 'My maides, gae to my dressing-room,
And dress to me my smock ;
The one half is o the holland fine,
The other o needle-work.'

16 The horse Fair Annet rade upon,
He amblit like the wind ;
Wi siller he was shod before,
Wi burning gowd behind.

17 Four and twanty siller bells
Wer a' tyed till his mane,
And yae tift o the norland wind,
They tinkled ane by ane.

18 Four and twanty gay gude knichts
Rade by Fair Annet's side,
And four and twanty fair ladies,
As gin she had bin a bride.

19 And whan she cam to Marie's kirk,
She sat on Marie's stean :
The cleading that Fair Annet had on
It skinkled in their een.

20 And whan she cam into the kirk,
She shimmerd like the sun ;
The belt that was about her waist
Was a' wi pearles bedone.

21 She sat her by the nut-browne bride,
And her een they wer sae clear,
Lord Thomas he clean forgat the bride,
Whan Fair Annet drew near.

22 He had a rose into his hand,
He gae it kisses three,
And reaching by the nut-browne bride,
Laid it on Fair Annet's knee.

23 Up than spak the nut-browne bride,
She spak wi meikle spite :
'And whair gat ye that rose-water,
That does mak yee sae white ?'

24 'O I did get the rose-water
Whair ye wull neir get nane,
For I did get that very rose-water
Into my mither's wame.'

25 The bride she drew a long bodkin
Frae out her gay head-gear,
And strake Fair Annet unto the heart,
That word spak nevir mair.

26 Lord Thomas he saw Fair Annet wex pale,
And marvelit what mote bee ;
But whan he saw her dear heart's blude,
A' wood-wroth wexed hee.

27 He drew his dagger, that was sae sharp,
That was sae sharp and meet,
And drove it into the nut-browne bride,
That fell deid at his feit.

28 'Now stay for me, dear Annet,' he sed,
'Now stay, my dear,' he cry'd ;
Then strake the dagger untill his heart,
And fell deid by her side.

29 Lord Thomas was buried without kirk-wa,
Fair Annet within the quiere,
And o the tane thair grew a birk,
The other a bonny briere.

30 And ay they grew, and ay they threw,
As they wad faine be neare ;
And by this ye may ken right weil
They were twa luvvers deare.

B

Kinloch MSS, I, 1, from the recitation of Mary Barr, Les-mahago.

1 SWEET WILLIE and Fair Annie
 Sat a' day on yon hill ;
 Though they had sat til the leventh o June,
 They wad na got their fill.

2 But Willie spak a word amiss,
 Fair Annie took it ill :
 'I'll neer marry a tocherless lass
 Agen my ain friends' will.'

3 Then ou she lap, and awa she gat,
 As fast as she could hie :
 'Fare ye weel now, Sweet Willie,
 It's fare ye weel a wee.'

4 Then he is gane to his father's ha,
 And tirled at the pin ;
 Then up and rase his father proud.
 And loot Sweet Willie in.

5 'Come riddle us, riddle us, father dear,
 Yea both of us into ane ;
 Whether soll I marry Fair Annie,
 Or bring the brown bride hame ?'

6 'The brown bride she has houses and land,
 And Annie she has nane ;
 Sae on my blessing, my auld son,
 Bring ye Brown Bride hame.'

7 Then he is to his mither's bouer,
 And tirled at the pin ;
 Then up and rose his mother dear
 To let Sweet Willie in.

8 'Come riddle us, riddle us, mother dear,
 Yea baith o us into ane ;
 Whether soll I marry Fair Annie,
 Or bring the brown bride hame ?'

9 'The brown bride she has gowd and gear,
 Fair Annie she has nane ;
 And for my blessing, my auld son,
 Bring ye Brown Bride hame.'

10 Then he is to his sister's bouer,
 And tirled at the pin ;
 And wha sae ready as his sister dear
 To let her brither in.

11 'Come riddle us, riddle us, sister fair,
 Us baith yea into ane ;
 Whether soll I marry Fair Annie,
 Or bring the brown bride hame ?'

12 'The brown bride she has horse and kye,
 And Annie she has nane ;
 But for my love, my brither dear,
 Bring hame the fair woman.'

13 'Your horse may dee into the staw,
 The kye into the byre,
 And ye'll hae nocht but a howther o dirt,
 To feed about your fire.'

14 Then he is to Fair Annie's bouer,
 And tirled at the pin ;
 And wha sae ready as Fair Annie
 To let Sweet Willie in.

15 'You're welcome here to me, Willie,
 You're welcome here to me :'
 'I'm na welcome to thee, Annie,
 I'm na welcome to thee,
 For I'm come to bid ye to my wedding,
 It's gey sad news to thee.'

16 'It's gey sad news to me, Willie,
 The saddest ye could tell ;
 It's gey sad news to me, Willie,
 That shoud been bride mysel.'

17 Then she is to her father gane,
 And bowed low on her knee :

18 'Come riddle us, riddle us, father dear,
 Us baith yea into ane ;
 Whether soll I gang to Willie's wedding,
 Or soll I stay at hame ?'

19 'Whare ane will be your frien, Annie,
 Twenty will be your fae ;'
 'But prove it gude, or prove it bad,
 To Willie's wedding I'll gae.'

20 'I'll na put on the grisly black,
 Nor yet the dowie green,
 But I'll put on a scarlet robe
 To sheen like onie queen.'

21 She's orderd the smiths to the smithy,
To shoe her a riding steed;
She has orderd the tailors to her bouer,
To dress her a riding weed.

22 She has calld her maries to her bouri,
To lay gowd on her hair:
'Whare e'er ye put ae plait before,
See ye lay ten times mair.'

23 The steed Fair Annie rade upon,
He bounded like the wind;
Wi silver he was shod before,
Wi burning gowd behind.

24 And four and twenty siller bells
War tiëd til his mane;
Wi ae blast o the norland wind
They tinkled ane by ane.

25 And whan she cam unto the place,
And lichted on the green,
Ilka ane that did her see
Thought that she was a queen.

26 'Is this your bride, Sweet Willie?' she said,
'I think she's wondrous wan;
Ye might have had as fair a bride
As eer the sun sheend on.'

27 'O haud your tongue, Fair Annie,' he said,
'Wi your talk let me abee;
For better I loe your little finger
Than the brown bride's haill bodie.'

28 Then out and spak the nut-brown bride,
And she spak out of spite:
'O whare gat ye the water, Annie,
That washd your face sae white?'

29 'O I gat een the water,' quo she,
'Whare ye will neer get name;
It's I gat een the water,' quo she,
'Aneath yon marble stane.'

30 Then out and spake the nut-brown bride,
And she spak yet again:
'O whare gat ye the claith, Annie,
That dried your face sae clean?'

31 'O I gat een the claith,' quo she,
'Whare ye will neer get name;
It's I gat een the claith,' quo she,
'Aneath yon bouer o bane.'

32 The brown bride had a little penknife,
Which she kept secret there;
She stabbd Fair Annie to the heart,
A deep wound and a sair.

33 It's out and spak he Sweet Willie,
And he spak yet again:
'O what's the matter wi thee, Annie,
That ye do look sae wan?'

34 'Oh are ye blind, Willie?' she said,
'Or do ye no weel see?
I think ye might see my heart's blude,
Come rinning by my knee.'

35 Then Willie took a little sword,
Which he kept secret there,
And strak the brown bride to the heart,
A word she neer spak mair.

36 And after that a' this was dune,
He drew it through the strae,
And through his ain fair bodie
He causd the cauld iron gae.

37 The last words that Sweet Willie spak,
His heart was almaist gane;
'May never a young man like me
Have sic a sad wedding.'

38 'For gear will come, and gear will gang,
And gear's ae but a lend,
And monie a ane for warld's gear
A silly brown bride brings hame.'

39 Sweet Willie was buried in Mary's kirk,
And Annie in Mary's quire,
And out o the ane there grew a birk,
And out o the ither a brier.

40 And ae they grew, and ae they threw,
Until the twa did meet,
That ilka ane might plainly see
They were true lovers sweet.

C

Motherwell's MS., p. 157, from the recitation of Agnes Laird, Kilbarchan, 1825.

1 'COME read my rede, O mother dear,
Come riddle it all in one ;
O whether will I take Fair Annie,
Or bring the brown bride home ?'

2 'The brown, brown bride has kye and ewes,
Fair Annie she has none ;
She has nothing but a bonny, bonny face,
And that 'll soon be gone.'

3 'Where will I get a pretty little boy,
That 'll rin my errands soon,
That will rin to Fair Annie's bower,
And bid her to my wedding ?'

4 'Here am I, a pretty little boy,
That 'll rin your errands soon,
That will rin to Fair Annie's bower,
And bid her to your wedding.'

5 'Forbid her to put on her silks so black,
Or yet her silks so brown ;
But she must put on her suddled silks,
That she wears up and down.'

6 'Forbid her to put on her silks so green,
Or yet her silks so gray ;
But she must put on her suddled silks,
That she wears every day.'

7 When he gade to Fair Annie's bower,
He tirled at the pin ;
So ready was Fair Annie hersell
To open and let him in.

8 'What news, what news, my little boy ?
What news hast thou to me ?'
'You must prepare for Lord Thomas' wedding,
And that 's bad news for thee.'

9 'Good news, good news,' Fair Annie says,
'Good news is it for me,
For me to be bride and him bridegroom,
And that 's good news for me.'

10 'He forbids thee to put on thy silks so black,
Or yet thy silks so brown ;
But thou must put on thy suddled silks,
That thou wears up and down.'

11 'He forbids you to put on thy silks so green,
Or yet thy silks so gray ;
But thou must on thy suddled silks,
That thou wears every day.'

12 'There are smiths into my smiddy-bour
That 'll dress to me a steed,
There are tailors in my tailor-house
That 'll dress to me a weed.'

13 'There are maidens in my maiden-bower
That 'll lay gold in my hair,
And where eer there were ane link before,
It shall be nine times mair.'

14 Then Annie got herself attired,
In all things very fine,
With red ribbons, and silks so fair,
That owre her shoulders shine.'

15 When she came to Lord Thomas' yett,
She shined amang them a',
And the buttons on Lord Thomas' coat
Brusted and brak in twa.

16 'Brown, brown is your steed,' she says,
'But browner is your bride ;
But gallant is that handkerchy
That hideth her din hide.'

17 'O hold thy peace, Fair Annie,' he says,
'Speak not of that to me,
For happy is that bonny, bonny lad
That leads his life with thee.'

18 Then out bespoke the brown, brown bride,
And she spoke out with spite :
'O whare gets thou that water-cherry,
That washes thee so white ?'

19 'I got in my father's garden,
Below an olive tree,
And although thou war to seek long seven
years
That water thou 'll never see.'

20 'Tho thou hast got Lord Thomas' hand
That water thou 'll neer see ;
For thou 's sunbrunt from thy mother's womb,
And thou 'll never be like me.'

* * * * *

D

a. Pepys Ballads, III, 316, No 312. b. A Collection of Old Ballads, I, 249, 1723. c. Ritson, Select Collection of English Songs, II, 187, 1783. d. Buchan's Gleanings, p. 86. e, f, g, h, i, recited copies.

1 LORD THOMAS he was a bold forrester,
And a chaser of the king's deer;
Faire Ellinor was a fair woman,
And Lord Thomas he loved her dear.

2 'Come riddle my riddle, dear mother,' he said,
'And riddle us both as one,
Whether I shall marry Fair Ellinor,
And let the brown girl alone.'

3 'The brown girl she has got houses and lands,
And Fair Ellinor she has got none;
Therefore I charge you on my blessing
To bring me the brown girl home.'

4 And as it befell on a high holidaye,
As many did more beside,
Lord Thomas he went to Fair Ellinor,
That should have been his bride.

5 But when he came to Fair Ellinor's bower,
He knocked there at the ring;
But who was so ready as Fair Ellinor
For to let Lord Thomas in.

6 'What news, what news, Lord Thomas,' she said,
'What news hast thou brought unto me?'
'I am come to bid thee to my wedding,
And that is bad news to thee.'

7 'Oh God forbid, Lord Thomas,' she said,
'That such a thing should be done;
I thought to have been thy bride my own self,
And you to have been the brid's-groom.'

8 'Come riddle my riddle, dear mother,' she sayd,
'And riddle it all in one;
Whether I shall go to Lord Thomas's wedding,
Or whether I shall tarry at home.'

9 'There's many that are your friends, daughter,
And many that are your fo;
Therefore I charge you on my blessing,
To Lord Thomas's wedding don't go.'

10 'There's many that are my friends, mother,
If a thousand more were my foe,
Betide my life, betide my death,
To Lord Thomas's wedding I 'le go.'

11 She eloathed herself in gallant attyre,
And her merry men all in green,
And as they rid thorough everye towne,
They took her to have been a queene.

12 But when she came to Lord Thomas's gate,
She knocked there at the ring;
But who was so ready as Lord Thomas
To lett Fair Ellinor in.

13 'Is this your bride?' Fair Ellin she sayd,
'Methinks she looks wondrous browne;
Thou mightest have had as fair a woman
As ever trod on the ground.'

14 'Despise her not, Fair Ellin,' he sayd,
'Despise her not now unto mee;
For better I love thy little finger
Than all her whole body.'

15 This browne bride had a little penknife,
That was both long and sharp,
And betwixt the short ribs and the long
Prickd Fair Ellinor to the heart.

16 'Oh Christ now save thee,' Lord Thomas he said,
'Methinks thou lookst wondrous wan;
Thou wast usd for to look with as fresh a
colour
As ever the sun shin'd on.'

17 'Oh art thou blind, Lord Thomas?' she sayd,
'Or canst thou not very well see?
Oh dost thou not see my own heart's blood
Runs trickling down my knee?'

18 Lord Thomas he had a sword by his side,
As he walked about the hall;
He cut off his bride's head from her shoulders,
And he threw it against the wall.

19 He set the hilte against the ground,
And the point against his heart;
There was never three lovers that ever met
More sooner they did depart.

E

Jamieson's Popular Ballads, I, 22, from the recitation of Mrs W. Arrot, of Aberbrothick, as learned by her when a child from an elderly maid-servant.

1 SWEET WILLIE and Fair Annie
 Sat a' day on a hill,
 And though they had sitten seven year,
 They neer wad had their fill.

2 Sweet Willie said a word in haste,
 And Annie took it ill :
 'I winna wed a tocherless maid,
 Against my parents' will.'

3 'Ye 're come o the rich, Willie,
 And I 'm come o the poor ;
 I 'm oer laigh to be your bride,
 And I winna be your whore.'

4 O Annie she 's gane till her bower,
 And Willie down the den,
 And he 's come till his mither's bower,
 By the lei light o the moon.

5 'O sleep ye, wake ye, mither ?' he says,
 'Or are ye the bower within ?'
 'I sleep richt aft, I wake richt aft ;
 What want ye wi me, son ?

6 'Whare hae ye been a' night, Willie ?
 O wow, ye 've tarried lang !'
 'I have been courtin Fair Annie,
 And she is frae me gane.

7 'There is twa maidens in a bower ;
 Which o them sall I bring hame ?
 The nut-brown maid has sheep and cows,
 And Fair Annie has nane.'

8 'It 's an ye wed the nut-brown maid,
 I 'll heap gold wi my hand ;
 But an ye wed her Fair Annie,
 I 'll straik it wi a wand.

9 'The nut-brown maid has sheep and cows,
 And Fair Annie has nane ;
 And Willie, for my benison,
 The nut-brown maid bring hame.'

10 'O I sall wed the nut-brown maid,
 And I sall bring her hame ;

But peace nor rest between us twa,
 Till death sinder 's again.

11 'But, alas, alas !' says Sweet Willie,
 'O fair is Annie's face !'
 'But what 's the matter, my son Willie ?
 She has nae ither grace.'

12 'Alas, alas !' says Sweet Willie,
 'But white is Annie's hand !'
 'But what 's the matter, my son Willie ?
 She hasna a fur o land.'

13 'Sheep will die in eots, mither,
 And owsen die in byre ;
 And what 's this world's wealth to me,
 An I get na my heart's desire ?

14 'Whare will I get a bonny boy,
 That wad fain win hose and shoon,
 That will rin to Fair Annie's bower,
 Wi the lei light o the moon ?

15 'Ye 'll tell her to come to Willie's weddin,
 The morn at twal at noon ;
 Ye 'll tell her to come to Willie's weddin,
 The heir o Duplin town.

16 'She manna put on the black, the black,
 Nor yet the dowie brown,
 But the scarlet sae red, and the kerches sae
 white,
 And her bonny locks hangin down.'

17 He is on to Annie's bower,
 And tirled at the pin,
 And wha was sae ready as Annie hersel
 To open and let him in.

18 'Ye are bidden come to Willie's weddin,
 The morn at twal at noon ;
 Ye are bidden come to Willie's weddin,
 The heir of Duplin town.

19 'Ye manna put on the black, the black,
 Nor yet the dowie brown,
 But the scarlet sae red, and the kerches sae
 white,
 And your bonny locks hangin down.'

20 'It 's I will come to Willie's weddin,
 The morn at twal at noon ;

It's I will come to Willie's weddin,
But I rather the mass had been mine.

21 'Maidens, to my bower come,
And lay gold on my hair ;
And whare ye laid ae plait before,
Ye'll now lay ten times mair.

22 'Taylors, to my bower come,
And mak to me a weed ;
And smiths, unto my stable come,
And shoe to me a steed.'

23 At every tate o Annie's horse mane
There hang a silver bell,
And there came a wind out frae the south,
Which made them a' to knell.

24 And whan she came to Mary-kirk,
And sat down in the deas,
The light that came frae Fair Annie
Enlightend a' the place.

25 But up and stands the nut-brown bride,
Just at her father's knee :
'O wha is this, my father dear,
That blinks in Willie's ee ?'
'O this is Willie's first true-love,
Before he loved thee.'

26 'If that be Willie's first true-love,
He might hae latten me be ;
She has as much gold on ae finger
As I'll wear till I die.

27 'O whare got ye that water, Annie,
That washes you sae white ?'
'I got it in my mither's wambe,
Whare ye'll neer get the like.'

28 'For ye've been washd in Dunny's well,
And dried on Dunny's dyke,
And a' the water in the sea
Will never wash ye white.'

29 Willie's taen a rose out o his hat,
Laid it in Annie's lap :
'Hae, wear it for my sake.'

30 'Tak up and wear your rose, Willie,
And wear't wi mickle care ;

For the woman sall never bear a son
That will make my heart sae sair.'

31 Whan night was come, and day was gane,
And a' man boun to bed,
Sweet Willie and the nut-brown bride
In their chamber were laid.

32 They werena weel lyen down,
And scarcely fa'n asleep,
Whan up and stands she Fair Annie,
Just up at Willie's feet.

33 'Weel brook ye o your brown, brown bride,
Between ye and the wa ;
And sae will I o my winding sheet,
That suits me best ava.

34 'Weel brook ye o your brown, brown bride,
Between ye and the stock ;
And sae will I o my black, black kist,
That has neither key nor lock.'

35 Sad Willie raise, put on his claise,
Drew till him his hose and shoon,
And he is on to Annie's bower,
By the lei light o the moon.

36 The firsten bower that he came till,
There was right dowie wark ;
Her mither and her three sisters
Were makin to Annie a sark.

37 The nexten bower that he came till,
There was right dowie cheir ;
Her father and her seven brethren
Were makin to Annie a bier.

38 The lasten bower that he came till,
.
And Fair Annie streekit there.

39 He's lifted up the coverlet,
.

40 'It's I will kiss your bonny cheek,
And I will kiss your chin,
And I will kiss your clay-cald lip,
But I'll never kiss woman again.'

41 'The day ye deal at Annie's burial
 The bread but and the wine ;
 Before the morn at twall o'clock,
 They 'll deal the same at mine.'

42 The tane was buried in Mary's kirk,
 The tither in Mary's quire,

And out o the tane there grew a birk,
 And out o the tither a brier.

43 And ay they grew, and ay they drew,
 Untill they twa did meet,
 And every ane that past them by
 Said, Thae 's been lovers sweet !

F

Kinloch MSS, III, 127, stanzas 1-17 ; the remainder in Dr John Hill Burton's papers. Another copy in Kinloch MSS, V, 339. Both in Dr Burton's handwriting.

1 SWEET WILLIE and Fair Annie,
 As they sat on yon hill,
 If they hed sat frae morn till even,
 They hed no talked their fill.

* * * *

2 Willie's dune him hame again,
 As fast as gang could he :
 'An askin, an askin, my mother,
 And I pray ye 'll grant it me.

3 'Oh will I merry the nut-brown maid,
 Wi her oxen and her kye ?
 Or will I merry my Fair Annie,
 That hes my heart for aye ? '

4 'Oh if ye merry your Fair Annie,
 Your mither's malison you 'll wun ;
 But if ye merry the nut-brown may,
 Ye will get her blessin.'

5 'Oh voe 's me, mother,' Willie said,
 ' For Annie's bonny face !'
 'Little metter o that, my son Willie,
 When Annie hesna grace.'

6 'Oh voe 's me, mither,' Willie said,
 ' For Annie's bonny han !'
 'And what 's the metter, son Willie,
 When Annie hesna lan ?

7 'But ye will merry the nut-brown may,
 Wi her oxen and her kye ;
 But ye will merry the nut-brown may,
 For she hes my hert for aye.'

8 Out and spak his sister Jane,
 Where she sat be the fire :
 ' What 's the metter, brother Willie ?
 Tack ye your heart's desire.

9 'The oxen may die into the pleuch,
 The cow drown i the myre ;
 And what 's the metter, brother Willie ?
 Tak ye your heart's desire.'

10 'Whare will I get a bonny boy,
 That will wun hose and shune,
 That will run on to Anny's bower,
 And come right suné again ? '

11 'Ye 'll bid her come to Willie's weddin,
 The morn is the day ;
 Ye 'll bid her come to Willie's weddin,
 And no make no delay.

12 'Ye 'll forbid her to put on the black, the
 black,
 Or yet the dowie brown ;
 But the white silk and the reed skarlet,
 That will shine frae town to town.'

13 He is on to Anie's bower,
 And tirled at the pin,
 And wha was sae ready as Annie hersel
 To let the ladie in.

14 'Ye 'r bidden to come to Willie's weddin,
 The morn is the day ;
 Ye 'r bidden come to Willie's weddin,
 And no mack no delay.

15 'Ye 'r forbidden to put on the black, the black,
 Or yet the dowie brown ;
 But the white silk and the red scarlet,
 That will shine frae town to town.'

16 'Ye 'r forbidden to put on the black, the black,
 Or yet the dowie gray ;
 But the white silk and the red scarlet,
 That will shine frae brae to brae.'

17 'It 's I will come to Willie's weddin,
 Gif the morn be the day ;
 It 's I will come to Willie's weddin,
 And no mack no delay.'

18 Annie's steed was silver shod,
 And golden graithed behin' ;
 At every teet o her horse mane
 A silver bell did ring.

19 When Annie was in her saddle set,
 She glanced like the moon ;
 There was as much gould abov her brow
 Would buy an earldom.

20 When Annie was on her sadel set,
 She glanced like the fire ;
 There was as much gould above her brow
 Was worth a yearl's hire.

21 Annie gaed in the heigh, heigh hill,
 And Willie the dowie glen ;
 Annie alane shone brighter
 Than Willie and a' his men.

22 'Oh wha is that, my ane Willie,
 That glances in your ee ?'
 'Oh it is Annie, my first fore love,
 Come till see you and me.'

23 'Oh far got ye that water, Annie,
 That washes ye so wan ?'
 'Oh I got it aneth yon marble stane,
 Where ye will nere get name.'

24 'Ye 've been brunt sare anent the sun,
 And rocket i the reek ;
 And tho ye wad wash till doom's day,
 Ye wad never be so white.'

25 'If this be Annie, your first fore love,
 Come our weddin to see,
 She has by far owr brent a brow
 To lat ye bide by me.'

26 When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
 And a' men bun to bed,
 Sweet Willie and his nut-brown bride
 In ae chamber were laid.

27 The hedna weel layn down, layn down,
 But nor hed fallen asleep,
 When up and started Fair Annie,
 And stud at Willie's feet.

28 'Vo be to you, nut-brown bride,
 Wi yer oxen and your sheep !
 It is Annie, my first fore love,
 And I fear sair she is dead.

29 'Vo be te you, nut-brown bride,
 An ill death you betide !
 For you 've parted me and my first fore love,
 And I fear death is her guide.

30 'You 'll seddle to me the black, the black,
 You 'll seddle to me the brown,
 Till I ride on to Annie's bower
 And see how she is bune.'

31 When he came to Fair Annie's bower,
 And lighted and gaed in,

32 Her father was at her heed, her heed,
 Her mother at her feet,
 Her sister she was at her side,
 Puttin on her winding sheet.

33 'It 's kiss will I yer cheek, Annie,
 And kiss will I your chin,
 And I will kiss your wan, wan lips,
 Tho there be no breath within.'

34 'Ye birl, ye birl at my luve's wake
 The white bread and the wine,
 And or the morn at this same time
 Ye 'll birlc the same at mine.'

35 They birlled, they birlled at Annies wake
 The white bread and the wine,
 And ere the morn at that same time
 At his they birlled the same.

36 The one was buried at Mary's kirk,
 The other at Mary's quire,
 And throw the one there sprang a birk,
 And throw the other a brier.

37 And ay at every year's ane
 They grew them near and near,
 And every one that passed them by
 Said, They be lovers dear.

G

Skene MS., p. 104; northeast of Scotland, 1802-03.

1 SWEET WILLIE and Fair Annë,
They sat on yon hill,
And frae the morning till night
This twa neer talked their fill.

2 Willie spak a word in jest,
And Annë took it ill :
' We's court na mare maidens,
Against our parents' will.'

3 ' It's na against our parents' will,'
Fair Annie she did say,
• • • • •

4 Willie is hame to his bower,
To his book all alone,
And Fair Annie is to her bower,
To her book and her seam.

5 Sweet Willie is to his mother dear,
Fell low down on his knee :
' An asking, my mother dear,
And ye grant it to me ;
O will I marry the nut-brown may,
An lat Fair Annie gae ?'

6 ' The nut-brown may has ousen, Willie,
The nut-brown may has key ;
An ye will winn my blessing, Willie,
And latt Fair Annie be.'

7 He did him to his father dear,
Fell low down on his knee :
' An asking, my father,
An ye man grant it me.'

8 ' Ask on, my ae son Willie,
Ye'r sur yer askin's free ;
Except it is to marry her Fair Annie,
And that manna be.'

9 Out spak his little sister,
As she [sat] by the fire :
' The ox-leg will brack in the plough,
And the cow will drown in the mire.

10 ' An Willie will ha nathing
But the dam to sitt by the fire ;

Fair Annie will sit in her beagly bower,
An winn a earl's hire.'

11 ' Fair faa ye, my little sister,
A guid dead mat ye die !
An ever I hae goud,
Well tochered sall ye be.'

12 He's awa to Fair Annie,
As fast as gan could he :
' O will ye come to my marriage ?
The morn it is to be.'

13 ' O I will come to yer marriage,
The morn, gin I can win.'
• • • • •

14 Annie did her to her father dear,
Fell low down on her knee :
' An askin, my father,
And ye man grant it me ;
Lat me to Sweet Willie's marriage,
The morn it is to be.'

15 ' Yer horse sall be siller shod afore,
An guid red goud ahin,
An bells in his mane,
To ring against the win.'

16 She did her to her mother dear,
Fell low down on her knee :
' Will ye lat me to Willie's marriage ?
The morn it is to be ;'
' I'll lat ye to Willie's marriage,
An we the morn see.'

17 Whan Annie was in her saddle set
She flam'd against the fire ;
The girdle about her sma middle
Wad a won an earl's hire.

18 Whan they came to Mary kirk,
And on to Mary quire,
' O far gat ye that watter, Ann,
That washes ye sae clear ?'

19 ' I got it in my father's garden,
Aneth a marbell stane ;
• • • • •

20 'O whar gat ye that water, Annie,
That washes ye sae fite ?'
'I gat it in my mother's womb,
Whar ye['s] never get the like.'

21 'For ye ha been christned wi moss-water,
An roked in the reak,
An ser brunt in yer mither's womb,
For I think ye 'll neer be fite.'

22 The nut-brown bride pat her hand in
. at Annie['s] left ear,
And gin her
A deep wound and a sare.

23 Than . . Annie ged on her horse back,
An fast away did ride,
But lang or cock's crowing,
Fair Annie was dead.

24 Whan bells were rung, and mess was sung,
An a' man boun to bed,
Sweet Willie and the nut-brown bride
In a chamber were laid.

25 But up und wakend him Sweet Willie
Out of his dreary dream :
'I dreamed a dream this night,
God read a' dream to guid !'

26 'That Fair Annies bower was full of gentle-
men,
An herself was dead ;
But I will on to Fair Annie,
An si't if it be guid.'

27 Seven lang mile or he came near,
He heard a dolefull chear,
Her father and her seven brithern,
Walking at her bier ;
The half of it guid red goud,
The other silver clear.

28 'Ye deal at my love's leak
The white bread an the wine ;
But on the morn at this time
Ye 's dee the like at mine.'

29 The ane was buried at Mary kirk,
The ither at Mary quire ;
Out of the ane grew a birk,
Out of the ither a briar.

30 An aye the langer that they grew,
They came the ither near,
An by that ye might a well kent
They were twa lovers dear.

H

Gibb MS., p. 64.

1 FAIR ANNIE and Sweet Willie,
As they talked on yon hill,
Though they had talked a lang summer day,
They wad na hae talked their fill.

2 'If you would be a good woman, Annie,
An low leave a' your pride,
In spite of a' my friends, Annie,
I wad mak you my bride.'

3 'Thick, thick lie your lands, Willie,
An thin, thin lie mine ;
An little wad a' your friends think
O sic a kin as mine.

4 'Thick, thick lie your lands, Willie,
Down by the coving-tree ;

An little wad a' your friends think
O sic a bride as me.

5 'O Fair Annie, O Fair Annie,
This nicht ye 've said me no ;
But lang or ever this day month
I 'll make your heart as sore.'

6 It 's Willie he went home that night,
An a sick man lay he down ;
An ben came Willie's auld mither,
An for nae gude she came.

* * * * *

7 'It 's if ye marry Fair Annie,
My malison ye 's hae ;
But if ye marry the nut-brown may,
My blessin an ye 's hae.'

8 'Mother, for your malison,
 An mother, for your wis,
 It's I will marry the nut-brown may,

9

 It's up an spak his sister,

10 'The owsen may hang in the pleugh,
 The kye drown in the myre,
 An he'll hae naething but a dirty drab
 To sit doun by the fire.'

* * * * *

11 'Where will I get a bonny boy,
 That will win hose and shoon,
 That will rin on to Annie's bower,
 An haste him back again?'

12 'It's I have run your errands, Willie,
 An happy hae I been ;
 It's I will rin your errands, Willie,
 Wi the saut tears in my een.'

13 'When ye come to Annie's bower,
 She will be at her dine ;
 And bid her come to Willie's weddin,
 On Monday in good time.'

14 'Tell her neither to put on the dowie black,
 Nor yet the mournfu brown,
 But the gowd sae reed, and the silver white,
 An her hair weel combed down.'

15 'Tell her to get a tailor to her bower,
 To shape for her a weed,
 And a smith to her smithy,
 To shoe for her a steed.'

16 'To be shod wi silver clear afore,
 An gold graithed behind,
 An every foot the foal sets down,
 The gold lie on the ground.'

17 It's when he came to Annie's bower,
 It's she was at her dine :
 'Ye're bidden come to Willie's weddin,
 On Monday in good time.'

18 'You're neither to put on the dowie black,
 Nor get the mournfu brown,

But the gowd sae reid, an the silver white,
 An yere hair well combed doun.

19 'You're to get a tailor to your bower,
 To shape for you a weed,
 And likewise a smith to your smithy,
 To shoe for you a steed.'

20 'To be shod with silver clear afore,
 An gold graithed behind,
 An every foot the foal sets down,
 The gold lie on the ground.'

21 'It's I will come to Willie's weddin,
 I rather it had been mine ;
 It's I will come to Willie's weddin,
 On Monday in good time.'

22 'It's I'll send to Willie a toweld silk,
 To hing below his knee.
 An ilka time he looks on it,
 He'll hae gude mind o me.'

* * * * *

23 'An askin, father, an askin,
 An I hope you will grant me ;
 For it is the last askin
 That ever I'll ask of thee.'

24 'Ask me, Annie, gold,' he said,
 'An ask me, Annie, fee,
 But dinna ask me Sweet Willie,
 Your bedfellow to be.'

25 'It's I will ask you gold, father,
 Sae will I ask you fee,
 But I needna ask you Sweet Willie,
 My bedfellow to be.'

26 'For I am bidden to Willie's weddin,
 On Monday in good time,

* * * * *

27 On every tait o her horse's mane
 A siller bell did hing,
 An on every tait o her horse's tail
 A golden bell did ring.

28 Twal and twal rade her afore,
 An twal an twal ahind,

An twal an twal on every side,
To hold her frae the wind.

29 Fair Annie shined mair on the top o the hill
Than Willie did in the glen ;
Fair Annie shined mair on the heid o the hill
Than Willie wi a' his men.

30 Whan she came to Mary's kirk,
She lighted on the stane ;
An when she came to the kirk-door,
She bade the bride gae in.

31 'Clear, clear is your day, Willie,
But brown, brown is your bride ;
Clear, clear is her lawn eurches,
But weel dunned is her hide.'

32 'Where got ye yon water, Annie,
That has made you so white ?'
'I got it in my father's garden,
Below yon hollan dyke.

33 'But ye hae been washed i the moss water,
An rocked in the reek ;
Ye hae been brunt in your mither's wame,
An ye will neer be white.'

34 'Whatna fool were ye, Willie,
To lay your love on me ;
She's mair gowd on her heid this day
Than I'll wear till I die !'

35 'I've laid nae love on you, brown may,
I've laid nae love on you ;
I've mair love for Fair Annie this day
Than I'll hae for you till I dee.'

* * * * *

36 'If you will neither eat nor drink,
You'll see good game an play ;'
But she turned her horse head to the hill,
An swift she rode away.

* * * * *

37 When they were all at supper set,
Till he went to Fair Annie's bower,
By the ley licht o the mune.

38 An when he came to Annie's bower,
Annie was lying deid,
An seven o Annie's sisters an sisters' bairns
Were sewing at Annie's weed.

39 'It's I will take your hand, Annie,
Since ye wald neer take mine ;
The woman shall never have the hand
That I'll touch after thine.

40 'An I will kiss your mouth, Annie,
Since ye will never kiss mine ;
The woman shall never have the lips
That I'll kiss after thine.

* * * * *

41

'As much breid ye deal at Annie's dairgie
Tomorrow ye's deal at mine.'

A. "Some traditionary copies of the ballad have this stanza, which is the 19th in order :

And four and twenty milk-white swans,
Wi their wings stretchd out wide,
To blaw the stour aff the highway,
To let Fair Annie ride."
(Motherwell's Minstrelsy, p. lxviii, 19.)

Compare 'Lord Ingram and Chiel Wyet,' C 22.
C. 6³, 10³. silk. 13¹. The maidens.
D. a. A Tragical Story of Lord Thomas and Fair

Ellinor. Together with the downfall of the Brown Girl.

3⁴. And bring. 9¹. many of your.
9⁴, 12¹. Thomas his.
10⁴. Thomas's his. 15³. But betwixt.
b. A Tragical Ballad on the unfortunate Love of Lord Thomas and fair Ellinor, together with the Downfal of the Brown Girl.
1⁸. a fine. 2⁸. marry with. 3¹. land.
3⁴. Bring me. 4¹. As it.
4². many more did. 6⁴. for thee.
7⁴. bridegroom. 9¹. many that are.

9⁴, 10⁴, 12¹. Thomas's. 10². And if.
 11³. through. 11⁴. to be some.
 13¹. Ellinor said. 13². wonderful.
 13³. mightst. 14². now *wanting*.
 15³. And. 16³. Thou us'd to look.
 18⁴. he *wanting*.
 19³. There never were three lovers met.
 19⁴. That sooner did.
 c. 1³. a fine. 2³. marry with.
 3². And *wanting*. 3³. thee on.
 3⁴. To bring. 5⁴. For *wanting*.
 6⁴. for thee. 7⁴. bridegroom.
 9¹. many that are.
 8³, 9⁴, 10⁴, 12¹. Thomases. 10³. or betide.
 11³. through. 13³. You might.
 14². now *wanting*. 15³. And.
 15⁴. She prickd. 16². wain.
 d. 3². she's got land, she says.
 4². many more do. 5². at the pin.
 8⁴. I shall let it alone. 9². foes.
 10². If a thousand were our foes.
 10³. me life, me death.
 10⁴. To Lord Thomas's I'll go.
 12². at the pin.
After 12:

He took her by the lily-white hand,
 And led her through the hall ;
 He set her in the noblest chair,
 Among the ladies all.

15². both keen. 16¹. now save me.
 16³. usest to look as good a colour.
After 17:

‘ O dig my grave,’ Lord Thomas replied,
 ‘ Dig it both wide and deep,
 And lay Fair Eleanor by my side
 And the brown girl at my feet.’

18⁴. And flung.

19³, 4. There never were three lovers sure
 That sooner did depart.

e. *Motherwell's MS.*, p. 293, from the recitation of Widow McCormick, February 23, 1825; learned of an old woman in Dumbarton, thirty years before.

1 ‘ Come riddle me, riddle me, mother,’ he says,
 ‘ Come riddle me all in one,

Whether I'll goe to court Fair Helen
 Or fetch you the brown girl home.’

2 ‘ It's many 's the ones your friends,’ she says,
 ‘ And many 's the ones your fone;
 My blessing be on you, dear son,’ she says,
 ‘ Go fetch me the brown girl home.’

3 He dressed himself all in green,
 Thorough the road he went,
 And every village that he came to,
 They took him to be a king.

4 Till that he came to Fair Helen's gate ;
 He tinkled low at the ring ;
 Who was so ready as Fair Helen herself
 To let Lord Thomas in.

5 ‘ You're welcome, you're welcome, Lord Thomas,’
 she says,
 ‘ What news have you brought to me ?’
 ‘ I've come to bid you to my wedding,
 And that is bad news to thee.’

6 ‘ It's God forbid, Lord Thomas,’ she said,
 ‘ That sic an a thing should be,
 But I for to be the body of the bride,
 And you to be the bridegroom.

7 ‘ Come riddle me, riddle me, mother,’ she says,
 ‘ Come riddle me all in one,
 Whether I'll go to Lord Thomas' wedding,
 Or mourn all day at home.’

8 ‘ Many 's the ones your friend,’ she says,
 ‘ And many 's the ones your fone ;
 ‘ My blessing be on you, dear daughter,’ she says,
 ‘ And mourn all day at home.’

9 ‘ Many 's the ones my friends, mother,’ she says,
 ‘ And many 's the ones my fae,
 But I will go to Lord Thomas' wedding
 Should I lose my life by the way.’

10 She dressed herself all in green,
 Thorow the road she went,
 And every village that she came to,
 They took her for to be a queen.

11 Till that she came to Lord Thomas' gates ;
 She tinkled low at the ring ;
 Who was so ready as Lord Thomas himself
 To let Fair Helen in.

12 ‘ Where have you got this brown girl ?’ she says,
 ‘ I think she looks wonderful brown ;
 You might have had as pretty a bride
 As ever the sun shined on.’

13 It's up and starts the brown girl's mother,
And an angry woman was she:
'Where have you got the roseberry-water
That washes your face so clear?'

14 'It's I have gotten that roseberry-water
Where that she could get none;
For I have got it in my mother's womb,
Where in her mother's womb there was
none.'

15 She took up a little pen-knife,
That was baith sharp and small,
She stuck Fair Helen forments the heart,
And down the blood did fall.

16 'What ailes you, Fair Helen?' he says,
'I think you look wonderful pale:
.

17 'What ailes you, Lord Thomas?' she says,
'Or don't you very well see?
O don't you see my very heart's blood
Coming trinkling down by my knee?'

18 He took up a little small sword,
That hung low by his knee,
And he cut off the brown girl's head,
And dashed it against the wall.

19 He set the sword all in the ground,
And on it he did fall;
So there was an end of these three lovers,
Thro spite and malice all.

8². *foe in the margin.*

19⁴. All thro spite and malice is noted as
if it were what was recited.

f. *From Miss Clara Mackay, Woodstock, New Brunswick, 1881, derived from her great grandmother. The title is 'Lord Thomas.'*

1². The keeper of our king's gear.
4, 7 are wanting.

11². Her merry maids all in green.

After 12:

He took her by the lily-white hand,
And led her through the hall,
And sat her in a chair of gold,
Amidst her merry maids all.

15². both clean and sharp.

After 17:

'No, I am not blind,' Lord Thomas he said,
'But I can plainly see,
And I can see your dear heart's blood
Runs trickling down your knee.'

18². It was both keen and small.

18⁴. And flung.

After 19, as in d:

'Oh dig me a grave,' Lord Thomas he said,
'And dig it both wide and deep,
And lay Fair Ellinor at my side,
The brown girl at my feet.'

g. *Recited to me by Ellen Healy, 1881, as learned by her of a young girl living near Killarney, Ireland, about 1867.*

2². come riddle me oer and oer: so 8².

2⁴, 3⁴. the pretty brown girl bring home.

After 3:

He dressed himself up in a suit of green,
And his merry men all in white;
There was not a town that he rode through
But they took him to be a knight.

9 'Lord Thomas has got company enough,
Fair Ellinor, you have none;
Therefore I charge you with my blessing,
Fair Ellinor, stay at home.'

11 She dressed herself up in a suit of white,
And her merry men all in green;
There was not a town that she rode through
But they took her to be a queen.

After 12:

He took her by the lily-white hand,
And by the waist so small,
And set her at the head of the table,
.

After 13:

Up spoke the pretty brown girl,
She said
'Where did you get the water
That washed your skin so white?'

'There is a well in my father's land,
A place you'll never see,

14 *wanting.*

19. *Imperfectly remembered.*

Lord Thomas he stabbed the pretty brown girl, and then he stabbed himself; and he said, Bury the pretty brown girl at my feet, and Fair Ellinor in my arms. A red rose grew out of Fair Ellinor, and a sweet briar out of Lord Thomas's grave, and they grew until they met.

h. *An Irish version, recited by Ellen Daily, Taunton, Massachusetts.*

2². Come riddle me all at once.

2⁴. Or the bonny brown girl.

4. He dressed himself up in a suit of fine clothes,

With merry men all in white;
And there was not a town that he rode through

But they took him to be a knight.

5². very low at her ring.

10^{3, 4}. 'Let the wind blow high or low,
To Lord Thomas's wedding I'll go.'

11. She dressed herself up in a suit of fine clothes,

With merry maids all in green;
And there was not a town that she rode through

But they took her to be a queen.

12². very low at his ring.

After 12 :

He took her by the lily-white hand,
And led her along the hall;

He handed her to the head of the table,
Among the ladies all.

After 13 :

Then out spoke the bonny brown girl some words with spirit, saying:

'Where did you get the water so clear,
That washed your face so white?'

'There is a well in my father's yard
That is both clear and spring,

And if you were to live till the day you die
That doon you never shall see.'

14 *is wanting.*

After 19 :

'Bury my mother at my head,
Fair Ellenor by my side,
And bury the bonny brown girl at the end
of the church,
Where she will be far from me.'

Out of Fair Ellen there grew a red rose,
And out of Lord Thomas there grew a
sweet-briar.

They grew so tall, they sprung so broad,
They grew to a steeple top;
Twelve o'clock every night
They grew to a true lover's knot.

i. *Communicated by Mr W. W. Newell, as recited by an Irish maid-servant in Cambridge, Massachusetts.*

1, 4-7, 10 *are wanting.*

After 12 :

He took her by the lily-white hand,
And led her through the hall,
Until he put her sitting at the head of the
table,
Amongst the gentleman all.

13, 14. 'Is this your bride, Lord Thomas?' they said,

'Or is this your bride?' said they
'O 't is better I love her little finger
Than all her whole boday.'

The stanza which describes Lord Thomas's dress and the effect he produced occurs in e, g, h; that in which Lord Thomas leads Ellinor through the hall and conducts her to her place is found in d, f, g, h, i; the colloquy about the water which washes Ellinor so white in e, g, h; Lord Thomas's directions about the burial in d, f, h; the plants growing from the grave in g, h. None of these are in the English broadside.

A fragment in Pitcairn's MSS, III, 35, is derived from the English broadside.

F. *The copy in Kinloch MSS, V, 339, b, seems to be a revision of the other. The two portions of that which is apparently the earlier, a, became separated by some accident or oversight. For stanzas 18-37 I have not the original, but a transcript. After 1, b inserts Jamieson's second stanza, E 2.*

4. ye merry twice.

5³. altered to What's metter, son Willie, to conform to 6³: b, And what's the matter.

12¹. Ye'll tell her to come. 12³. Yer bidden come. 13¹. Yer forbidden. *Anticipating*

14, 15. *Corrected in b as here, and partly in a.*

18². a, gold engraved, b, golden graved: cf. H, 16, 20. 22³. Oh is it: *corrected in b.*

25³. She has by far struck out and Fair Annie written above: b, Fair Annie hes oer.

G. *The division of stanzas and of verses has in some cases required regulation. The handwriting is in places difficult, and I cannot be sure that the spelling in every case is what the writer intended.*

7⁴. mann? 16⁵. Willie. 20². fett?

21³. ser brunt (?) 21⁴. faett? 23¹. Whan.

25³. *perhaps* dreams.

28¹. deal illegible, a conjecture. 29³. grave?

74

FAIR MARGARET AND SWEET WILLIAM

A. a. 'Fair Margaret's Misfortune,' etc., Douce Ballads, I, fol. 72. b. 'Fair Margaret and Sweet William,' Ritson, A Select Collection of English Songs, 1783, II, 190. c. 'Fair Margaret and Sweet William,' Percy's Reliques, 1765, III, 121. d. Percy's Reliques, 1767, III, 119.

B. Percy Papers; communicated by the Dean of Derry, February, 1776.

C. Percy Papers; communicated by Rev. P. Parsons, April 7, 1770.

A, a, b, c are broadside or stall copies, a of the end of the seventeenth century, b "modern" in Percy's time, and they differ inconsiderably, except that a has corrupted an important line.* Of d, Percy says, Since the first edition some improvements have been inserted, which were communicated by a lady of the first distinction, as she had heard this song repeated in her infancy. Herd, in The Ancient and Modern Scots Songs, 1769, p. 295, follows Percy. As Percy has remarked, the ballad is twice quoted in Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Knight of the Burning Pestle,' 1611. Stanza 5 runs thus in Act 2, Scene 8, Dyce, II, 170:

When it was grown to dark midnight,
And all were fast asleep,
In came Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

* "The common title of this ballad, which is a favorite of the stalls, is 'Fair Margaret's Misfortunes:'" Motherwell, Minstrelsy, p. lxviii, note 18.

The first half of stanza 2 is given, in Act 3, Scene 5, Dyce, p. 196, with more propriety than in the broadsides, thus:

You are no love for me, Margaret,
I am no love for you.

The fifth stanza of the ballad, as cited in 'The Knight of the Burning Pestle,' says the editor of the Reliques, has "acquired an importance by giving birth to one of the most beautiful ballads in our own or any language" [that is, 'Margaret's Ghost'], "the elegant production of David Mallet, Esq., who, in the last edition of his poems, 3 vols, 1759, informs us that the plan was suggested by the four verses quoted above, which he supposed to be the beginning of some ballad now lost."† The ballad supposed to be lost has been lately re-

† Reliques, 1765, III, 121, 310.

covered, in a copy of the date 1711, with the title 'William and Margaret, an Old Ballad,' and turns out to be substantially the piece which Mallet published as his own in 1724, Mallet's changes being comparatively slight. 'William and Margaret' is simply 'Fair Margaret and Sweet William' rewritten in what used to be called an elegant style. Nine of the seventeen stanzas are taken up with a rhetorical address of Margaret to false William, who then leaves his bed, raving, stretches himself on Margaret's grave, thrice calls her name, thrice weeps full sore, and dies. See *The Roxburghe Ballads*, in the Ballad Society's reprint, III, 671, with Mr Chappell's remarks there, and in the *Antiquary*, January, 1880. The ballad of 1711 seems to have been founded upon some copy of the popular form earlier than any we now possess, or than any known to me, for the last half of stanza 5 runs nearly as it occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher (see also B 7), thus :

In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

'Fair Margaret and Sweet William' begins like 'Lord Thomas and Fair Annet,' and from the fifth stanza on is blended with a form of that ballad represented by versions E-H. The *brown* girl, characteristic of 'Lord Thomas and Fair Annet,' has slipped into A 14, 15, B 8, of 'Fair Margaret and Sweet William.' The catastrophe of 'Fair Margaret and Sweet William' is repeated in 'Lord Lovel,' and it will be convenient to notice under the head of the latter, which immediately follows, some ballads out of English which resemble both, especially in the conclusion.

A c is translated by Bodmer, II, 31, Döring, p. 199; A d by Herder, 1778, I, 124, von Marées, p. 40, Knortz, *Lieder u. Romanzen Alt-Englands*, No 61.

A

a. *Douce Ballads*, I, fol. 72. b. Ritson, *A Select Collection of English Songs*, 1783, II, 190. c. *Percy's Reliques*, 1765, III, 121. d. *Percy's Reliques*, 1767, III, 119.

- 1 As it fell out on a long summer's day,
Two lovers they sat on a hill ;
They sat together that long summer's day,
And could not talk their fill.
- 2 'I see no harm by you, Margaret,
Nor you see none by me ;
Before tomorrow eight a clock
A rich wedding shall you see.'
- 3 Fair Margaret sat in her bower-window,
A combing of her hair,
And there she spy'd Sweet William and his
bride,
As they were riding near.
- 4 Down she layd her ivory eomb,
And up she bound her hair ;
She went her way forth of her bower,
But never more did come there.

5 When day was gone, and night was come,
And all men fast asleep,
Then came the spirit of Fair Margaret,
And stood at William's feet.

6 'God give you joy, you two true lovers,
In bride-bed fast asleep ;
Loe I am going to my green grass grave,
And am in my winding-sheet.'

7 When day was come, and night was gone,
And all men wak'd from sleep,
Sweet William to his lady said,
My dear, I have cause to weep.

8 'I dreamd a dream, my dear lady ;
Such dreams are never good ;
I dreamd my bower was full of red swine,
And my bride-bed full of blood.'

9 'Such dreams, such dreams, my honoured
lord, *
They never do prove good,
To dream thy bower was full of swine,
And [thy] bride-bed full of blood.'

10 He called up his merry men all,
By one, by two, and by three,
Saying, I'll away to Fair Margaret's bower,
By the leave of my lady.

11 And when he came to Fair Margaret's bower,
He knocked at the ring ;
So ready was her seven brethren
To let Sweet William in.

12 He turned up the covering-sheet :
'Pray let me see the dead ;
Methinks she does look pale and wan,
She has lost her cherry red.'

13 'I'll do more for thee, Margaret,
Than any of thy kin ;
For I will kiss thy pale wan lips,
Tho a smile I cannot win.'

14 With that bespeak her seven brethren,
Making most pitious moan :
'You may go kiss your jolly brown bride,
And let our sister alone.'

15 'If I do kiss my jolly brown bride,
I do but what is right ;

For I made no vow to your sister dear,
By day or yet by night.

16 'Pray tell me then how much you 'll deal
Of your white bread and your wine ;
So much as is dealt at her funeral today
Tomorrow shall be dealt at mine.'

17 Fair Margaret dy'd today, today,
Sweet William he dy'd the morrow ;
Fair Margaret dy'd for pure true love,
Sweet William he dy'd for sorrow.

18 Margaret was buried in the lower chancel,
Sweet William in the higher ;
Out of her breast there sprung a rose,
And out of his a brier.

19 They grew as high as the church-top,
Till they could grow no higher,
And then they grew in a true lover's knot,
Which made all people admire.

20 There came the clerk of the parish,
As you this truth shall hear,
And by misfortune cut them down,
Or they had now been there.

B

Communicated to Percy by the Dean of Derry, as written down from memory by his mother, Mrs Bernard ; February, 1776.

1 SWEET WILLIAM would a wooing ride,
His steed was lovely brown ;
A fairer creature than Lady Margaret
Sweet William could find none.

2 Sweet William came to Lady Margaret's
bower,
And knocked at the ring,
And who so ready as Lady Margaret
To rise and to let him in.

3 Down then came her father dear,
Clothed all in blue :
'I pray, Sweet William, tell to me
What love's between my daughter and
you ?'

4 'I know none by her,' he said,
'And she knows none by me ;
Before tomorrow at this time
Another bride you shall see.'

5 Lady Margaret at her bower-window,
Combing of her hair,
She saw Sweet William and his brown bride
Unto the church repair.

6 Down she cast her iv'ry comb,
And up she tossd her hair,
She went out from her bower alive,
But never so more came there.

7 When day was gone, and night was come,
All people were asleep,
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

8 'How d' ye like your bed, Sweet William ?
 How d' ye like your sheet ?
 And how d' ye like that brown lady,
 That lies in your arms asleep ?'

9 'Well I like my bed, Lady Margaret,
 And well I like my sheet ;
 But better I like that fair lady
 That stands at my bed's feet.'

10 When night was gone, and day was come,
 All people were awake,
 The lady waket out of her sleep,
 And thus to her lord she spake.

11 'I dreamd a dream, my wedded lord,
 That seldom comes to good ;
 I dreamd that our bower was lin'd with white
 swine,
 And our brid-chamber full of blood.'

12 He called up his merry men all,
 By one, by two, by three,
 'We will go to Lady Margaret's bower,
 With the leave of my wedded lady.'

13 When he came to Lady Margaret's bower,
 He knocked at the ring,

And who were so ready as her brethren
 To rise and let him in.

14 'Oh is she in the parlor,' he said,
 'Or is she in the hall ?
 Or is she in the long chamber,
 Amongst her merry maids all ?'

15 'She 's not in the parlor,' they said,
 'Nor is she in the hall ;
 But she is in the long chamber,
 Laid out against the wall.'

16 'Open the winding sheet,' he cry'd,
 'That I may kiss the dead ;
 That I may kiss her pale and wan
 Whose lips used to look so red.'

17 Lady Margaret [died] on the over night,
 Sweet William died on the morrow ;
 Lady Margaret died for pure, pure love,
 Sweet William died for sorrow.

18 On Margaret's grave there grew a rose,
 On Sweet William's grew a briar ;
 They grew till they joind in a true lover's knot,
 And then they died both together.

C

Communicated to Percy by Rev. P. Parsons, of Wye,
 April 7, 1770.

1 As Margaret stood at her window so clear,
 A combing back her hair,
 She saw Sweet William and his gay bride
 Unto the church draw near.

2 Then down she threw her ivory comb,
 She turned back her hair ;
 There was a fair maid at that window,
 She 's gone, she 'll come no more there.

3 In the night, in the middle of the night,
 When all men were asleep,
 There walkd a ghost, Fair Margaret's ghost,
 And stood at his bed's feet.

4 Sweet William he dremed a dream, and he
 said,
 'I wish it prove for good ;

My chamber was full of wild men's wine,
 And my bride-bed stood in blood.'

5 Then he calld up his stable-groom,
 To saddle his nag with speed :
 'This night will I ride to Fair Margaret's
 bower,
 With the leave of my lady.'

6 'Oh is Fair Margaret in the kitchen ?
 Or is she in the hall ?

7 'No. she is not in the kitchen,' they cryed,
 'Nor is she in the hall ;
 But she is in the long chamber,
 Laid up against the wall.'

8 Go with your right side to Newcastle,
 And come with your left side home,
 There you will see those two lovers
 Lie printed on one stone.

A. a. Fair Margaret's Misfortune, or, Sweet William's Frightful Dreams on his Wedding Night. With the Sudden Death and Burial of those Noble Lovers. . . . Printed for S. Bates, at the Sun and Bible, in Gilt-Spur Street. *Sarah Bates published about 1685. Chappell.*

3¹. set. 4¹. lay.

5⁴. Which causd him for to weep: *caught probably from 7⁴. See the quotation in Beaumont and Fletcher, and the other broadside copies.*

13². my kin. 18¹. channel.

b. 1¹. out upon a day. 1³. a long.

2⁴. you shall. 3⁴. a riding.

4³. went away first from the.

4⁴. more came.

5⁴. And stood at William's bed-feet.

6¹. you true. 6³. grass green.

6⁴. I am. 9⁴. thy bride-bed.

10¹. called his. 12¹. Then he.

12³. she looks both. 14¹. the seven.

14³, 15¹. brown dame.

16². Of white. 18². And William.

19³. there they. 19⁴. all the. 20¹. Then.

c. 2³. at eight. 2⁴. you shall.

3³. She spye. 3⁴. a riding.

4⁴. more came. 5³. There came.

5⁴. And stood at William's feet.

6¹. you lovers true. 6⁴. I 'm.

9⁴. And they. 12¹. Then he.

14¹. the seven. 17. William dyed.

18². And William. 19³. there they.

19⁴. Made all the folke. 20¹. Then.

d. *Variations not found in c:* "Communicated by a lady of the first distinction, as she had heard this song repeated in her infancy."

3². Combing her yellow hair.

3³. There she spye.

4. Then down she layd her ivory combe,
And braided her hair in twain;
She went alive out of her bower,
But neer came alive in 't again.

6. 'Are you awake, Sweet William?' shee
said,
'Or, Sweet William, are you asleep?
God give you joy of your gay bride-
bed,
And me of my winding-sheet.'

11³. And who so ready as her.

15³. I neer made a vow to yonder poor
corpse.

16. 'Deal on, deal on, my merry men all,
Deal on your cake and your wine;
For whatever is dealt at her funeral to-
day
Shall be dealt tomorrow at mine.'

19¹. They grew till they grew unto the.

19². And then they. 19³. they tyed.

19⁴. the people.

C. "The ballad of Sweet William," writes Parsons to Percy, "was the same as yours in the stanzas I have omitted. . . . The person from whom I took the thirty-fifth line [*thirty-first, here 4³*] sang it thus:

My chamber was full of wild men's wine,
which is absolute nonsense, yet, if altered to
'wild men and swine,' is perfect sense."

75

LORD LOVEL

A. 'Lady Ouncebell,' communicated to Bishop Percy by the Rev. P. Parsons, of Wye, 1770 and 1775.

B. 'Lord Lavel,' Kinloch MSS, I, 45.

C. 'Lord Travell,' communicated by Mr Alexander Laing, of Newburgh-on-Tay.

D. 'Lord Lovel,' Kinloch MSS, VII, 83; Kinloch's Ancient Scottish Ballads, p. 31.

E. Communicated by Mr J. F. Campbell, of Islay, as learned about 1850.

F. 'Lord Lovel,' communicated by Mr Robert White, of Newcastle-on-Tyne.

G. 'Lord Revcl,' Harris MS., fol. 28 b.

H. 'Lord Lovel.' **a.** Broadside in Dixon's Ancient Poems, Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry of England, p. 78, Percy Society, vol. xix. **b.** Davidson's Universal Melodist, I, 148.

I. Percy Papers, communicated by Principal Robertson.

IS made up of portions of several ballads. The first stanza is derived from 'Sweet William's Ghost,' the second and third possibly from some form of 'Death and the Lady,' 4-11 from 'Lady Maisry.' The eighth stanza of E should, perhaps, be considered as taken from 'Lord Thomas and Fair Annet,' since in no other copy of 'Lord Lovel' and in none of 'Fair Margaret and Sweet William' does the hero die by his own hand.

In 'Fair Margaret and Sweet William,' as also in 'Lord Thomas and Fair Annet,' a lover sacrifices his inclination to make a marriage of interest. In 'Lord Lovel' the woman dies, not of affection betrayed, but of hope too long deferred, and her laggard but not unfaithful lover sinks under his remorse and

* It can scarcely be too often repeated that such ballads as this were meant only to be sung, not at all to be recited. As has been well remarked of a corresponding Norwegian ballad, 'Lord Lovel' is especially one of those which, for their due effect, require the support of a melody, and almost equally the comment of a burden. No burden is preserved in the case of 'Lord Lovel,' but we are not to infer that there never was one. The burden, which is at least as important as the instrumental accompaniment of modern songs, sometimes, in these little tragedies, foreshadows calamity from the outset, sometimes, as in the Norwegian ballad referred to, is a cheerful-sounding formula, which in the upshot enhances by contrast the gloom of the conclusion. "A simple but life-like story, supported by the burden and the air, these are the means by which such old romances seek to produce an impression:" Landstad, to 'Herr Stragi,' p. 541.

grief. 'Lord Lovel' is peculiarly such a ballad as Orsino likes and praises: it is silly sooth, like the old age. Therefore a gross taste has taken pleasure in parodying it, and the same with 'Young Beichan.' But there are people in this world who are amused even with a burlesque of Othello.*

There are several sets of ballads, very common in Germany and in Scandinavia, which, whether they are or are not variations of the same original, at least have a great deal in common with 'Lord Lovel' and 'Fair Margaret and Sweet William.'

Of these, one which more closely resembles the English is 'Der Ritter und die Maid,' of German origin, but found also further north.†

A knight and maid have been together till

† (1), 'Das Lied vom Herren und der Magd,' 1771, Düntzer u. Herder, Briefe Goethe's an Herder, I, 157. (2), 'Eyn klegliche Mordgeschicht, von ey'm Graven vnde eyner Meyd,' Nieolai, Eyn feyner kleyner Almanae, 1777, I, 39, No 2; with variations, Kretzschmer, I, 89, No 54, Uhland, p. 220, No 97 A. (3), 'Der Ritter und das Mägdlein,' Erk, Liederhort, p. 81, No 26, a traditional variety of (2). (4), Wunderhorn, 1806, I, 50 = Erlach, II, 531, Mittler, No 91. (5), 'Des Prinzen Reue,' Meinert, p. 218, 1817. (6), Alemannia, II, 185, after a manuscript of von Arnim. (7), Erk's edition of the Wunderhorn, IV, 304. (8), Hoffmann u. Richter, Schlesische Volkslieder, p. 9, No 4. (9), Erk u. Irmer, IV, 62, No 56. (10), 'Zu späte Reue,' Fiedler, p. 161. (11), 'Der Erbgraf,' Simroek, p. 33, No 12, compounded, but partly oral. (12), 'Der Ritter und seine Dame,' Pröhle, p. 19, No 13. (13), Meier, p. 316, No 177. (14-16),

morning. She weeps; he tells her that he will pay for her honor, will give her an underling and money. She will have none but him, and will go home to her mother. The mother, on seeing her, asks why her gown is long behind and short before, and offers her meat and drink. The daughter refuses them, goes to bed, and dies. So far there is no dallying with the innocence of love, as in the English ballad; the German knight is simply a brutal man of pleasure. But now the knight has a dream, as in 'Fair Margaret and Sweet William'; it is that his love has died. He bids his squire or groom to saddle, and rides to find out what has happened. On his way he hears an ominous bell; further on he sees a grave digging; then he meets men carrying a bier. Set down the bier, he cries, that I may see my love. He turns back the cloth and looks at the dead. She has suffered for him, he will suffer for her. He draws his sword and runs it through his heart. They are buried in one coffin, or in the same grave. In some of the ballads lilies rise from the grave; in a Swedish version ('Jungfruns död'), a linden, the leaves of which intermingle.

Next to this we may put a Norwegian and a Swedish ballad, which, having perhaps lost something at the beginning, cannot safely be classed: 'Maarstíg aa hass möy,' Bugge, p. 127, No 26, A, B; 'Herr Malmstens dröm,' Afzelius, III, 104, No 85. Maarstíg dreams that his love's gold ring has got upon another finger, that her gold belt is off her lithe waist, her cloak or her hair is cut to bits, her shoes are full of blood; Malmsten that his love's heart breaks. The pages are ordered to saddle, and Maarstíg, or Malmsten, rides to find

Ditfurth, II, 4-8, Nos 6, 7, 8. (17-22), Wagner, in Deutsches Museum, 1862, II, 758-68. (23), 'Der Herr und seine Dame,' Peter, I, 193, No 10. (24), Parisius, p. 33, No 10. (25), Adam Wolf, p. 11, No 6. (26), Alfred Müller, p. 98. (27), 'Die traurige Begegnung,' Paudler, p. 21, No 13.

Scandinavian, from the German: 'Ungersvennens Dröm,' Fagerlund, Anteckningar, p. 196; 'Jungfruns död,' Wigström, Folkdiktning, I, 52; and besides these Swedish copies, a Danish broadside, from the beginning of this century, which is very common. 'Stolten Hellelille,' "Tragica, No 22," 1657, Danske Viser, III, 184, No 130 (translated by Prior, III, 214), a somewhat artificial piece, has the outline of 'Der

what there is in the dream. Maarstíg encounters two maids, who are just from a wake. "Who is dead?" "Maalfrí, thy sweet love." He rides on, meets the bier, bids the bearers set it down, and looks at the dead. Let them dig the grave, he cries, wide and deep, it shall be his bride-house; let them dig the grave deep and long, that is where bride and bridegroom shall go. He sets his sword against a stone, and falls on it. With slight variations, the course of the story is the same for Malmsten. Another Swedish ballad, 'Den sörjande,' Djurklou, p. 106, No 7, lacks even so much introduction as the dream. The lover orders his horse, hears the funeral bell, sees the grave-digging, meets the bier, looks at his dead mistress, and kills himself. A fragment in Dybeck's Runa, 1845, p. 15, begins with the ride and stops short of the death.

These last ballads apparently give us the middle and end of a story which has also some sort of beginning in the following: Danish, 'Den elskedes Død,' Kristensen, II, 39, No 20, A-D, and in many unprinted copies from oral tradition, besides two from MSS of the sixteenth century, communicated to me by Grundtvig; Swedish, 'Hertig Nils,' Arwidsson, II, 21, No 72, 'Peder Palleson,' Arwidsson, No 71, II, 18, 437; Norwegian, 'Herr Stragi,' Landstad, p. 537, No 61.* A lover and his mistress have parted, have been long parted. She is sick, dying, or even dead. In the Danish manuscript copies we are distinctly told that she has grieved herself to death on his account. Word is sent him by carrier-pigeons, a bird, a page; or he is informed by a spae-wife (Landstad). He leaps over the table, spilling mead and wine (Kristensen), and rides faster than the doves fly. The rest

'Ritter u. die Maid,' and is a hundred years older than any known copy of the German ballad.

A Wendish ballad, founded on the German, is very like (4): Haupt and Schmäler, I, 139, No 136.

A Dutch ballad, in the Antwerpener Liederbuch, No 45, Hoffmann, Niederländische Volkslieder, p. 61, No 15, Willems, p. 154, No 60, Uhland, No 97 B, has some points of the above, but is a very different story.

* There is a Finnish form of this ballad, probably derived from the Swedish; also another Swedish version in Westergötlands Fornminnesförenings Tidskrift, 1869, häfte 1, which I have not yet seen.

of the tale is much as before, with those minor diversities that are to be expected. The lover commonly kills himself, but dies of heart-break in 'Peder Palleson' and one of the sixteenth century Danish copies. In the latter he hears the bells, says he shall never arrive alive, dies without the house and she within; in the former the maid dies in the upper room, the swain on the wild moor. In the Danish manuscript copies the man is laid south in the churchyard, the maid north [west, east], two roses spring from their breasts and span the church-roof, and there they shall stay till doom; in Kristensen it is two lilies, in Arwidsson a linden.

With these last may belong a German ballad of a young Markgraf, who marries a very young wife, goes for her mother upon the approach of a threatening childbirth, and, returning, has encounters similar to those in 'Der Ritter und die Maid.' In some instances it is a Reiter, or Jäger, "wohlgenüth," not married, or in secret relations with his love, who, coming to a wood or heath, hears a bell that alarms him; etc. In the end he generally kills himself, sometimes dies of a broken heart. Lilies in several cases rise from the young woman's grave, or their grave.*

A Romaic ballad has the characteristic features of the English, German, and Scandinavian stories, with a beginning of its own, as these also have: 'H Εὐγενοῦλα,' 'Ο Χάρος καὶ η Κόρη,' etc. (1) Zambelios, p. 715, 2 = Passow, No 415; (2) Passow, No 418; (3) Fauriel, p. 112, No 6 = Passow, No 417; (4) Marcellus, II, 72 = Passow, No 414; (5) Chasiotis, p. 169, No 5; (6) Passow, No 416; (7) Arabantinos, p. 285, No 472; (8) Tommaseo, III, 307 f; (9) Jeannaraki, p. 239, No 301; and

no doubt elsewhere, for the ballad is a favorite. A young girl, who has nine brothers and is betrothed (or perhaps newly married) to a rich pallikar, professes not to fear Death. Death immediately shows his power over her. Her lover, coming with a splendid train to celebrate his nuptials, sees a cross on her mother's gate, a sign that some one has died. In (2) he lifts a gold handkerchief from the face of the dead, and sees that it is his beloved. Or he finds a man digging a grave, and asks for whom the grave is, and is told. "Make the grave deep and broad," he cries; "make it for two," and stabs himself with his dagger. A clump of reeds springs from one of the lovers, a cypress [lemon-tree] from the other, which bend one towards the other and kiss whenever a strong breeze blows.†

In a Catalan ballad, a young man hears funeral bells, asks for whom they ring, is told that it is for his love, rides to her house, finds the balcony hung with black, kneels at the feet of the dead, and uncovers her face. She speaks and tells him where his gifts to her may be found, then bids him order the carpenter to make a coffin large enough for two. He draws his dagger and stabs himself; there are two dead in one house! 'La mort de la Nuvia,' Briz y Candi, I, 135, Milá, Romancerillo, p. 321 f, No 337 A_{II}, B_{II}; found also in Majorca.

As will readily be supposed, some of the incidents of this series of ballads are found in traditional song in various connections.

D is translated by Grundtvig, Engelske og skotske Folkeviser, p. 194, No 29; by Rose Warrens, Schottische Volkslieder der Vorzeit, p. 115, No 25.

p. 32; Mittler, No 131. For plants springing from lovers' graves, as here and in Nos 73, 74, see vol. i, 96 ff.

† In (2) the lover is warned of mishap by a bird, and the bird is a nightingale, as in Kristensen, II, No 20 A. A bird of some sort figures in all the Danish ballads referred to, printed and unprinted, and in the Swedish 'Hertig Nils'; also in the corresponding Finnish ballad. The nightingale warns to the same effect in a French ballad, Beaurepaire, p. 52. The lover goes straight to his mistress's house, and learns that they are burying her; then makes for the cemetery, hears the bells, the priests chanting, etc., and approaches the bier. The dead gives him some information, followed by some admonition.

* (1), "Bothe, Frühlings-Almanach," p. 132, 1806; 'Hans Markgraf,' Büsching u. von der Hagen, p. 30; Erlach, II, 136; Mittler, No 133. (2), 'Alle bei Gott die sich lieben,' Wunderhorn, II, 250, 1808, Mittler, No 128. (3), 'Alle bei Gott die sich lieben,' Hoffmann u. Richter, p. 12, No 5, Mittler, No 132. (4), 'Der Graf u. die Bauerntochter,' Ditfurth, II, 8, No 9. (5), 'Vom jungen Markgrafen,' Pogatsehigg u. Hermann, II, 179, No 595. (6), 'Die junge Mutter,' Paudler, p. 22, No 14.

(7), 'Jungfer Dörtschen ist todt,' Parisius, p. 36, No 10. (8), 'Liebehens Tod,' Erk u. Irmer, vi, 4, No 2; Mittler, No 130. (9), 'Jägers Trauer,' Pröhle, p. 86, No 57; Mittler, No 129. (10), 'Das unverdiente Kränzlein,' Meinert,

A

Percy Papers, communicated by the Rev. P. Parsons, of Wye, from singing; May 22, 1770, and April 19, 1775.

- 1 'AND I fare you well, Lady Ouncebell,
For I must needs be gone,
And this time two year I'll meet you again,
To finish the loves we begun.'
- 2 'That is a long time, Lord Lovill,' said she,
'To live in fair Scotland ;'
'And so it is, Lady Ouncebell,
To leave a fair lady alone.'
- 3 He had not been in fair Scotland
Not half above half a year,
But a longin mind came into his head,
Lady Ouncebell he woud go see her.
- 4 He called up his stable-groom,
To saddle his milk-white stead ;
Dey down, dey down, dey down dery down,
I wish Lord Lovill good speed.
- 5 He had not been in fair London
Not half above half a day,
But he heard the bells of the high chapel ring,
They rang with a ceserera.
- 6 He asked of a gentleman,
That set there all alone,
What made the bells of the high chapel ring,
The ladys make all their moan.

7 'One of the king's daughters are dead,' said he,
'Lady Ouncebell was her name ;
She died for love of a courteous young night,
Lord Lovill he was the same.'

8 He caused her corps to be set down,
And her winding sheet undone,
And he made a vow before them all
He 'd never kiss wowman again.

9 Lady Ouncebell died on the yesterday,
Lord Lovill on the morrow ;
Lady Ouncebell died for pure true love,
Lord Lovill died for sorrow.

10 Lady Ouncebell was buried in the high chan-
cel,
Lord Lovill in the choir ;
Lady Ouncebell's breast sprung out a sweet
rose,
Lord Lovill's a bunch of sweet brier.

11 They grew till they grew to the top of the
church,
And then they could grow no higher ;
They grew till they grew to a true-lover's not,
And then they tyed both together.

12 An old wowman coming by that way,
And a blessing she did crave,
To cut off a bunch of that true-lover's not,
And buried them both in one grave.

B

Kinloch MSS, I, 45, from the recitation of Mary Barr, of Lesmahago, "aged upwards of 70," May, 1827.

- 1 LORD LAVEL he stands at his stable-door,
Kaiming his milk-white steed ;
And by and cam Fair Nancybelle,
And wished Lord Lavel good speed.
- 2 'O whare are ye going, Lord Lavel ?' she said,
'I pray ye tell to me :'
'O I am going to merry England,
To win your love aff me.'
- 3 'And when will ye return again ?' she said,
'Lord Lavel, pray tell to me :'

'Whan seven lang years are past and gane,
Fair Nancybelle, I'll return to thee.'

4 'T is too lang, Lord Lavel,' she said,
'T is too lang for me ;
'T is too long, Lord Lavel,' she said,
'A true lover for to see.'

* * * * *

5 He had na been in merry England
A month but barely three,
Till languishing thoughts cam into his mind,
And Nancybelle fain wad see.

6 He rade, and he rade, alang the hieway,
Till he cam to yonder toun;
He heard the sound o a fine chapel-bell,
And the ladies were mourning roun.

7 He rade, and he rade, alang the hieway,
Till he cam to yonder hall;
He heard the sound o a fine chapel-bell,
And the ladies were mourning all.

8 He asked wha it was that was dead,
The ladies did him tell :
They said, It is the king's daughter,
Her name is Fair Nancybelle ;
She died for the love of a courteous young
knicht,
His name is Lord Lavel.

9 'O hast thou died, Fair Nancybelle,
O hast thou died for me !

O hast thou died, Fair Nancybelle !
Then I will die for thee.'

10 Fair Nancybelle died, as it might be, this
day,
Lord Lavel he died tomorrow ;
Fair Nancybelle died with pure, pure love,
Lord Lavel he died with sorrow.

11 Lord Lavel was buried in Mary's kirk,
Nancybelle in Mary's quire ;
And out o the ane there grew a birk,
Out the other a bonny brier.

12 And ae they grew, and ae they threw,
Until they twa did meet,
That ilka ane might plainly see
They war twa lovers sweet.

C

Communicated by Mr Alexander Laing, 1873, as taken down from the recitation of Miss Fanny Walker, of Mount Pleasant, near Newburgh-on-Tay.

1 LORD TRAVELL stands in his stable-door,
Dressing his milk-white steed,
An bye comes Lady Ounceville :
'I wish you muckle speed.'

2 'Oh whar are ye gaun, Lord Travell?' she says,
'Whar are gaun frae me?'
'I am gaun to London town,
Some strange things for to see.'

3 'Whan will ye be back, Lord Travell?' she says,
'Whan will ye be back to me?'
'I will be back in seven lang years,
To wed my gay ladie.'

4 'Oh that is too lang for me,' she says,
'Oh that is too lang for me ;
Oh that is too lang for me,' she says,
'To wed thy gay ladie.'

5 He hadna been in London town
A week but only three,
Whan a boding voice thirld in his ear,
That Scotland he maun see.

6 He rade an he rode alang the highway,
Till he cam to yon little town :
'Oh is there ony body dead ?
The bells they mak sic a sound.'

7 He rade an he rode alang the highway,
Till he cam to yon little town :
'Oh is there ony body dead ?
The folk gae mournin round.'

8 'Oh yes indeed, there is ane dead,
Her name is Ounceville ;
An she has died for a courteous knicht,
His name is Lord Travell.'

9 'Oh hand ye aboot, ye gentlemen,
The white bread an the wine,
For the morn's nicht aboot this time
Ye 'll do the same for mine ! '

D

Kinloch MSS, VII, 83, from the recitation of a lady of Roxburghshire; Kinloch's Ancient Scottish Ballads, p. 31.

1 LORD LOVEL stands at his stable-door,
 Mounted upon a grey steed,
And bye cam Ladie Nanciebel,
 And wishd Lord Lovel much speed.

2 'O whare are ye going, Lord Lovel?
 My dearest, tell unto me :'
'I am going a far journey,
 Some strange countrey to see.

3 'But I 'll return in seven long years,
 Lady Nanciebel to see :'
'Oh seven, seven, seven long years,
 They are much too long for me.'

* * * * *

4 He was gane about a year away,
 A year but barely ane,
Whan a strange fancy cam intil his head
 That faire Nanciebel was gane.

5 It 's then he rade, and better rade,
 Untill he cam to the toun,
And there he heard a dismal noise,
 For the church bells au did soun.

6 He asked what the bells rang for ;
 They said, It 's for Nanciebel ;
She died for a discourteous squire,
 And his name is Lord Lovel.

7 The lid of the coffin he opened up,
 The linens he faulded doun,
And ae he kissd her pale, pale lips,
 And the tears cam trinkling doun.

8 'Weill may I kiss these pale, pale lips,
 For they will never kiss me ;
I 'll mak a vow, and I 'll keep it true,
 That I 'll neer kiss ane but thee.'

9 Lady Nancie died on Tuesday's nicht,
 Lord Lovel upon the niest day ;
Lady Nancie died for pure, pure love,
 Lord Lovel for deep sorraye.

E

Communicated by J. F. Campbell, Esq., as learned from the singing of an English gentleman, about 1850.

1 'Now fare ye well, Lady Oonzabel,
 For I must needs be gone,
To visit the king of fair Scotland,
 Oh I must be up and ride.'

2 So he called unto him his little foot-page,
 To saddle his milk-white steed ;
Hey down, hey down, hey derry, hey down,
 How I wish my Lord Lovel good speed !

3 He had not been in fair Scotland,
 Not passing half a year,
When a lover-like thought came into his head,
 Lady Oonzabel he would go see her.

4 So he called unto him his little foot-page,
 To saddle his milk-white steed ;
Hey down, hey down, hey derry, hey down,
 How I wish my Lord Lovel good speed.

5 He had not been in fair England,
 Not passing half a day,
When the bells of the high chappel did ring,
 And they made a loud sassaray.

6 He asked of an old gentleman
 Who was sitting there all alone,
Why the bells of the high chappel did ring,
 And the ladies were making a moan.

7 'Oh, the king's fair daughter is dead,' said he ;
 'Her name 's Lady Oonzabel ;
And she died for the love of a courteous young
 knight,
 And his name it is Lord Lovel.'

* * * * *

8 He caused the bier to be set down,
 The winding sheet undone,
And drawing forth his rapier bright,
 Through his own true heart did it run.

9 Lady Oonzabel lies in the high chappel,
 Lord Lovel he lies in the quier ;
 And out of the one there grew up a white rose,
 And out of the other a brier.

10 And they grew, and they grew, to the high
 chappel top ;
 They could not well grow any higher ;
 And they twined into a true lover's knot,
 So in death they are joined together.

F

Communicated by Mr Robert White, of Newcastle-on-Tyne.

1 As LORD LOVEL was at the stable-door,
 Mounting his milk-white steed,
 Who came by but poor Naney Bell,
 And she wished Lovel good speed.

2 'O where are ye going, Lord Lovel?' she said,
 'How long to tarry from me?'
 'Before six months are past and gone,
 Again I'll return to thee.'

3 He had not been a twelvemonth away,
 A twelvemonth and a day,
 Till Nancy Bell grew sick and sad,
 She pined and witherd away.

4 The very first town that he came to,
 He heard the death-bell knell ;

The very next town that he came to,
 They said it was Nancy Bell.

5 He orderd the coffin to be broke open,
 The sheet to be turned down,
 And then he kissd her cold pale lips,
 Till the tears ran tricklin down.

6 The one was buried in St. John's church,
 The other in the choir ;
 From Nancy Bell sprang a bonny red rose,
 From Lord Lovel a bonny briar.

7 They grew, and they grew, to the height o the
 church,
 To they met from either side,
 And at the top a true lover's knot
 Shows that one for the other had died.

G

Harris MS., fol. 28 b, from the recitation of Mrs Molison,
 Dunlapie.

1 LORD REVEL he stands in his stable-door,
 He was dressing a milk-white steed ;
 A lady she stands in her bour-door,
 A dressin with haste an speed.

2 'O where are you goin, Lord Revel,' she said,
 'Where are you going from me?'
 'It's I am going to Lonnon toun,
 That fair city for to see.'

3 'When will you be back, Lord Revel?' she
 said,
 'When will you be back to me?'
 'I will be back in the space of three years,
 To wed you, my gey ladie.'

4 'That's too long a time for me,' she said,
 'That's too long a time for me ;
 For I'll be dead long time ere that,
 For want of your sweet companie.'

5 He had not been in Lonnon toun
 A month but barely three,
 When word was brought that Isabell
 Was sick, an like to dee.

6 He had not been in Lonnon toun
 A year but barely ane,
 When word was brought from Lonnon toun
 That Isabell was gane.

7 He rode an he rode along the high way,
 Till he came to Edenborrow toon :
 Is there any fair lady dead,' said he,
 'That the bells gie such a tone ?'

8 'Oh yes, there 's a ladie, a very fine ladie,
Her name it is Isabell ;
She died for the sake of a young Scottish
knight,
His name it is Lord Revel.'

9 'Deal well, deal well at Isabell's burial
The biscuit and the beer,
An against the morrow at this same time
You 'll aye deal mair and mair.'

10 'Deal well, deal well at Isabell's burial
The white bread and the wine,

An against the morn at this same time
You 'll deal the same at mine.'

11 They dealt well, dealt weel at Isabell's burial
The biscuit an the beer,
And against the morn at that same time
They dealt them mair an mair.

12 They dealt weel, dealt weel at Isabell's burial
The white bread an the wine,
An against the morn at that same time
They dealt the same again.

H

a. London broadside of 1846, in Dixon's *Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs of the Peasantry of England*, p. 78, Percy Society, vol. xix. b. Davidson's *Universal Melodist*, I, 148.

1 LORD LOVEL he stood at his castle-gate,
Combing his milk-white steed,
When up came Lady Nancy Belle,
To wish her lover good speed, speed,
To wish her lover good speed.

2 'Where are you going, Lord Lovel ?' she said,
'Oh where are you going ?' said she ;
'I 'm going, my Lady Nancy Belle,
Strange countries for to see.'

3 'When will you be back, Lord Lovel ?' she
said,
'Oh when will you come back ?' said she ;
'In a year or two, or three, at the most,
I 'll return to my fair Nancy.'

4 But he had not been gone a year and a day,
Strange countries for to see,
When languishing thoughts came into his
head,
Lady Nancy Belle he would go see.

5 So he rode, and he rode, on his milk-white
steed,
Till he came to London town,

And there he heard St Paneras bells,
And the people all mourning round.

6 'Oh what is the matter ?' Lord Lovel he said,
'Oh what is the matter ?' said he ;
'A lord's lady is dead,' a woman replied,
'And some call her Lady Nancy.'

7 So he ordered the grave to be opened wide,
And the shroud he turned down,
And there he kissed her clay-cold lips,
Till the tears came trickling down.

8 Lady Nancy she died, as it might be, today,
Lord Lovel he died as tomorrow ;
Lady Naney she died out of pure, pure grief,
Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow.

9 Lady Nancy was laid in St. Paneras church,
Lord Lovel was laid in the choir ;
And out of her bosom there grew a red rose,
And out of her lover's a briar.

10 They grew, and they grew, to the church-stee-
ple too,
And then they could grow no higher ;
So there they entwined in a true-lover's knot,
For all lovers true to admire.

I

Percy Papers, communicated by Principal Robertson, the historian.

- 1 THERE came a ghost to Helen's bower,
Wi monny a sigh and groan :
'O make yourself ready, at Wednesday at een,
Fair Helen, you must be gone.'
- 2 'O gay Death, O gallant Death,
Will you spare my life sae lang
Until I send to merry Primrose,
Bid my dear lord come hame ?'
- 3 'O gay Helen, O galant Helen,
I winna spare you sae lang ;
But make yoursell ready, again Wednesday at
een,
Fair Helen, you must be gane.'
- 4 'O where will I get a bonny boy,
That would win hose and shoon,
That will rin fast to merry Primrose,
Bid my dear lord come soon ?'
- 5 O up and speak a little boy,
That would win hose and shoon :
'Aft have I gane your errants, lady,
But by my suth I 'll rin.'
- 6 When he came to broken briggs
He bent his bow and swam,
And when he came to grass growing
He cast off his shoon and ran.
- 7 When he came to merry Primrose,
His lord he was at meat :
'O my lord, kend ye what I ken,
Right little wad ye eat.'
- 8 'Is there onny of my castles broken down,
Or onny of my towers won ?
Or is Fair Helen brought to bed
Of a daughter or a son ?'

- 9 'There 's name of [your] castles broken doun,
Nor name of your towers won,
Nor is Fair Helen brought to bed
Of a doghter or a son.'
- 10 'Gar saddle me the black, black steed,
Gar saddle me the brown ;
Gar saddle me the swiftest horse
Eer carried man to town.'
- 11 First he bursted the bonny black,
And then he bursted the brown,
And then he bursted the swiftest steed
Eer carried man to town.
- 12 He hadna ridden a mile, a mile,
A mile but barelins ten,
When he met four and twenty gallant knights,
Carrying a dead coffin.
- 13 'Set down, set down Fair Helen's corps,
Let me look on the dead ;'
And out he took a little pen-knife,
And he screeded the winding-sheet.
- 14 O first he kist her rosy cheek,
And then he kist her chin,
And then he kist her coral lips,
But there 's nae life in within.
- 15 'Gar deal, gar deal the bread,' he says,
'The bread bat an the wine,
And at the morn at twelve o'clock
Ye 's gain as much at mine.'
- 16 The tane was buried in Mary's kirk,
The tother in Mary's choir,
And out of the tane there sprang a birch,
And out of the tother a briar.
- 17 The tops of them grew far sundry,
But the roots of them grew neer,
And ye may easy ken by that
They were twa lovers dear.

A. The copy sent Percy in 1770 was slightly revised by Parsons ; the original was communicated in 1775.
3³. along in. 4⁴. coud speed.
6³. make. 6⁴. their mourn.

10⁴. Parsons corrects bunch to branch.
G. 7⁴. bell.
H. a. 10¹. church-steeple too, perhaps a misprint for top.
b. This is an attempt to burlesque the broad-

side by vulgarizing two or three words, as lovier, buzzum, and inserting one stanza.

2⁴, 4². Foreign countries.

3³. In a year, or two or three, or four.

4¹. twelve months and a day.

6³. dead, the people all said.

7². to be turned. 7⁴. Whilst.

After 7 :

Then he flung his self down by the side
of the corpse,
With a shivering gulp and a guggle;

Gave two hops, three kicks, heavd a
sigh, blew his nose,
Sung a song, and then died in the
struggle.

10¹. church-steeple top.

10³. they twin'd themselves into.

I. 3². 'you,' as if changed or supplied.

5². Crossed out. In a different hand, Just
at the lady's chin.

7⁴. would wad ye. 11³. swifted.

13⁴. Perhaps seried.

76

THE LASS OF ROCH ROYAL

A. 'Fair Isabell of Rochroyall,' Elizabeth Cochrane's Song-Book, p. 151, No 114.

B. 'The Bonny Lass of Loehroyan, or Loehroyen,' Herd's MSS, I, 144, II, 60; Herd's Scottish Songs, 1776, I, 149.

C. 'Lord Gregory,' Pitcairn's MSS, III, 1.

D. 'Fair Anny,' Jamieson-Brown MS., fol. 27; 'Fair Annie of Loehroyan,' Jamieson's Popular Ballads, I, 36.

E. a. 'Love Gregor,' Alexander Fraser Tytler's Brown MS., No 2. b. 'The Lass of Loehroyan,' Scott's Minstrelsy, II, 49, 1802.

F. Herd's MSS, I, 31, II, 65.

G. 'Love Gregory,' Buchan's MSS, II, 149; Buehan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 198; Dixon, Scottish Traditional Versions of Ancient Ballads, Percy Society, vol. xvii, p. 60.

H. 'The Lass of Aughrim,' an Irish version, communicated by Mr G. C. Mahon, of Ann Arbor, Michigan.

I. 'Oh open the door, Lord Gregory,' Johnson's Museum, I, 5, No 5, four stanzas.

J. Motherwell's Note-Book, p. 12, two stanzas.

K. Stenhouse's Johnson's Museum, IV, *107, one stanza.

A, NEVER as yet published, is from a manuscript of the first half of the last century. B, the earliest printed copy, was given by Herd, from his manuscript, in 1776, with his usual fidelity. Scott followed, in 1802, with a copy obtained from Mrs Brown by Alexander Fraser Tytler in 1800, introducing six stanzas from B and five from F, and a few readings from two recited copies. This compounded copy is the one that is most generally known. Jamieson printed, in 1806, D, a version written down from Mrs Brown's reci-

tation in 1783, giving it not quite *verbatim*, as he says (he changes, for instance, Rochroyal to Loehroyan), but in general adhering to his text. E a, the copy principally used by Scott, is, to a considerable extent, a repetition of D, but is by no means an imperfectly remembered version of its predecessor (which was written down seventeen years earlier), filled out by Mrs Brown's improvised inventions. E a has stanzas not found in D, two of which occur in B, and is to be regarded as a blending of two independent versions known to

Mrs Brown, which no doubt had much in common, though not so much as D and E a. The whole of the fragment F has not been published hitherto, but five of the eight stanzas are interpolated into Scott's copy, including the two last, which are shown by the very style to be spurious. Fairy charms have been exercised on Lord Gregory, according to the final stanza of F, and Lord Gregory calls his dame "witch mother" in C 10. But there appears to be no call for magic or witchcraft in the case. A man who is asleep is simply not informed by an ill disposed mother that a woman whom he would like to see is at the door; that is all.*

A, the oldest copy, has a preliminary history wanting in the others. Isabel of Rochroyal has a dream about her lover. She orders her horse, to ride till she comes to some hold. She meets a company, who ask her questions about a first and a second young may, which *she* seems to understand, but which are not made intelligible to us. They then ask whether she be Isabel of Rochroyal, and she answers that she is that same lady, banished from kith and kin; why, we are not informed, but we might conjecture that it would be on account of her relations with Love Gregory. She is directed to Gregory's castle, tirls at the pin, and begs admission. Gregory's mother answers as and for her son, and demands proofs of her being the lass of Rochroyal. These are given, and the mother says that Gregory is gone to sea. Hereupon Isabel breaks out into exclamations as to her helpless condition; who will take care of her? who will be the bairn's father till Gregory come home? The mother replies that she will do all that is necessary for her, but there is none to be her bairn's father till Gregory return. This is in itself unnatural, since the mother is hostile to her son's love, and it is contrary to what we read in the other versions. In B as in A, to be sure, the lass is said to be banished from her kin, but her kin nevertheless show a disposition to do all that is

in their power in the way of kind attentions. The other copies say nothing of her family being alienated. The father in D even furnishes his daughter with a bonny ship, to go to her true-love. If we seek to reconcile these accounts, we must take the banishment as a separation for which only the fates are responsible, and suppose that verses are lost in A after 17 which narrated Annie's return to her own family. The lass says, st. 22, that she will set her foot on ship-board, having been told by the mother, st. 17, that Gregory is on the sea. Gregory, in turn, has his dream, that his love has been knocking at the door, and his mother tells him that she has not been gone half an hour, and gets his curses for not informing him. Gregory orders his swiftest horse, to ride till he comes to some hold, and presently meets a funeral train who are carrying his love to burial. This conclusion, found also in B, C, is that of 'Lord Lovel' and 'Fair Margaret and Sweet William,' and must perhaps be set aside as not the original one. In B Gregory kills himself, as Lord Lovel does in one copy, E.

The whole story as A actually stands, notwithstanding that the lass says she will take ship, seems to pass on land. Two different relations may have been confounded. In the other versions Love Gregory is somewhere over sea, and in B, F his lass is indebted for his direction, not to a company who are raking over the lea, but to a sea-rover, who shows a consideration not to be looked for from his class.† The maid, repulsed by Gregory's mother, and supposing herself to be cast off by Gregory himself, sails away from his castle, and in D, E encounters a storm, and is wrecked. In D Gregory rushes to the strand near which his castle lies, sees Annie sailing away, witnesses the wreck of her vessel, plunges into the sea and brings her body to land, and dies of heart-break. So in E, with the difference that Annie's body is thrown ashore by the waves, and that the tale does not finish with the death of Gregory, which we know must have followed.

* Jamieson tells us, p. 44, that when a boy he had frequently heard the ballad chanted in Morayshire, and no mention was ever made of "fairy charms."

† C 3, 4 are evidently misplaced, and belong in that part of the story where B 8, 9 occur.

Why the lovers are parted, why Gregory winna come to the lass, and she must go to him, is not accounted for in C-G. We may deduce from A and B, though the story in these versions as we have it is not altogether consistent, that the lass was banished from kith and kin on account of her connection with Gregory (which in B 16 and H 9 is said to have been irregular) and flying to her lover, found no acceptance with his mother.

Cunningham has rewritten this ballad, Scottish Songs, I, 298, and several songs have been composed on the story: by Burns and Dr Wolcott (Peter Pindar), Thomson's Select Melodies of Scotland, I, 37, ed. 1822; Jamieson, Popular Ballads, I, 46; and by an anonymous writer in a London periodical, cited by Dixon, Scottish Traditional Versions of Ancient Ballads, p. 99.

Roch- or Rough-royal, A, D, E, F, Ruchlaw-hill, C, I have not found, but there is a Rough castle in Stirlingshire. Loch Ryan runs up into the north-west corner of Wigtown, a shire at the south-west extremity of Scotland. Aughrim is in the county of Roscommon, Ireland.

As the mother in this ballad, feigning to be her son, requires the lady at the gate to legitimate herself by mentioning some of the tokens which have been exchanged between her and her lover, so in other ballads a wife demands conclusive proofs that a man claiming to be her long absent husband is what he pretends to be. E. g., some forms of the French ballad of 'Germaine':

'Ouvre ta port', Germin', c'est moi qu'est ton mari.
'Donnez-moi des indic's de la première nuit,
Et par là je croirai que vous êt's mon mari.'

'T'en souviens-tu, Germin', de la première nuit,
Où tu étais monté' sur un beau cheval gris,
Placée entre tes frèr's et moi ton favori?'

'Donnez-moi des indic's de la deuxième nuit,
Et par là je croirai que vous êt's mon mari,
Et par là je croirai que vous êt's mon mari.'

'T'en souviens-tu, Germin', de la deuxième nuit?
En te serrant les doigts ton anneau y cassa,
Tu en as la moitié, et l'autre la voilà.'

Champfleury, Chansons populaires des Provinces, p. 196.

Cf. Poésies pop. de la France, MS., IV, fol. 189; Puymaigre, p. 11, 2d ed., I, 50 f; Beaurepaire, p. 76; Fleury, p. 267; Rathery, in Le Moniteur, Aug. 26, 1853, p. 945 f, 'Le Sire de Créqui'; Wolf, Volkslieder aus Venedien, No 81, p. 59; Ferraro, Canti p. monferrini, No 26, p. 33. And again in Romaic: 'H Ἀναγνώριστος, etc.; Fauriel, II, 422-25; Tommaseo, III, 141-44, 148-50; Marcellus, Chants du Peuple en Grèce, I, 328; Schmidt, Griechische Märchen, u. s. w., p. 192, No 57; Chasiotis, p. 29, No 28; Zambelios, p. 718, No 5; Jeannaraki, p. 237, No 300; Arabantinos, pp 209, 211, Nos 347, 348; Passow, pp 321-28, Nos 441-446; Manousos, p. 103 = Fauriel, II, 423. Several of the ballads in Passow are of course repetitions.*

D is translated, after Jamieson, by Grundtvig, Engelske og skotske Folkeviser, No 16; E b, Scott's compounded version, by Schubart, p. 93, Doenniges, p. 33, Gerhard, p. 21, Wolff, Halle der Völker, I, 52, and by Rosa Warrens, Schottische Volkslieder der Vorzeit, No 39, with a change or two from Aytoun; Allingham's compounded version by Knortz, Lieder u. Romanzen Alt-Englands, No 63.

A

E. Cochrane's Songbook, p. 151, No 114.

1 FAIR ISABELL of Rochroyall,
She dreamed where she lay,

She dreamd a dream of her love Gregory,
A litle before the day.

* Liebrecht has noted many of the above in his 'Volkskunde.' A man requires identification of a woman in a very ill preserved ballad in Motherwell's MS., p. 320.

2 O huly, huly rose she np,
And huly she put on,
And huly, huly she put on
The silks of crimson.

3 'Gar saddle me the black,' she sayes,
'Gar saddle me the broun ;
Gar saddle me the swiftest steed
That ever rode the toun.

4 'Gar shoe him with the beat silver,
And grind him with the gold ;
Gar put two bells on every side,
Till I come to some hold.'

5 She had not rode a mile, a mile,
A mile but barely three,
Till that she spyeid a companie
Come rakeing oere the lee.

6 'O whether is this the first young may,
That lighted and gaed in ;
Or is this the second young may,
That neer the sun shined on ?
Or is this Fair Isabell of Roch Royall,
Banisht from kyth and kin.'

7 'O I am not the first young may,
That lighted and gaed in ;
Nor neither am I the second young may,
That neer the sun shone on ;

8 'But I 'm Fair Isabell of Roch Royall
Banisht from kyth and kin ;
I 'm seeking my true-love Gregory,
And I woud I had him in.'

9 'O go your way to yon castle,
And ride it round about,
And there you 'll find Love Gregory ;
He 's within, without any doubt.'

10 O she 's away to yon castle,
She 's tirled at the pin :
'O open, open, Love Gregory,
And let your true-love in.'

11 'If you be the lass of the Rochroyall,
As I trow not you be,
You will tell me some of our love-tokens,
That was betwixt you and me.'

12 'Have you not mind, Love Gregory,
Since we sat at the wine ;

When we changed the rings off our fingers,
And ay the worst fell mine ?

13 'Mine was of the massy gold,
And thine was of the tin ;
Mine was true and trusty both,
And thine was false within.'

14 If you be [the] lass of the Roch Royall,
As I trow not you be,
You will tell me some other love-token
That was betwixt you and me.'

15 'Have you not mind, Love Gregory,
Since we sat at the wine,
We changed the smocks off our two backs,
And ay the worst fell mine ?

16 'Mine was of the holland fine,
And thine was course and thin ;
So many blocks have we two made,
And ay the worst was mine.'

17 'Love Gregory, he is not at home,
But he is to the sea ;
If you have any word to him,
I pray you leave 't with me.'

* * * * *

18 'O who will shoe my bony foot ?
Or who will glove my hand ?
Or who will bind my midle jimp
With the broad lilly band ?

19 'Or who will comb my bony head
With the red river comb ?
Or who will be my bairn's father
Ere Gregory he come home ?'

20 'O I 's gar shoe thy bony foot,
And I 's gar glove thy hand,
And I 's gar bind thy midle jimp
With the broad lilly band.

21 'And I 's gar comb thy bony head
With the red river comb ;
But there is none to be thy bairn's father
Till Love Gregory he come home.

22 'I 'll set my foot on the ship-board,
God send me wind and more !
For there 's never a woman shall bear a son
Shall make my heart so sore.'

23 'I dreamed a dream now since yestreen,
That I never dreamed before ;
I dreamd that the lass of the Rochroyall
Was knocking at the door.'

24 'Ly still, ly still, my é dear son,
Ly still, and take a sleep ;
For it's neither ane hour, nor yet a half,
Since she went from the gate.'

25 'O wo be to you, ill woman,
And ane ill death mott you die !
For you might have come to my bed-side,
And then have wakened me.'

26 'Gar saddle me the black,' he sayes,
'Gar saddle me the broun ;
Gar saddle me the swiftest steed
That ever rode the toun.'

27 'Gar shoe him with the beat silver,
Gar grind him with the gold ;
Cause put two bells on every side,
Till I come to some hold.'

28 They saddled him the black, the black,
So did they him the broun ;
So did they him the swiftest steed
That ever rode to toun.

29 They shoed him with the beat silver,
They grind him with the gold ;
They put two bells on every side,
Till he came to some hold.

30 He had not rode a mile, a mile,
A mile but barely thre,
Till that he spyd her comely corps
Come raking oere the lee.

31 'Set doun, set doun these comely corps,
Let me look on the dead :'
And out he's ta'en his little pen-knife,
And slitted her winding sheet.

32 And first he kist her cheek, her cheek,
And then he kist her chin ;
And then he kist her rosy lips,
But there was no breath within.

33 'Gar deall, gar deall for my love sake
The spiced bread and the wine ;
For ere the morn at this time
So shall you deall for mine.'

34 'Gar deall, gar deall for my love sake
The pennys that are so small ;
For ere the morn at this time,
So shall you deall for all.'

35 The one was buried in Mary kirk,
The other in Mary quire ;
Out of the one there sprung a birk,
Out of the other a bryar ;
So thus you may well know by that
They were two lovers dear.

B

Herd's MS, I, 144; II, 60, the first ten lines; Herd's Scottish Songs, 1776, I, 149.

1 'O wha will shoe thy bonny feet ?
Or wha will glove thy hand ?
Or wha will lace thy midle jimp,
With a lang, lang London whang ?

2 'And wha will kame thy bonny head,
With a tabean brirben kame ?
And wha will be my bairn's father,
Till Love Gregory come hame ?'

3 'Thy father'll shoe his bonny feet,
Thy mither'll glove his hand ;

Thy brither will lace his middle jimp,
With a lang, lang London whang.

4 'Mysel will kame his bonny head,
With a tabean brirben kame ;
And the Lord will be the bairn's father,
Till Love Gregory come hame.'

5 Then she's gart build a bonny ship,
It's a' cored oer with pearl,
And at every needle-tack was in 't
There hang a siller bell.

6 And she's awa
To sail upon the sea ;

She's gane to seek Love Gregory,
In lands whereer he be.

7 She hadna saild a league but twa,
O scantly had she three,
Till she met with a rude rover,
Was sailing on the sea.

8 'O whether is thou the Queen hersel,
Or ane o her maries three?
Or is thou the lass of Lochroyan,
Seeking Love Gregory?'

9 'O I am not the Queen hersell,
Nor ane o her maries three;
But I am the lass o Lochroyan,
Seeking Love Gregory.'

10 'O sees na thou yone bonny bower?
It's a' cored oer with tin;
When thou hast saild it round about,
Love Gregory is within.'

11 When she had saild it round about,
She tirled at the pin:
'O open, open, Love Gregory,
Open, and let me in!
For I am the lass of Lochroyan,
Banisht frae a' my kin.'

12 'If thou be the lass of Lochroyan,
As I know no thou be,
Tell me some of the true tokens
That past between me and thee.'

13 'Hast thou na mind, Love Gregory,
As we sat at the wine,
We changed the rings aff ither's hands,
And ay the best was mine?'

14 'For mine was o the gude red gould,
But thine was o the tin;
And mine was true and trusty baith,
But thine was fa'se within.'

15 'If thou be the lass of Lochroyan,
As I know na thou be,
Tell me some mair o the true tokens
Past between me and thee.'

16 'And has na thou na mind, Love Gregory,
As we sat on yon hill,

Thou twin'd me of my [maidenhead,]
Right sair against my will?

17 'Now open, open, Love Gregory,
Open, and let me in!
For the rain rains on my gude cleading,
And the dew stands on my chin.'

18 Then she has turnd her round about:
'Well, since that it be sae,
Let never woman that has born a son
Hae a heart sae full of wae.'

19 'Take down, take down that mast o gould,
Set up a mast of tree;
For it dinna become a forsaken lady
To sail so royallie.'

20 'I dreamt a dream this night, mother,
I wish it may prove true,
That the bonny lass of Lochroyan
Was at the gate just now.'

21 'Lie still, lie still, my only son,
And sound sleep mayst thou get,
For it's but an hour or little mair
Since she was at the gate.'

22 Awa, awa, ye wicket woman,
And an ill dead may ye die!
Ye might have ither letten her in,
Or else have wakened me.

23 'Gar saddle to me the black,' he said,
'Gar saddle to me the brown;
Gar saddle to me the swiftest steed
That is in a' the town.'

24 Now the first town that he cam to,
The bells were ringing there;
And the neist toun that he cam to,
Her corps was coming there.

25 'Set down, set down that comely corp,
Set down, and let me see
Gin that be the lass of Lochroyan,
That died for love o me.'

26 And he took out the little penknife
That hang down by his gare,
And he's ripp'd up her winding-sheet,
A lang clraith-yard and mair.

27 And first he kist her cherry cheek,
And syne he kist her chin,
And neist he kist her rosy lips ;
There was nae breath within.

28 And he has taen his little penknife,
With a heart that was fou sair,
He has given himself a deadly wound,
And word spake never mair.

C

Pitcairn's MSS, III, 1, from the singing of Widow Stevenson.

* * * *

1 SHE sailed west, she sailed east,
She sailed mony a mile,
Until she cam to Lord Gregor's yett,
And she tirled at the pin.

2 'It's open, open, Lord Gregory,
Open, and let me in ;
For the rain drops on my gouden hair,
And drops upon your son.'

3 'Are you the Queen of Queensberry ?
Or one of the marys three ?
Or are you the lass of Ruchlaw hill,
Seeking Lord Gregory ?'

4 'I'm not the Queen of Queensberry,
Nor one of the marys three ;
But I am the bonny lass of Ruchlawhill,
Seeking Lord Gregory.'

5 'Awa, awa, ye fause thief,
I will not open to thee
Till you tell me the first token
That was tween you and me.'

6 'Do not you mind, Lord Gregory,
When we birled at the wine,
We changed the rings of our fingers,
And ay the best was mine ?

7 'For mine was true and trusty goud,
But yours it was of tin ;
Mine was of the true and trusty goud,
But yours was fause within.'

8 She turned about her bonny ship,
Awa then did she sail :
'The sun shall never shine on man
That made my heart so sare.'

9 Then up the old mother she got,
And wakened Lord Gregory :
'Awa, awa, ye fause gudeson,
A limmer was seeking thee.'

10 'It's woe be to you, witch-mother,
An ill death may you die !
For you might hae set the yet open,
And then hae wakened me.'

11 It's up he got, and put on his clothes,
And to the yet he ran ;
The first sight of the ship he saw,
He whistled and he sang.

12 But whan the bonny ship was out o sight,
He clapped his hands and ran,
.

13 The first kirkton he cam to,
He heard the death-bell ring,
The second kirkton he cam to,
He saw her corpse come in.

14 'Set down, set down this bonny corpse,
That I may look upon ;
If she died late for me last night,
I'll die for her the morn.'

15 'Be merry, merry, gentlemen,
Be merry at the bread and wine ;
For by the morn at this time o day
You'll drink as much at mine.'

16 The one was buried in Mary's isle,
The other in Mary's quire ;
Out of the one there grew a thorn,
And out of the other a brier.

17 And aye they grew, and aye they blew,
Till their twa taps did meet ;
And every one that passed thereby
Might see they were lovers sweet.

D

Jamieson-Brown MS., fol. 27; Jamieson's Popular Ballads, I, 36.

- 1 'O wha will shoe my fu fair foot?
An wha will glove my han?
An wha will lace my middle gimp
Wi the new made London ban?
- 2 'Or wha will kemb my yallow hair,
Wi the new made silver kemb?
Or wha 'll be father to my young bairn,
Till Love Gregor come hame?'
- 3 Her father shoed her fu fair foot,
Her mother glovd her han;
Her sister lac'd her middle gimp
Wi the new made London ban.
- 4 Her brother kembd her yallow hair,
Wi the new made silver kemb,
But the king o heaven maun father her bairn,
Till Love Gregor come hame.
- 5 'O gin I had a bony ship,
An men to sail wi me,
It's I would gang to my true-love,
Since he winna come to me.'
- 6 Her father 's gien her a bonny ship,
An sent her to the stran;
She 's tane her young son in her arms,
An turnd her back to the lan.
- 7 She had na been o the sea saillin
About a month or more,
Till landed has she her bonny ship
Near her true-love's door.
- 8 The night was dark, an the win blew caul,
An her love was fast asleep,
An the bairn that was in her twa arms
Fu sair began to weep.
- 9 Long stood she at her true-love's door,
An lang tirl'd at the pin;
At length up gat his fa'se mither,
Says, Wha 's that woud be in?
- 10 'O it is Anny of Roch-royal,
Your love, come oer the sea,
But an your young son in her arms;
So open the door to me.'

- 11 'Awa, awa, you ill woman,
You 've na come here for gude,
You 're but a witch, or wile warlock,
Or mermaid o the flude.'
- 12 'I 'm na a witch, or wile warlock,
Nor mermaiden,' said she;
'I 'm but Fair Anny o Roch-royal;
O open the door to me.'
- 13 'O gin ye be Anny o Roch-royal,
As [I] trust not ye be,
What taiken can ye gie that ever
I kept your company?'
- 14 'O dinna ye mind, Love Gregor,' she says,
'Whan we sat at the wine,
How we changed the napkins frae our necks,
It 's na sae lang sin syne?'
- 15 'An yours was good, an good enough,
But nae sae good as mine;
For yours was o the cumbruk clear,
But mine was silk sae fine.'
- 16 'An dinna ye mind, Love Gregor,' she says,
'As we twa sat at dine,
How we changed the rings frae our fingers,
But ay the best was mine?'
- 17 'For yours was good, an good enough,
Yet nae sae good as mine;
For yours was of the good red gold,
But mine o the diamonds fine.'
- 18 'Sae open the door now, Love Gregor,
An open it wi speed,
Or your young son that is in my arms
For cauld will soon be dead.'
- 19 'Awa, awa, you ill woman,
Gae frae my door for shame;
For I hae gotten another fair love,
Sae ye may hye you hame.'
- 20 'O hae you gotten another fair love,
For a' the oaths you sware?
Then fair you well now, fa'se Gregor,
For me you 's never see mair.'
- 21 O heely, heely gi'd she back,
As the day began to peep;

She set her foot on good ship-board,
An sair, sair did she weep.

22 Love Gregor started frae his sleep,
An to his mither did say,
I dreamd a dream this night, mither,
That maks my heart right wae.

23 'I dreamd that Anny of Roch-royal,
The flowr o a' her kin,
Was standin mournin at my door,
But nane would lat her in.'

24 'O there was a woman stood at the door,
Wi a bairn intill her arms,
But I woud na lat her within the bowr,
For fear she had done you harm.'

25 O quickly, quickly raise he up,
An fast ran to the stran,
An there he saw her Fair Anny,
Was sailin frae the lan.

26 An 'Heigh, Anny!' an 'Hou, Anny!'
O Anny, speak to me!'
But ay the louder that he cried Anny,
The louder roard the sea.

27 An 'Heigh, Anny!' an 'Hou, Anny!'
O Anny, winna you bide?'

—

E

a. Alexander Fraser Tytler's Brown MS., No 2, written down from Mrs Brown's recitation in 1800. b. Scott's Minstrelsy, II, 49, 1802.

1 'O wha will shoe my fu fair foot?
And wha will glove my hand?
And wha will lace my middle jimp,
Wi the new made London band?

2 'And wha will kaim my yellow hair,
Wi the new made silver kaim?
And wha will father my young son,
Till Love Gregor come hame?'

3 'Your father will shoe your fu fair foot,
Your mother will glove your hand;
Your sister will lace your middle jimp
Wi the new made London band.

But ay the langer that he cried Anny,
The higher roard the tide.

28 The win grew loud, an the sea grew rough,
An the ship was rent in twain,
An soon he saw her Fair Anny
Come floating oer the main.

29 He saw his young son in her arms,
Baith tossd aboon the tide;
He wrang his hands, than fast he ran,
An plung'd i the sea sae wide.

30 He catchd her by the yellow hair,
An drew her to the strand,
But cauld an stiff was every limb
Before he reachd the land.

31 O first he kissd her cherry cheek,
An then he kissd her chin;
An sair he kissd her ruby lips;
But there was nae breath within.

32 O he has mournd oer Fair Anny
Till the sun was gaing down,
Then wi a sigh his heart it brast,
An his soul to heaven has flown.

4 'Your brother will kaim your yellow hair,
Wi the new made silver kaim;
And the king of heaven will father your bairn,
Till Love Gregor come haim.'

5 'But I will get a bonny boat,
And I will sail the sea,
For I maun gang to Love Gregor,
Since he canno come hame.'

6 O she has gotten a bonny boat,
And sailld the sa't sea fame;
She langd to see her ain true-love,
Since he could no come hame.

7 'O row your boat, my mariners,
And bring me to the land,
For yonder I see my love's castle,
Closs by the sa't sea strand.'

8 She has taen her young son in her arms,
And to the door she's gone,
And lang she's knocked and sair she ca'd,
But answer got she none.

9 'O open the door, Love Gregor,' she says,
'O open, and let me in ;
For the wind blaws thro my yellow hair,
And the rain draps oer my chin.'

10 'Awa, awa, ye ill woman,
You'r nae come here for good ;
You'r but some witch, or wile warlock,
Or mer-maid of the flood.'

11 'I am neither a witch nor a wile warlock,
Nor mer-maid of the sea,
I am Fair Annie of Rough Royal ;
O open the door to me.'

12 'Gin ye be Annie of Rough Royal —
And I trust ye are not she —
Now tell me some of the love-tokens
That past between you and me.'

13 'O dinna you mind now, Love Gregor,
When we sat at the wine,
How we changed the rings frae our fingers ?
And I can show thee thine.

14 'O yours was good, and good enneugh,
But ay the best was mine ;
For yours was o the good red goud,
But mine o the dimonds fine.

15 'But open the door now, Love Gregor,
O open the door I pray,
For your young son that is in my arms
Will be dead ere it be day.'

16 'Awa, awa, ye ill woman,
For here ye shanno win in ;
Gae drown ye in the raging sea,
Or hang on the gallows-pin.'

17 When the cock had crawn, and day did dawn,
And the sun began to peep,
Then it raise him Love Gregor,
And sair, sair did he weep.

18 'O I dreamd a dream, my mother dear,
The thoughts o it gars me greet,
That Fair Annie of Rough Royal
Lay cauld dead at my feet.'

19 'Gin it be for Annie of Rough Royal
That ye make a' this din,
She stood a' last night at this door,
But I trow she wan no in.'

20 'O wae betide ye, ill woman,
An ill dead may ye die !
That ye woudno open the door to her,
Nor yet woud waken me.'

21 O he has gone down to yon shore-side,
As fast as he could fare ;
He saw Fair Annie in her boat,
But the wind it tossd her sair.

22 And 'Hey, Annie !' and 'How, Annie !'
O Annie, winna ye bide ?'
But ay the mair that he cried Annie,
The braider grew the tide.

23 And 'Hey, Annie !' and 'How, Annie !'
Dear Annie, speak to me !'
But ay the louder he cried Annie,
The louder roard the sea.

24 The wind blew loud, the sea grew rough,
And dashd the boat on shore ;
Fair Annie floats on the raging sea,
But her young son raise no more.

25 Love Gregor tare his yellow hair,
And made a heavy moan ;
Fair Annie's corpse lay at his feet,
But his bonny young son was gone.

26 O cherry, cherry was her cheek,
And gowden was her hair,
But clay cold were her rosey lips,
Nae spark of life was there.

27 And first he's kissd her cherry cheek,
And neist he's kissed her chin ;
And saftly pressd her rosey lips,
But there was nae breath within.

28 'O wae betide my cruel mother,
And an ill dead may she die !
For she turnd my true-love frae my door,
When she came sae far to me.'

F

Herd MS., I, 31, II, 65.

1 'O wha will lace my steys, mother ?
O wha will gluve my hand ?
O wha will be my bairn's father,
While my luv cum to land ?'

2 'O sall I lace your steys, dochter,
O sall I gluve your hand ;
And God will be your bairn's father,
While your luv cum to land.'

3 Now she's gard build a bonie schip,
Forbidden she wad nae be ;
She's gane wi four score mariners,
Sailand the salt, salt sea.

4 They had nae saild but twenty legues,
Bot twenty legues and three,
When they met wi the ranke robars,
And a' their companie.

5 'Now whether are ye the Queen hersell ?
For so ye weel might bee,
Or are ye the lass o the Ruch Royal,
Seekand Lord Gregorie ?'

6 'O I am neither the Queen,' she sed,
'Nor sick I seem to be ;
But I am the lass o the Ruch Royal,
Seekand Lord Gregorie.'

* * * *

7 And when she saw the stately tower,
Shynand sae cleere and bricht,
Whilk proud defies the jawing wave,
Built on a rock a hicht,

8 Sche sailed it round, and sailed it sound,
And loud, loud cried she,
'Now break, now break, ye fairy charms,
And let the prisoner free.'

G

Buchan's MSS. II, 149 ; Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 198.

1 It fell on a Wodensday,
Love Gregory's taen the sea,
And he has left his lady Janet,
And a weary woman was she.

2 But she had na been in child-bed
A day but barely three,
Till word has come to Lady Janet
Love Gregory she would never see.

3 She's taen her mantle her middle about,
Her cane into her hand,
And she's awa to the salt-sea side,
As fast as she could gang.

4 'Whare will I get a curious carpenter,
Will make a boat to me ?
I'm going to seek him Love Gregory,
In's lands where eer he be.'

5 'Here am I, a curious carpenter,
Will make a boat for thee,
And ye may seek him Love Gregory,
But him ye'll never see.'

6 She sailed up, she sailed down,
Thro many a pretty stream,
Till she came to that stately castle,
Where Love Gregory lay in.

7 'Open, open, Love Gregory,
O open, and lat me in ;
Your young son is in my arms,
And shivering cheek and chin.'

8 'Had awa, ye ill woman,
Had far awa frae me ;
Ye're but some witch, or some warlock,
Or the mermaid, troubling me.'

9 'My lady she's in Lochranline,
Down by Lochlearn's green ;
This day she wadna sail the sea,
For goud nor warld's gain.'

10 'But if ye be my lady Janet,
As I trust not well ye be,
Come tell me oer some love-token
That past 'tween thee an me.'

11 'Mind on, mind on now, Love Gregory,
Since we sat at the wine ;

The rings that were on your fingers,
I gied thee mine for thine.

12 'And mine was o the good red goud,
Yours o the silly tin,
And mine 's been true, and very true,
But yours had a fause lynnin.'

13 'But open, open, Love Gregory,
Open, and let me in ;
Your young son is in my arms,
He 'll be dead ere I win in.'

14 'Had awa, ye ill woman,
Had far awa frae me ;
Ye 're but some witch, or some warlock,
Or the mermaid, troubling me.

15 'But if ye be my lady Janet,
As I trust not well ye be ;
Come tell me o'er some love-token
That past tween thee and me.'

16 'Mind on, mind on, Love Gregory,
Since we sat at the wine ;
The shifts that were upon your back,
I gave thee mine for thine.

17 'And mine was o the good holland,
And yours o the silly twine,
And mine 's been true, and very true,
But yours had fause lynnin.'

* * * *

H

Communicated by Mr G. C. Mahon, of Ann Arbor, Michigan, as sung by a laborer, at Tyrrelspass, West Meath, Ireland, about 1820.

1 'OH who 'll comb my yellow locks,
With the brown berry comb ?
And who 'll be the child 's father,
Until Gregory comes home ?'

2 'Oh
And God will be the child 's father,
Until Gregory comes home.'

* * * * *

3 'The dew wets my yellow locks,
The rain wets my skin,
The babe 's cold in my arms,
Oh Gregory, let me in !'

4 'Oh if you be the lass of Aughrim,
As I suppose you not to be,
Come tell me the last token
Between you and me.'
The dew wets, etc.

5 'Oh Gregory, don't you remember
One night on the hill,
When we swapped rings off each other 's hands,
Sorely against my will ?'

Mine was of the beaten gold,
Yours was but black tin.'
The dew wets, etc.

6 'Oh if you be the lass of Aughrim,
As I suppose you not to be,
Come tell me the last token
Between you and me.'
The dew wets, etc.

7 'Oh Gregory don't you remember
One night on the hill,
When we swapped smocks off each other 's
backs,
Sorely against my will ?
Mine was of the holland fine,
Yours was but Scotch cloth.'
The dew wets, etc.

8 'Oh if you be the lass of Aughrim,
As I suppose you not to be,
Come tell me the last token
Between you and me.'
The dew wets, etc.

9 'Oh Gregory, don't you remember,
In my father 's hall,
When you had your will of me ?
And that was worse than all.'
The dew wets, etc.

I

Johnson's Museum, I, 5, No 5, 1787.

1 'Ou open the door, Lord Gregory,
 Oh open, and let me in ;
The rain rains on my scarlet robes,
 The dew drops oer my elin.'

2 'If you are the lass that I lovd once,
 As I true you are not she,
Come give me some of the tokens
 That past between you and me.'

3 'Ah wae be to you, Gregory,
 An ill death may you die !
You will not be the death of one,
 But you 'll be the death of three.'

4 'Oh don't you mind, Lord Gregory,
 'T was down at yon burn-side
We changd the ring of our fingers,
 And I put mine on thine ?'

J

Motherwell's Note-Book, p. 12.

1 'O wha will shoe my pretty little foot?
 And wha will glove my hand ?
And who will lace my middle jimp
 Wi this lang London whang ?'

2 'And wha will comb my yellow, yellow hair,
 Wi this fine rispen kame ?
And wha will be my bairn's father,
 Till Lord Gregory come hame ?'

K

Stenhouse's Johnson's Museum, IV, *107, communicated by Kirkpatrick Sharpe, "as generally sung by the people of Galloway and Dumfriesshire."

'O OPEN the door, Love Gregory,
 O open, and let me in ;
The wind blows through my yellow hair,
 And the dew draps oer my chin.'

A. 8². kine.
11. His mother: *margin of the MS.*
20. Mother: *margin.* 22. Lady.
23. Gregory: *margin.* 24. Mother: *margin.*

B. 1³. who. 2², 4². *Herd prints* Tabean birben.
12. His mother speaks to her from the house
 and she thinks it him: *margin of the MS.*
14¹. has (?). 15 follows 17 in the *MS.*
16³. *Herd prints* maidenhead.
20. The son speaks: *margin.*
25¹. corp (?).

C. After 2. Then Lord Gregory's mother an-
 swers, counterfeiting her son.
After 4. The mother, still counterfeiting her
 son, says.
The old woman who sang the ballad, says Pit-
 cairn, murmured over these words as a
 sort of recitative, and then resumed the
 song, with a slight variation of voice.

D. 3⁴. linnen; *probably a way of pronouncing*
 London.
Jamieson adopts several readings from E a,
 besides making some slight alterations of his
 own, and inserts these two stanzas, "from
 memory," between 21 and 22 :

Tak down, tak down the mast o goud,
 Set up the mast o tree ;
Ill sets it a forsaken lady
 To sail sae gallantlie.

Tak down, tak down the sails o silk,
 Set up the sails o skin ;
Ill sets the outside to be gay
 Whan there 's sic grief within.

For the first of these see B 19.

E. a. quha, ze, etc., of the *MS.* are printed wha,
 ye, etc.

b. *Scott's version, described as composed from B, E a, F, and two recited copies, is rather E a, excepting 6^{3, 4} and 16, interpolated with six stanzas from B, five from F, and two lines from other sources, with a few verbal changes. It is, neglecting these verbal changes (also in part derived from B, E a, F), made up thus:*

1-5 = E a 1-5; 6 = F 3¹ + F 3⁴ + two lines from other sources; 7-9 = F 4-6; 10 = B 10; 11 = F 7; 12 = E a 7; 13 = F 8; 14-20 = E a 8-14; 21 = B 16; 22 = E a 15; 23-25 = B 15, 18, 19; 26 = E a 17; 27 = B 20; 28-38 = E a 18-28; 39 = E a 28¹⁻³ + B 25⁴.

Scott has Lord Gregory for Love Gregor, or Love Gregory, throughout, and Lochroyan for Rough (Roch) Royal.

3⁴. Till Lord Gregory come to land.

6^{3, 4}. The sails were o the light-green silk,
The tows o taffety.

24^{3, 4}. Fair Annie floated through the faem,
But the babie raise no more.

G. 4⁴. Ands lands: *Buchan prints In's.*
6². For mony: *Buchan prints Thro mony.*
12⁴. fause reason: *Buchan prints fause lynnin.*
14³. *Buchan prints* or vile warlock.

H. "I find myself quite unable to arrange the fragments of the 'Lass of Aughrim' in anything like decent symmetry. The idea that I have of the arrangement is that the Lass begins with a sort of soliloquy, lamenting her condition; that she sings this at the door of a castle, shut against her; that she hears Gregory's voice within, and then appeals to him for admittance; and then comes the dialogue between them.

"The [third] stanza, as I heard the thing sung, was repeated as a burden after all the succeeding stanzas, even when the Lad and not the Lass speaks; but I do not think it followed the [first two] stanzas; they were a sort of introduction." *Mr Mahon, December, 1884, May, 1885.*

77

SWEET WILLIAM'S GHOST

A. 'Sweet William's Ghost,' Ramsay's Tea Table Miscellany, "4th volume, 1740;" here from the London edition of 1763, p. 324.

B. Herd's MSS, I, 177, II, 49, stanzas 27 ff.

C. 'Marjorie and William,' Motherwell's MS., p. 262, 'William and Marjorie,' Motherwell's Minstrelsy, p. 186.

D. Dr Joseph Robertson's Note-Book, 'Adversaria,' p. 86.

E. 'Sweet William and May Margaret,' Kinloch's Ancient Scottish Ballads, p. 241.

F. Jamieson's Popular Ballads, I, 83, stanzas 26 ff.

G. Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, III, 183, ed. 1833.

RAMSAY'S copy, A, was reprinted by Percy, Reliques, 1765, III, 128, and by Herd, 1769, p. 194, 1776, I, 76. Percy remarks that the concluding stanza seems modern. There can be no doubt that both that and the one before it are modern; but, to the extent of Margaret's dying on her lover's grave, they are very likely

to represent original verses not remembered in form. B constitutes, in Herd's MSS, and F, in Jamieson's Popular Ballads, the termination of a copy of 'Clerk Saunders.' Scott appended the three stanzas given as G to the later edition of his *rifacimento* of the copies of 'Clerk Saunders' in Herd's MSS, and says

of them: "I am informed by the reciter that it was usual to separate from the rest that part of the ballad which follows the death of the lovers, as belonging to another story." The first part of **F** was evidently derived from 'Proud Lady Margaret,' No. 47.

Motherwell notes, *Minstrelsy*, p. lxiii, 6, that in recited copies he had heard this stanza repeated, "which does not occur in printed copies" (and can easily be spared), after **A** 14.*

My meikle tae is my gavil-post,
My nose is my roof-tree,
My ribs are kebars to my house,
And there is nae room for thee.

The story of this ballad seems to have become disordered in most of the versions. **A** alone, the first published, has perhaps retained the original form. The principal idea is, however, preserved in all the full versions, **A-E**; the dead lover returns to ask back his unfulfilled troth-plight. His mistress, not knowing that he is dead, demands that he shall first come within her bower and kiss her, **A, B, C**. He answers that if he does this her days will not be long. She persists; he shall take her to kirk,† and wed her with a ring, **A, E**. He then tells her distinctly that he is dead, and she returns to him his faith and troth. She streaks her troth on a long wand and gives it to him through a window, **B**. In **A** she stretches out her white hand, "to do her best;" in **C** "takes up" her white hand, and strikes him on the breast; in **E** takes her white hand and smooths it on his breast; all of which are possibly corruptions of the ceremony performed in **B**. In **D** she takes a silver key and strikes him three times on the breast. She follows the dead till he comes to his grave, **A, B, C, D (?) F**, which is wrongly said in **A, E** to be far beyond the sea. She asks if there is room for her in his grave, and is told there is not, **A, F** [there is room, **B, D**]. She dies at his grave, **A**; is told that her days will not be long, **F**; in **G**, goes weeping away.

* Motherwell probably meant 13.

† So **E** 10; **A** 9 has, in Ramsay, kirk-yard, which obviously requires to be corrected.

Margaret will not give William back his faith and troth, in **B, D, E**, unless he resolves certain questions about the state of the dead; what becomes of women that die in travail; where the women go who hang themselves for sin; where unbaptized children. Mere curiosity does not sort well with this very seriously conceived ballad, and these passages have probably grown out of a not unnatural inquiry on the part of Margaret as to her lover's personal state, extended in **E** 12 to "tell me the pleasures o' heaven, and pains o' hell how they be." The scene at the grave in **C** 11-13 may be judged grotesque, but is not trivial or unimpressive. These verses may be supposed not to have belonged to the earliest form of the ballad, and one does not miss them from **A**, but they cannot be an accretion of modern date.

Sir Walter Scott informs us, in the Advertisement to *The Pirate*, that the lady whose affections had been engaged by Goff, the historical prototype of Cleveland, "went up to London to see him before his death, and that, arriving too late, she had the courage to request a sight of his body; and then touching the hand of the corpse, she formally resumed the troth-plight which she had bestowed." "Without going through this ceremony," Scott goes on to say, "she could not, according to the superstition of the country, have escaped a visit from the ghost of her departed lover, in the event of her bestowing upon any living suitor the faith which she had plighted to the dead."‡

'Sweet William's Ghost' has much in common with one of the most beautiful and celebrated of the Scandinavian ballads, and may well be a different development of the same story:

Danish. 'Fæstemanden i Graven' ('Aage og Else'), Grundtvig, No 90, II, 492-97, III, 870-74, **A** from a manuscript of the seventeenth century, **B** from about 1700, **C** from recent tradition. Swedish. 'Sorgens Magt,' **A, B**, Afzelius, No 6, I, 29, II, 204; **C**, Ar-

‡ In a note in the Kinloch MSS, VII, 277, Kinloch says that Sir Walter Scott told him that he had received this story from an old woman in Shetland.

widsson, No 91, II, 103; D, Wigström, Skånska Visor, No 8, the same, Folkdiktning, I, 17, No 6, 'Den döde brudgummen:' all from recent tradition.

According to the oldest version, Danish A,* from which the others do not materially vary, a man dies just as he is to be married. His love grieves for him passionately. The dead hears her under the ground, comes to her bower with his coffin on his back, and knocks. She lets him in after he has proved himself to be "a spirit of health" by uttering the name of Jesus, combs his hair, and asks him how it is under the black earth (cf. English, E 12). It is like the bliss of heaven. May she follow him into his grave? It is like blackest hell. Every time she weeps for him his coffin is filled with lappeder blood. But when she sings and is happy, his grave is all hung with rose-leaves. The cock crows, the white, the red, the black; he takes up his coffin and goes wearily back to the graveyard. His love follows through the mirk wood (so Swedish A 9, cf. English B 11), to the churchyard, and into the church. Then his yellow hair falls away, his rosy color wanes. He bids her go home and never weep for him more. "Look up at the sky, the night is going;" and as she looks he slips into his grave. She goes sadly home, prays God that she may not live out a year and a day, falls sick, and dies within a month.

The Scandinavian ballad agrees in many particulars with the conclusion of the second lay of *Helgi Hundingsbani* in the older Edda. *Helgi*, having been slain by Sigrún's brother, is bitterly be waisted by Sigrún. He quits his barrow to come to her. Sigrún will kiss him, but his hair is thick with hoar-frost, he is drenched in blood, and how is this? These are the grim tears that Sigrún has shed, every one of which falls on his breast. Sigrún says she will sleep in his arms as though he were

* The ballad has been often translated, mostly after the compounded form in the *Danske Viser*, No 29: Prior, III, 76 (Danish A), 81; "London Magazine," 1820, I, 152; Borrow, *Foreign Quarterly Review*, 1830, VI, 62, and p. 47 of his *Romantic Ballads*; Buchanan, p. 112.

† Hoffmann von Fallersleben in *Deutsches Museum*, 1852, II, 162 = Erk's *Wunderhorn*, IV, 73, and *Liederhort*, p. 75,

alive, and goes into the barrow with him. The end of the story is lost; according to a prose tradition which professes to supply the close, Sigrún soon died of grief. The source of the later ballads is perceptible here.

In the English ballad the dead lover returns of his own motion, simply to ask back his troth; in the Scandinavian, his betrothed grieves him out of his grave, "hon sörjer sin fästeman ur graf," and the object of his visit is to admonish her to restrain her tears, which prevent his happy repose. A fragmentary story with this turn, which perhaps may even have been a variety of 'Sweet William's Ghost,' will be found in the ballad which follows this.

In a somewhat popular German ballad, 'Der todte Freier,' a dead man comes to the window of his betrothed in the night and calls her. She does not recognize him; says he smells of the ground. He has been eight years in the ground, and that may be. He bids her summon father, mother, and friends, for her bridegroom has come. She is decked as for her wedding; at the first sound of the bell makes her will or receives the sacrament, and dies at the second.†

A young man goes to the grave of his betrothed and asks his love-tokens back; she refers him to her mother, and tells him she will join him in a year: Haupt u. Schmäler, I, 88, No 55. This returning of gifts by the dead is not an infrequent phenomenon: Čelakovský, I, 4, No 2 = Wenzig, *Slawische Volkslieder*, p. 57, and III, 16, No 6; Beaurepaire, p. 53, *Le Héritier, Lit. pop. de Normandie*, p. 160 f; Briz y Candi, I, 140, Milá, *Observaciones*, p. 155, No 50, Milá, *Romancerillo*, pp 320-22, No 337, D, E, A¹¹, B¹¹.

A is translated by Grundtvig, *Engelske og skotske Folkeviser*, p. 34, No 4; by Herder, Book III, No 8; Bodmer, II, 36; Wacker-

No 24a, Mittler, No 545; Wagner in *Deutsches Museum*, 1862, II, 802, 803; *Liederhort*, No 24, p. 74; *Ditfurth*, II, 1, No 2; Meier, p. 355, No 201; Peter, I, 199, No 14; A. Müller, p. 95; Meinert, p. 3 = Erlach, IV, 196, Erk's *Wunderhorn*, IV, 74, *Liederhort*, p. 76, No 24b, Zuccalmaglio, p. 130, No 60, Mittler, No 544; Schleicher, *Volkstümliches aus Sonneberg*, p. 112, No 22.

nagel, *Altdeutsche Blätter*, I, 189; Döring, p. 391; Knortz, *Lieder u. Romanzen Alt-Englands*, p. 86, No 23; von Marées, p. 24. C by Grundtvig, p. 319, No 90; Wolff, *Halle*

der Völker

I, 30, *Hausschatz*, p. 205; Knortz, as above, p. 179, No 49. A compound of D, C, A, by Rosa Warrens, *Schottische Volkslieder*, p. 53, No 12.

A

Ramsay's *Tea Table Miscellany*, "4th volume, 1740;" here from the London edition of 1763, p. 324.

- 1 THERE came a ghost to Margret's door,
With many a grievous groan,
And ay he tirled at the pin,
But answer made she none.
- 2 'Is that my father Philip,
Or is 't my brother John ?
Or is 't my true-love, Willy,
From Scotland new come home ?'
- 3 "'T is not thy father Philip,
Nor yet thy brother John ;
But 't is thy true-love, Willy,
From Scotland new come home.
- 4 'O sweet Margret, O dear Margret,
I pray thee speak to me ;
Give me my faith and troth, Margret,
As I gave it to thee.'
- 5 'Thy faith and troth thou 's never get,
Nor yet will I thee lend,
Till that thou come within my bower,
And kiss my cheek and chin.'
- 6 'If I shoud come within thy bower,
I am no earthly man ;
And shoud I kiss thy rosy lips,
Thy days will not be lang.
- 7 'O sweet Margret, O dear Margret,
I pray thee speak to me ;
Give me my faith and troth, Margret,
As I gave it to thee.'
- 8 'Thy faith and troth thou 's never get,
Nor yet will I thee lend,

Till you take me to yon kirk,
And wed me with a ring.'

- 9 'My bones are buried in yon kirk-yard,
Afar beyond the sea,
And it is but my spirit, Margret,
That 's now speaking to thee.'
- 10 She stretchd out her lilly-white hand,
And, for to do her best,
'Hae, there 's your faith and troth, Willy,
God send your soul good rest.'
- 11 Now she has kilted her robes of green
A piece below her knee,
And a' the live-lang winter night
The dead corp followed she.
- 12 'Is there any room at your head, Willy ?
Or any room at your feet ?
Or any room at your side, Willy,
Wherein that I may creep ?'
- 13 'There 's no room at my head, Margret,
There 's no room at my feet :
There 's no room at my side, Margret,
My coffin 's made so meet.'
- 14 Then up and crew the red, red cock,
And up then crew the gray :
'Tis time, tis time, my dear Margret,
That you were going away.'
- 15 No more the ghost to Margret said,
But, with a grievous groan,
Evanishd in a cloud of mist,
And left her all alone.
- 16 'O stay, my only true-love, stay,'
The constant Margret cry'd ;
Wan grew her cheeks, she clos'd her een,
Stretchd her soft limbs, and dy'd.

B

Herd's MSS, I, 177, II, 49, stanzas 27 ff.

1 WHAN bells war rung, an mass was sung,
 A wat a' man to bed were gone,
 Clark Sanders came to Margret's window,
 With mony a sad sigh and groan.

2 'Are ye sleeping, Margret,' he says,
 'Or are ye wakin, presentlie ?
 Give me my faith and trouthe again,
 A wat, trew-love, I gied to thee.'

3 'Your faith and trouthe ye 's never get,
 Nor our trew love shall never twain,
 Till ye come with me in my bower,
 And kiss me both cheek and chin.'

4 'My mouth it is full cold, Margret.
 It has the smell now of the ground ;
 And if I kiss thy comely mouth,
 Thy life-days will not be long.'

5 'Cocks are crowing a merry mid-larf,
 I wat the wild fule boded day ;
 Gie me my faith and trouthe again,
 And let me fare me on my way.'

6 'Thy faith and trouthe thou shall na get,
 Nor our trew love shall never twin,
 Till ye tell me what comes of women
 Awat that dy's in strong traveling.'

7 'Their beds are made in the heavens high,
 Down at the foot of our good Lord's knee,
 Well set about wi gilly-flowers,
 A wat sweet company for to see.

8 'O cocks are crowing a merry midd-larf,
 A wat the wilde foule boded day ;
 The salms of Heaven will be sung,
 And ere now I 'le be misst away.'

9 Up she has tain a bright long wand,
 And she has straked her trouthe thereon ;
 She has given [it] him out at the shot-window,
 Wi many a sad sigh and heavy groan.

10 'I thank you, Margret, I thank you, Margret,
 And I thank you hartilie ;
 Gine ever the dead come for the quick,
 Be sure, Margret, I 'll come again for thee.'

11 It 's hose an shoon an gound alane
 She clame the wall and followed him,
 Until she came to a green forest,
 On this she lost the sight of him.

12 'Is their any room at your head, Sanders ?
 Is their any room at your feet ?
 Or any room at your twa sides ?
 Whare fain, fain woud I sleep.'

13 'Their is na room at my head, Margret,
 Their is na room at my feet ;
 There is room at my twa sides,
 For ladys for to sleep.

14 'Cold meal is my covering owre,
 But an my winding sheet ;
 My bed it is full low, I say,
 Down among the hongerey worms I sleep.

15 'Cold meal is my covering owre,
 But an my winding sheet ;
 The dew it falls na sooner down
 Then ay it is full weet.'

C

Motherwell's MS., p. 262, Motherwell's Minstrelsy, p. 186, from the recitation of Mrs McCormick, and learned by her in Dumbarton, from an old woman, thirty years before : January 19, 1825.

1 LADY MARJORIE, Lady Marjorie,
 Sat sewing her silken seam ;
 By her came a pale, pale ghost,
 With many a sick and mane.

2 'Are ye my father, the king ? ' she says,
 'Or are ye my brother John ?
 Or are you my true-love, Sweet William,
 From England newly come ?'

3 'I 'm not your father, the king,' he says,
 'No, no, nor your brother John ;
 But I 'm your true love, Sweet William,
 From England that 's newly come.'

4 'Have ye brought me any scarlets so red?
Or any silks so fine?
Or have ye brought me any precious things,
That merchants have for sale?'

5 'I have not brought you any scarlets sae red,
No, no, nor the silks so fine;
But I have brought you my winding-sheet,
Oer many 's the rock and hill.'

6 'O Lady Marjory, Lady Marjory,
For faith and charitie,
Will you give to me my faith and troth,
That I gave once to thee?'

7 'O your faith and troth I 'll not give thee,
No, no, that will not I,
Until I get one kiss of your ruby lips,
And in my arms you come [lye].'

8 'My lips they are so bitter,' he says,
'My breath it is so strong,
If you get one kiss of my ruby lips,
Your days will not be long.'

9 'The cocks they are crowing, Marjory,' he says,
'The cocks they are crawling again;
It 's time the deid should part the quick,
Marjorie, I must be gane.'

10 She followed him high, she followed him low,
Till she came to yon church-yard;
O there the grave did open up,
And young William he lay down.

11 'What three things are these, Sweet William,'
she says,
'That stands here at your head?'

'It 's three maidens, Marjorie,' he says,
'That I promised once to wed.'

12 'What three things are these, Sweet William,'
she says,
'That stands here at your side?'

'It is three babes, Marjorie,' he says,
'That these three maidens had.'

13 'What three things are these, Sweet William,'
she says,
'That stands here at your feet?'

'It is three hell-hounds, Marjorie,' he says,
'That 's waiting my soul to keep.'

14 She took up her white, white hand,
And she struck him in the breast,
Saying, Have there again your faith and
troth,
And I wish your soul good rest.

D

From tradition: Dr Joseph Robertson's Note-Book, "Adversaria," p. 86.

1 LADY MARGARET was in her wearie room,
Sewin her silken seam,
And in eam Willie, her true-love,
Frae Lundin new come hame.

2 'O are ye my father Philip,
Or are ye my brither John?
Or are ye my true-love, Willie,
Frae London new come home?'

3 'I 'm nae your father Philip,
Nor am I your brother John;
But I am your true-love, Willie,
An I 'm nae a levin man.'

4 'But gie me my faith and troth, Margrat,
An let me pass on my way ;

For the bells o heaven will be rung,
An I 'll be mist away.'

5 'Yere faith and troth ye 'se never get,
Till ye tell me this ane;
Till ye tell me where the women go
That hang themsell for sin.'

6 'O they gang till the low, low hell,
Just by the devil's knee;
It 's a' clad ower wi burnin pitch,
A dreadfu sicht to see.'

7 'But your faith and troth ye 'se never get,
Till you tell me again;
Till you tell me where the children go
That die without a name.'

8 'O they gang till the high, high heaven,
Just by our Saviour's knee,

An it's a' clad ower wi roses red,
A lovelie sicht to see.

9 'But gie me my faith and troth, Margrat,
And let me pass on my way;
For the psalms o heaven will be sung,
An I'll be mist away.'

10 'But your faith and troth yese never get
Till ye tell me again;
Till ye tell me where the women go
That die in child-beddin.'

11 'O they gang till the hie, hie heaven,
Just by our Saviour's knee,
And every day at twal o clock
They're dipped oer the head.'

12 'But gie me my faith and troth, Margret,
And let me pass on my way;
For the gates o heaven will be shut,
And I'll be mist away.'

13 Then she has taen a silver key,
Gien him three times on the breast;
Says, There's your faith and troth, Willie,
I hope your soul will rest.

14 'But is there room at your head, Willie?
Or is there room at your feet?
Or is there room at any o your sides,
To let in a lover sweet?'

15 'There is nae room at my head, Margrat,
There's nae room at my feet,
But there is room at baith my sides,
To lat in a lover sweet.'

E

Kinloch's Ancient Scottish Ballads, p. 241.

1 As May Margret sat in her bouerie,
In her bouer all alone,
At the very parting o midnight
She heard a mournfu moan.

2 'O is it my father? O is it my mother?
Or is it my brother John?
Or is it Sweet William, my ain true-love,
To Scotland new come home?'

3 'It is na your father, it is na your mother,
It is na your brother John;
But it is Sweet William, your ain true-love,
To Scotland new come home.'

4 'Hae ye brought me onie fine things,
Onie new thing for to wear?
Or hae ye brought me a braid o lace,
To snood up my gowden hair?'

5 'I've brought ye na fine things at all,
Nor onie new thing to wear,
Nor hae I brought ye a braid of lace,
To snood up your gowden hair.'

6 'But Margaret, dear Margaret,
I pray ye speak to me;

7 'Your faith and troth ye sanna get,
Nor will I wi ye twin,
Till ye come within my bouer,
And kiss me, cheek and chin.'

8 'O should I come within your bouer,
I am na earthly man;
If I should kiss your red, red lips,
Your days wad na be lang.'

9 'O Margaret, dear Margaret,
I pray ye speak to me;
O gie me back my faith and troth,
As dear as I gied it thee.'

10 'Your faith and troth ye sanna get,
Nor will I wi ye twin,
Till ye tak me to yonder kirk,
And wed me wi a ring.'

11 'My banes are buried in yon kirk-yard,
It's far ayont the sea;
And it is my spirit, Margaret,
That's speaking unto thee.'

12 'Your faith and troth ye sanna get,
Nor will I twin wi thee,

Till ye tell me the pleasures o' heaven,
And pains of hell how they be.'

13 'The pleasures of heaven I wat not of,
But the pains of hell I dree;
There some are hie hangd for huring,
And some for adulterie.'

14 Then Margret took her milk-white hand,
And smoothd it on his breast :
'Tak your faith and troth, William,
God send your soul good rest !'

F

Jamieson's Popular Ballads, I, 83, stanzas 26 ff.

1 WHEN seven years were come and gane,
Lady Margaret she thought lang ;
And she is up to the higest tower,
By the lee licht o the moon.

2 She was lookin oer her castle high,
To see what she might fa,
And there she saw a grieved ghost,
Comin waukin oer the wa.

3 'O are ye a man of mean,' she says,
'Seekin ony o my meat ?
Or are you a rank robber,
Come in my bower to break ?'

4 'O I'm Clerk Saunders, your true-love,
Behold, Margaret, and see,
And mind, for a' your meikle pride,
Sae will become of thee.'

5 'Gin ye be Clerk Saunders, my true-love,
This meikle marvels me ;
O wherein is your bonny arms,
That wont to embrace me ?'

6 'By worms they're eaten, in mools they're
rotten,
Behold, Margaret, and see,
And mind, for a' your mickle pride,
Sae will become o thee.'

* * * * *

7 O, bonny, bonny sang the bird,
Sat on the coil o hay ;
But dowie, dowie was the maid
That followd the corpse o clay.

8 'Is there ony room at your head, Saunders ?
Is there ony room at your feet ?
Is there ony room at your twa sides,
For a lady to lie and sleep ?'

9 'There is nae room at my head, Margaret,
As little at my feet ;
There is nae room at my twa sides,
For a lady to lie and sleep.

10 'But gae hame, gae hame now, May Margaret,
Gae hame and sew your seam ;
For if ye were laid in your weel made bed,
Your days will nae be lang.'

G

Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, III, 183, ed. 1833, the last three stanzas.

* * * * *

1 'BUT plait a wand o bonny birk,
And lay it on my breast,
And shed a tear upon my grave,
And wish my saul gude rest.

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2 'And fair Margret, and rare Margret,
And Margret o veritie,
Gin eer ye love another man,
Neer love him as ye did me.'

3 Then up and crew the milk-white cock,
And up and crew the grey ;
The lover vanishd in the air,
And she gaed weeping away.

A. 8³. yon kirk-yard.
 B. 1², And every one is substituted for A wat a' man, no doubt by a reviser.
 1⁴, 9⁴. grown.
 5¹, 8¹. mid larf, midd larf *I retain, though I do not understand larf.*
 9². on it struck out at the end of the line, and thereon written over. *Qy it on?*
 14⁴. *A line is drawn through Down and the.*
 15¹. is my bed, written after weet, is struck out. *The copy in Herd's second volume is a tran-*

script of the other, and its variations have no apparent authority.
 C. 7⁴. *MS. come (lye).*
 9⁴. away written over be gane.
 10². *Motherwell prints churchyard green.*
 14¹. white thrice.
Motherwell makes not a few slight changes in printing.
 D. 15¹. at my head, Willie.
 E. 8 follows 10 in Kinloch.

78

THE UNQUIET GRAVE

A. 'The Unquiet Grave,' Folk-Lore Record, I, 60, 1868.
 B. Notes and Queries, Fifth Series, VII, 436.
 C. Notes and Queries, Fifth Series, VII, 387.
 D. 'The Ghost and Sailor,' Buchan's MSS, I, 268.

THE vow in the second stanza of all the copies is such as we find in 'Bonny Bee-Ho'm,' and elsewhere (see p. 156f of this volume), and A, B, D 4, 5, C 3, 4 are nearly a repetition of 'Sweet William's Ghost,' A 5, 6, B 3, 4, C 7, 8, D 7, 10. This may suggest a suspicion that this brief little piece is an aggregation of scraps. But these repetitions would not strike so much if the ballad were longer, and we must suppose that we have it only in an imperfect form. Even such as it is, however, this fragment has a character of its own. It exhibits the universal popular belief that excessive grieving for the dead interferes with their repose. We have all but had 'The Unquiet Grave' before, as the conclusion of two versions of 'The Twa Brothers':

She ran distraught, she wept, she sicht,
 She wept the sma brids frae the tree,
 She wept the starns adown frae the lift,
 She wept the fish out o the sea.

'O cease your weeping, my ain true-love,
 Ye but disturb my rest';
 'Is that my ain true lover, John,
 The man that I loe best?'

'T is naething but my ghaist,' he said,
 'That's sent to comfort thee;
 O cease your weeping, my true-love,
 And 't will gie peace to me.'

(I, 440, C 18-20.)

She put the small pipes to her mouth,
 And she harped both far and near,
 Till she harped the small birds off the briers,
 And her true-love out of the grave.

'What's this? what's this, Lady Margaret?' he says,
 'What's this you want of me?'
 'One sweet kiss of your ruby lips,
 That's all I want of thee.'

'My lips they are so bitter,' he says,
 'My breath it is so strong,
 If you get one kiss of my ruby lips,
 Your days will not be long.'

(I, 439, B 10-12.)

Sir Walter Scott has remarked that the belief that excessive grieving over lost friends destroyed their peace was general throughout Scotland: Redgauntlet, Note 2 to Letter XI. See also Gregor's Notes on the Folk-Lore of

the North-East of Scotland, p. 69. We have recent testimony that this belief survives in England (1868), *Folk Lore Record*, I, 60. It was held in Ireland that inordinate tears would pierce a hole in the dead: Killinger, *Erin*, VI, 65, 449 (quoting a writer that I have not identified).

The common notion is that tears wet the shroud or grave-clothes. Scott relates a story of a Highlander who was constrained to come back and say to a kinswoman: My rest is disturbed by your unnecessary lamentation; your tears scald me in my shroud.

Mrs Grant of Laggan tells a similar story. An only sister had lost an only brother. Night after night she sat up, weeping incessantly and calling upon his name. At length her brother appeared to her in his shroud, and seemed wet and shivering. "Why," said he, "am I disturbed with the extravagance of thy sorrow? Till thou art humble and penitent for this rebellion against the decrees of Providence, every tear thou sheddest falls on this dark shroud without drying, and every night thy tears still more chill and encumber me." *Essays on the Superstitions of the Highlanders of Scotland*, ed. New York, 1813, p. 95 f.

A dead boy appears to his mother, and begs her to cease weeping, for all her tears fall upon his shirt and wet it so that he cannot sleep. The mother gives heed, her child comes again and says, Now my shirt is dry, and I have peace. *Grimms, K. u. H. Märchen*, No 109.

In another form of this tradition a child has to carry all its mother's tears in a large pitcher, and cannot keep up with a happy little band to which it would belong, 'Die Macht der Thränen,' Erk, *Neue Sammlung*, III, I, No 35 = *Wunderhorn*, IV, 95, *Liederhort*, p. 8, No 3, *Mittler*, No 557; Hoffmann u. Richter, p. 341, No 290; Börner, *Volkssagen aus dem Orlagau*, pp 142, 152; or lags behind because its clothes are heavy with these tears, Geiler von Kaisersberg's *Trostspiegel*, 1510, cited by Rochholz in Wolf's *Zeitschrift für deutsche Mythologie*, II, 252; Thomas Cantipratensis, *Bonum Universale*, "l. ii, c. 53, § 17," about 1250; or the child collects its mother's tears in its hands, Müllenhoff, No 196.

A wife's tears wet her dead husband's shirt in the German ballad 'Der Vorwirth:' Meintert, p. 13 = Erk's *Wunderhorn*, IV, 96, Erk's *Liederhort*, p. 160, No 46^a, *Mittler*, No 555; Hoffmann in *Deutsches Museum*, 1852, II, 161 = *Wunderhorn*, IV, 98, *Liederhort*, p. 158, No 46, *Mittler*, No 556; Peter, I, 200, No 15.

Saint Johannes Eleemosynarius and a couple of his bishops are fain to rise from their graves because their stoles are wet through with a woman's tears, *Legenda Aurea*, c. 27, § 12, *Grässe*, p. 132, last half of the thirteenth century (cited by Liebrecht); and Saint Vice-lin, because his robes are drenched with the tears of his friend Eppo, Helmold, *Chronica Slavorum*, I. i, 78, p. 15, ed. Lappenberg, last half of the twelfth century (cited by Müllenhoff).

Sigrún weeps bitter tears for Helgi's death every night ere she sleeps. The hero comes out of his mound to comfort her, but also to tell her how she discommodes him. He is otherwise well off, but every drop pierces, cold and bloody, to his breast: *Helgakviða Hundingsbana II*, 45. So in some of the ballads which apparently derive from this lay, the tears of Else or Kerstin fill her lover's coffin with blood: Grundtvig, II, 495, 497, No 90, A 17, B 8; Afzelius, I, 31, No 6, st. 14, Wigström, *Folkdiktning*, I, 18, st. 9.

Almost the very words of the Highland apparition in Scott's tale are used by an Indian sage to a king who is inconsolable for the loss of his wife; "the incessant tears of kinsfolk burn the dead, so it is said:" Kālidāsa, *Raghuvansa*, VIII, 85, ed. Stenzler, p. 61 of his translation. Another representation is that the dead have to swallow the rheum and tears of their mourning relations, and therefore weeping must be abstained from: Yājnavalkya's *Gesetzbuch*, Sanskrit u. Deutsch, Stenzler, III, 11, p. 89.

The ancient Persians also held that immoderate grief on the part of survivors was detrimental to the happiness of the dead. Weeping for the departed is forbidden, because the water so shed forms an impediment before the bridge Tchînavar (over which souls pass to heaven). Sad-der, *Porta* xcvi, Hyde, Vete-

rum Persarum et Parthorum Religionis Historia, p. 486, ed. Oxford, 1700. Again, Arda Viraf, seeing a deep and fetid river, which is carrying away a multitude of souls in all the agony of drowning, and asking what this is, is told: The river that you see before you is composed of the tears of mankind, tears shed, against the express command of the Almighty, for the departed; therefore, when you return again to the earth inculcate this to mankind, that to grieve immoderately is in the sight of God a most heinous sin; and the river is constantly increased by this folly, every tear making the poor wretches who float on it more distant from ease and relief. The Arda Viraf Nameh, translated from the Persian, by J. A. Pope, London, 1816, p. 53 f.*

The Greeks and Romans also reprehend obstinate condolment as troubling the dead,

and perhaps, if we had the popular views on the subject, these might be found to have taken an expression like some of the above. In Lucian De Luctu, c. 16, the ghost of a son who had died in the bloom of youth is made to reproach the disconsolate father in these words: ὁ κακόδαιμον ἀνθρωπε, τί κέκραγας; τί δέ μοι παρέχεις πράγματα; †

See, also, Maurer, Isländische Volkssagen, p. 312 f, No 9; Luzel, I, 65, 'La jeune fille et l'âme de sa mère'; Karadshitch, I, 272, No 368, Talvj, I, 84, ed. 1853; Kapper, Gesänge der Serben, II, 116; Nibelungen, 2302, ed. Bartsch; Blaas, in Germania, XXV, 429, No 34; Grimm, Deutsche Mythologie, III, 447, No 397; Müllenhoff, No 195; Wunderhorn, IV, 94, last stanza; Wolf, Beiträge zur deutschen Mythologie, I, 215, No 149.

A

Communicated to the Folk Lore Record, I, 60, by Miss Charlotte Latham, as written down from the lips of a girl in Sussex.

1 'THE wind doth blow today, my love,
And a few small drops of rain;
I never had but one true-love,
In cold grave she was lain.'

2 'I'll do as much for my true-love
As any young man may;
I'll sit and mourn all at her grave
For a twelvemonth and a day.'

3 The twelvemonth and a day being up,
The dead began to speak:
'Oh who sits weeping on my grave,
And will not let me sleep?'

4 "'T is I, my love, sits on your grave,
And will not let you sleep;
For I crave one kiss of your clay-cold lips,
And that is all I seek.'

5 'You crave one kiss of my clay-cold lips;
But my breath smells earthy strong;
If you have one kiss of my clay-cold lips,
Your time will not be long.'

6 "'T is down in yonder garden green,
Love, where we used to walk,
The finest flower that ere was seen
Is withered to a stalk.'

7 'The stalk is withered dry, my love,
So will our hearts decay;
So make yourself content, my love,
Till God calls you away.'

* Rochholz has cited the Raghuvansa in Dentscher Unsterblichkeit Glaube, p. 208; the other oriental citations are made by Kuhn, Wolf's Zeitschrift für deutsche Mythologie, I, 62 f.

† Schenkl, in Germania, XI, 451 f; who also cites Tibullus, I, 1, 67, Propertius, IV, 11, 1, and inscriptions, as Gruter, p. 1127, 8.

B

Notes and Queries, Fifth Series, VII, 436, cited by W. R. S. R., from the Ipswich Journal, 1877: from memory, after more than seventy years.

- 1 'How cold the wind do blow, dear love,
And see the drops of rain!
I never had but one true-love,
In the green wood he was slain.'
- 2 'I would do as much for my own true-love
As in my power doth lay;
I would sit and mourn all on his grave
For a twelvemonth and a day.'

3 A twelvemonth and a day being past,
His ghost did rise and speak:
'What makes you mourn all on my grave?
For you will not let me sleep.'

4 'It is not your gold I want, dear love,
Nor yet your wealth I crave;
But one kiss from your lily-white lips
Is all I wish to have.'

5 'Your lips are cold as clay, dear love,
Your breath doth smell so strong;
'I am afraid, my pretty, pretty maid,
Your time will not be long.'

C

* * * *

"From a yeoman in Suffolk, who got it from his nurse;" B. Montgomerie Ranking, in Notes and Queries, Fifth Series, VII, 387.

- 1 'COLD blows the wind oer my true-love,
Cold blow the drops of rain;
I never, never had but one sweetheart,
In the greenwood he was slain.'
- 2 'I did as much for my true-love
As ever did any maid;

3 'One kiss from your lily-cold lips, true-love,
One kiss is all I pray,
And I'll sit and weep all over your grave
For a twelvemonth and a day.'

4 'My cheek is as cold as the clay, true-love,
My breath is earthy and strong;
And if I should kiss your lips, true-love,
Your life would not be long.'

D

Buchan's MSS, I, 268.

- 1 'PROUD BOREAS makes a hideous noise,
Loud roars the fatal flood;
I loved never a love but one,
In church-yard she lies dead.'
- 2 'But I will do for my love's sake
What other young men may;
I'll sit and mourn upon her grave,
A twelvemonth and a day.'
- 3 A twelvemonth and a day being past,
The ghost began to speak:

'Why sit ye here upon my grave,
And will not let me sleep?'

4 'One kiss of your lily-white lips
Is all that I do crave;
And one kiss of your lily-white lips
Is all that I would have.'

5 'Your breath is as the roses sweet,
Mine as the sulphur strong;
If you get one kiss of my lips,
Your days would not be long.'

6 'Mind not ye the day, Willie,
Sin you and I did walk?
The firstand flower that we did pu
Was witherd on the stalk.'

7 'Flowers will fade and die, my dear,
 Aye as the tears will turn ;
 And since I 've lost my own sweet-heart,
 I 'll never cease but mourn.'

8 'Lament nae mair for me, my love,
 The powers we must obey ;
 But hoist up one sail to the wind,
 Your ship must sail away.'

79

THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL

A. 'The Wife of Usher's Well,' *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, II, 111, ed. 1802.

B. 'The Clerk's Twa Sons o Owsenford,' stanzas 18-23, *Kinloch MSS*, V, 403.

B FORMS the conclusion, as already said, to a beautiful copy of 'The Clerk's Twa Sons o Owsenford,' recited by the grandmother of Robert Chambers.

A motive for the return of the wife's three sons is not found in the fragments which remain to us. The mother had cursed the sea when she first heard they were lost, and can only go mad when she finds that after all she has not recovered them ; nor will a little wee while, B 5, make any difference. There is no indication that the sons come back to forbid

obstinate grief, as the dead often do. But supposing a motive would add nothing to the impressiveness of these verses. Nothing that we have is more profoundly affecting.

A is translated by Grundtvig, *Engelske og skotske Folkeviser*, No 14; by Freiligrath, *Zwischen den Garben*, II, 227, ed. Stuttgart, 1877; by Doenniges, p. 61; by Rosa Warrens, *Schottische Volkslieder*, No 9, with insertion of B 5, 6; and by Knortz, *Lieder und Romanzen Alt-Englands*, p. 227, after Allingham.

A

Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, II, 111, 1802, from the recitation of an old woman residing near Kirkhill, in West Lothian.

1 THERE lived a wife at Usher's Well,
 And a wealthy wife was she ;
 She had three stout and stalwart sons,
 And sent them oer the sea.

2 They hadna been a week from her,
 A week but barely aye,
 Whan word came to the carline wife
 That her three sons were gane.

3 They hadna been a week from her,
 A week but barely three,
 Whan word came to the carline wife
 That her sons she 'd never see.

4 'I wish the wind may never cease,
 Nor fashes in the flood,
 Till my three sons come hame to me,
 In earthly flesh and blood.'

5 It fell about the Martinmass,
 When nights are lang and mirk,
 The carlin wife's three sons came hame,
 And their hats were o the birk.

6 It neither grew in syke nor ditch,
 Nor yet in ony sheugh ;
 But at the gates o Paradise,
 That birk grew fair eneugh.

* * * * *

7 'Blow up the fire, my maidens,
 Bring water from the well ;

For a' my house shall feast this night,
Since my three sons are well.'

8 And she has made to them a bed,
She's made it large and wide,
And she's taen her mantle her about,
Sat down at the bed-side.

* * * *

9 Up then crew the red, red cock,
And up and crew the gray ;
The eldest to the youngest said,
'T is time we were away.

10 The cock he hadna crawd but once,
And clapp'd his wings at a',
When the youngest to the eldest said,
Brother, we must awa.

11 'The cock doth craw, the day doth daw,
The channerin worm doth chide ;
Gin we be mist out o our place,
A sair pain we maun bide.

12 'Fare ye weel, my mother dear !
Fareweel to barn and byre !
And fare ye weel, the bonny lass
That kindles my mother's fire ! '

B

Kinloch MSS, V, 403, stanzas 18-23. In the handwriting of James Chambers, as sung to his maternal grandmother, Janet Grieve, seventy years before, by an old woman, a Miss Ann Gray, of the Neidpath Castle, Peeblesshire : January 1, 1829.

1 THE hallow days o Yule are come,
The nights are lang an dark,
An in an cam her ain twa sons,
Wi their hats made o the bark.

2 'O eat an drink, my merry men a',
The better shall ye fare,
For my twa sons the are come hame
To me for evermair.'

3 She has gaen an made their bed,
An she's made it saft an fine,

An she's happit them wi her gay mantel,
Because they were her ain.

4 O the young cock crew i the merry Linkem,
An the wild fowl chirpd for day ;
The aulder to the younger did say,
Dear brother, we maun away.

5 'Lie still, lie still a little wee while,
Lie still but if we may ;
For gin my mother miss us away
She'll gae mad or it be day.'

6 O it's they've taen up their mother's mantel,
An they've hangd it on the pin :
'O lang may ye hing, my mother's mantel,
Or ye hap us again ! '

A. 4². fishes. *The correction is suggested in ed. 1833 of the Border Minstrelsy. Aytoun reads freshes.*

80

OLD ROBIN OF PORTINGALE

Percy MS., p. 90; Hales and Furnivall, I, 235.

THIS fine ballad was printed in the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, III, 48, ed. of 1765, "with considerable corrections." The information given by a page, the reward promised and the alternative punishment threatened him, the savage vengeance taken on the lady and the immediate remorse, are repeated in 'Little Musgrave,' No 81. So the "Sleep you, wake you" of 4², a frequent formula for such occasions,* which we find in 'Earl Brand,' No 7, D 1, 'King Arthur and King Cornwall,' No 30, st. 49³; 'Clerk Saunders,' No 69, F 4; 'Willie and Lady Maisry,' No 70, B 2, 11; 'The Bent sae Brown,' No 71, st. 5; 'Lord Thomas and Fair Annet,' No 73, E 5; 'Sweet William's Ghost,' No 77, B 2; 'Jellon Grame,' A 4; 'The Drowned Lovers,' Buchan, I, 140, st. 11; 'Jock o the Side,' Caw's Museum, st. 16; 'Kinmont Willie,' Scott, st. 35; 'The Baron of Brackley,' Scarce Ancient Ballads, st. 2; the song or ballad in 'King Lear,' III, 6, 40; Ravenscroft's *Pammelia*, 1609, No 30; the

interlude of 'The Four Elements' (Steevens); Íslensk Fornkvæði, II, 115, st. 26, 27; 'Der todte Freier,' Erk's Liederhort, p. 75, No 24^a, Deutsches Museum, 1852, II, 167 = Mittler No 545, Wunderhorn, IV, 73, etc., and Deutsches Museum, 1862, II, 803, No 10; Ampère, Instructions, p. 36; Coussemaker, No 48, st. 5; Kolberg, *Pieśni ludu Polskiego*, No 7e, st. 8; etc.

Old Robin, instead of attaching a cross of red cloth to the right shoulder of his coat or cloak, shapes the cross *in* his shoulder "of white flesh and of red," st. 32; that is, burns the cross in with a hot iron, as was done sometimes by the unusually devout or superstitious, or for a pious fraud: Mabillon, *Annales, ad annum 1095*, cited by Michaud, *Histoire des Croisades*, I, 110, note, ed. 1825.

Translated by Bodmer, I, 153; by Knortz, *Lieder und Romanzen Alt-Englands*, No 66.

1 GOD let neuer soe old a man
Marry soe yonge a wiffe
As did Old Robin of Portingale;
He may rue all the dayes of his liffe.

2 Ffor the maiors daughter of Lin, God wott,
He chose her to his wife,
And thought to haue liued in quietnesse
With her all the dayes of his liffe.

3 They had not in their wed-bed laid,
Scarcely were both on sleepe,
But vpp shee rose, and forth shee goes
To Sir Gyles, and fast can weepe.

4 Saies, Sleepe you, wake you, faire Sir Gyles?
Or be not you within?

5 'But I am waking, sweete,' he said,
'Lady, what is your will?'
'I haue vnbethought me of a wile,
How my wed lord we shall spill.

6 'Four and twenty knights,' she sayes,
'That dwells about this towne,
Eene four and twenty of my next cozens,
Will helpe to dinge him downe.'

7 With that beheard his litle foote-page,
As he was watering his masters steed;

* As Sir Frederick Madden has observed, who cites some of the instances given.

Soe s
His verry heart did bleed.

8 He mourned, sikt, and wept full sore ;
I sweare by the holy roode,
The teares be for his master wept
Were blend water and bloude.

9 With *that* beheard his deare master,
As [he] in his garden sate ;
Says, Euer alacke, my litle page,
What causes thee to weep ?

10 'Hath any one done to thee wronge,
Any of thy fellowes here ?
Or is any of thy good friends dead,
Which makes thee shed such teares ?

11 'Or if it be my head-kookes-man,
Greiued againe he shalbe,
Nor noe man within my howse
Shall doe wrong vnto thee.'

12 'But it is not your head-kookes-man,
Nor none of his degree ;
But [f]or to morrow, ere it be noone,
You are deemed to die.

13 'And of that thanke your head-steward,
And after, your gay ladie :'
'If it be true, my litle foote-page,
Ile make thee heyre of all my land.'

14 'If it be not true, my deare master,
God let me neuer thye :'
'If it be not true, thou litle foot-page,
A dead corse shalt thou be.'

15 He called downe his head-kookes-man,
Cooke in kitchen super to dresse :
'All and anon, my deare master,
Anon att your request.'

16
'And call you downe my faire lady,
This night to supp with mee.'

17 And downe then came *that* fayre lady,
Was cladd all in purple and palle ;
The rings *that* were vpon her fingers
Cast light thorrow the hall.

18 'What is your will, my owne wed lord,
What is your will with mee ?'
'I am sieke, fayre lady,
Sore sick, and like to dye.'

19 'But and you be sickle, my owne wed lord,
Soe sore it greiueth mee ;
But my fine maydens and my selfe
Will goe and make your bedd.'

20 'And at the wakening of your first sleepe
You shall haue a hott drinke made,
And at the wakening of your next sleepe
Your sorrowes will hane a slake.'

21 He put a silke eote on his backe,
Was thirteen inches folde,
And put a steele cap vpon his head,
Was gilded with good red gold.

22 And he layd a bright browne sword by his
side,
And another att his ffeete,
And full well knew Old Robin then
Whether he shold wake or sleepe.

23 And about the middle time of the night
Came twenty four good knights in ;
Sir Gyles he was the formost man,
Soe well he knew *that* ginne.

24 Old Robin, with a bright browne sword,
Sir Gyles head he did winne ;
Soe did he all those twenty four,
Neuer a one went quicke out [agen].

25 None but one litle foot-page,
Crept forth at a window of stone,
And he had two armes when he came in,
And [when he went out he had none].

26 Vpp then came *that* ladie light,
With torches burning bright ;
Shee thought to haue brought Sir Gyles a
drinke,
But shee found her owne wedd knight.

27 And the first thinge *that* this ladye stumbled
vpon
Was of Sir Gyles his ffoote ;
Sayes, Euer alacke, and woe is me,
Here lyes my sweete hart-roote !

28 And the *second* thing that this ladie stumbled
on
Was of Sir Gyles his head ;
Sayes, Euer alacke, and woe is me,
Heere lyes my true-loue deade !

29 Hee cutt the papps beside he[r] brest,
And bad her wish her will ;
And he cutt the eares beside her heade,
And bade her wish on still.

30 ' Mickle is the mans blood I haue spent,
To doe thee and me some good ; '

Sayes, Euer alacke, my fayre lady,
I thinke that I was woode !

31 He calld then vp his litle foote-page,
And made him heyre of all his land,

32 And he shope the crosse in his right sholder,
Of the white flesh and the redd,
And he went him into the holy land,
Wheras Christ was quicke and dead.

6¹, ³, 23², 24³. 24. 8¹. sist.

11¹, 12¹. booke man : *cf.* 15¹.

14². never dye.

15². Cooke seems to be wrongly repeated.

19³. 5. 20³. first sleep. 21². 13.

25³. 2. 25⁴. *So Hales and Furnivall.*

26¹. ladie bright. *Qy* fayre ? 26². burning light.

28¹. 2^d. 30². thee & and.

32³. sent him.

And *always for* &.

81

LITTLE MUSGRAVE AND LADY BARNARD

A. 'Little Musgrave and the Lady Barnard.' a. Wit Restord, 1658, in the reprint "Facetiae," London, 1817, I, 293. b. Wit and Drollery, 1682, p. 81.

B. Percy MS., p. 53; Hales and Furnivall, I, 119.

C. a. 'Little Mousgrove and the Lady Barnet,' Pepys Ballads, I, 364. b. Pepys Ballads, III, 314. c. Roxburghe Ballads, III, 146. d. Roxburghe Ballads, III, 340. e. Bagford Ballads, I, 36.

D. 'Lord Barnard,' Kinloch MSS, I, 287.

E. 'Young Musgrave,' Campbell MSS, II, 43.

F. 'Lord Barnaby,' Jamieson's Popular Ballads, I, 170.

G. 'Wee Messgrove,' Motherwell's MS., p. 643.

H. 'Little Musgrave,' Motherwell's MS., p. 120.

I. 'Little Sir Grove,' Motherwell's MS., p. 305.

J. 'Lord Barnabas' Lady,' Motherwell's MS., p. 371.

K. Dr Joseph Robertson's Journal of Excursions, No 5.

L. 'Lord Barnett and Little Munsgrave,' Buchan's MSS, I, 27 : Scottish Traditional Versions of Ancient Ballads, Percy Society, XVII, 21.

M. 'Little Mushiegrove,' Motherwell's Minstrelsy, Appendix, p. xx, XXI, one stanza.

N. 'Little Massgrove,' communicated by Miss Reburn, as learned in County Meath, Ireland, two stanzas.

A COPY of this ballad in Dryden's Miscellany, III, 312, 1716, agrees with the one in Wit and Drollery. That in Ritson's Select

Collection of English Songs, II, 215, 1783, agrees with Dryden's save in two or three words. The broadside C a was printed for

Henry Gossen, who is said by Chappell to have published from 1607 to 1641. If the lower limit be correct, this is the earliest impression known.* The other broadsides, C b-e, are later, but all of the seventeenth century. Percy inserted the ballad in his Reliques, III, 67, 1765, making a broadside in the British Museum his basis, and correcting as usual.

Percy remarks: This ballad is ancient, and has been popular; we find it quoted in many old plays. Cases cited by him are: Beaumont and Fletcher's Knight of the Burning Pestle, v, 3, Dyce II, 223, of about 1611:

And some they whistled, and some they sung,
Hey down, down
And some did loudly say,
Ever as the lord Barnet's horn blew,
Away, Musgrave, away!

Again, Sir William Davenant's play 'The Wits,' where Sir Thwack boasts, "I sing Musgrave, and for the Chevy Chase no lark comes near me," Act III, p. 194, of ed. 1672; and 'The Varietie,' a comedy, Act iv, 1649. In Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Bonduca,' v, 2, Dyce, V, 88, dating before March, 1619, we find this stanza, which is perhaps A 26, loosely remembered:

She set the sword unto her breast,
Great pity it was to see
That three drops of her life-warm blood
Run trickling down her knee.

And two stanzas in Fletcher's 'Monsieur Thomas,' iv, 11, Dyce VII, 375, earlier than 1639, may well be A 11, 12 parodied:

If this be true, thou little tiny page,
This tale that thou tellst me,
Then on thy back will I presently hang
A handsome new livery.

But if this be false, thou little tiny page,
As false it well may be,
Then with a cudgel of four foot long
I'll beat thee from head to toe.

* C a was most obligingly copied, and C b collated, for me by Professor Skeat with his own hand.

† L, one of two copies in Buchan's MSS, would certainly have been but the slightest loss if omitted, as another, MSS II, 152, being a broadside made over for the stalls, has been.

Jamieson says, in a prefatory note to F, that he had heard 'Little Musgrave' repeated, with very little variation, both in Morayshire and the southern counties of Scotland. All the Scottish versions are late, and to all seeming derived, indirectly or immediately, from print.† As a recompense we have a fine ballad upon the same theme, 'The Bonny Birdy,' which is not represented in England.

In the English broadside and most of the northern versions the lovers try a bribe, a threat, or both, to make the page keep counsel. In some of these Musgrave, when detected, ejaculates a craven imprecation of woe to the fair woman that lies in his arms asleep, G 23, H 16, I 14, J 20, L 37. In I the men are brothers; in E, F Musgrave has a wife of his own; in C, G Lord Barnard kills himself; in E he is hanged! None of these divergences from the story as we have it in A are improvements, but it is an improvement that the lady should die by stroke of steel as in C, E, H, J, K, L, in exchange for the barbarity of A. The penance in L is a natural and common way of ending such a tragedy. The collecting of the lady's heart's blood in a basin of pure silver, G 28-30, is probably borrowed from 'Lammikin,' where this trait is very effective.

The heathen child, B 13¹, is a child unchristened. An unbaptized child seems still to be called so in Norway, and so is a woman between childbirth and churching. In modern Icelandic usage a boy or girl before confirmation is called heathen, from confusion between baptism and confirmation: Ivar Aasen, at the word heiden; Vigfusson, at the word heiðinn.‡

K 12,

O he's taen out a lang, lang brand,
And stripped it athwart the straw,

explains a corruption in E 18², where the manuscript reads, He's struck *her* in the straw, and another in J 9. The sword is

‡ Pagani appellati interdum infantes quorum certis ex causis differebatur baptismus; Ducange, s. v. Pagani, who cites, Infans infirmus et paganus commendatus presbytero, etc. Ethnicus was used in the same way.

wiped or whetted on straw in ‘Clerk Saunders,’ A 15, C 13, D 8, G 17; ‘Willie and Lady Maisry,’ B 19; ‘Lord Thomas and Fair Annet,’ B 36; ‘Lady Diamond,’ Buchan, II, 206, st. 8. Child Maurice dries his sword on

the grass, John Steward dries his on his sleeve, A 27, 28; Glasgerion dries his sword on his sleeve, A 22; Horn wipes his sword on his arm, King Horn, ed. Wissmann, 622 f.

A

a. Wit Restord, 1658, in the reprint ‘Facetiae,’ London, 1817, I, 293. b. Wit and Drollery, 1682, p. 81.

- 1 As it fell one holy-day,
 Hay downe
 As many be in the yeare,
When young men and maidis together did goe,
 Their mattins and masse to heare,
- 2 Little Musgrave came to the church-dore ;
 The preist was at private masse ;
But he had more minde of the faire women
 Then he had of our lady[‘s] grace.
- 3 The one of them was clad in green,
 Another was clad in pall,
And then came in my lord Bernard’s wife,
 The fairest amonst them all.
- 4 She cast an eye on Little Musgrave,
 As bright as the summer sun ;
And then bethought this Little Musgrave,
 This lady’s heart have I wooun.
- 5 Quoth she, I have loved thee, Little Musgrave,
 Full long and many a day ;
‘So have I loved you, faire lady,
 Yet never word durst I say.’
- 6 ‘I have a bower at Buckelsfordbery,
 Full daintly it is deight ;
If thou wilt wend thither, thou Little Mus-
 grave,
 Thou ’s lig in mine armes all night.’
- 7 Quoth he, I thank yee, faire lady,
 This kindnes thou shwest to me ;
But whether it be to my weal or woe,
 This night I will lig with thee.
- 8 With that he heard, a little tynë page,
 By his ladye’s coach as he ran :

‘ All though I am my ladye’s foot-page,
 Yet I am Lord Barnard’s man.

9 ‘ My lord Barnard shall knowe of this,
 Whether I sink or swim ;’
And ever where the bridges were broake
 He laid him downe to swimme.

10 ‘ A sleepe or wake, thou Lord Barnard,
 As thou art a man of life,
For Little Musgrave is at Bucklesfordbery,
 A bed with thy own wedded wife.’

11 ‘ If this be true, thou little tinny page,
 This thing thou tellest to me,
Then all the land in Bucklesfordbery
 I freely will give to thee.

12 ‘ But if it be a ly, thou little tinny page,
 This thing thou tellest to me,
On the hyest tree in Bucklesfordbery
 Then hanged shalt thou be.’

13 He called up his merry men all :
 ‘ Come saddle me my steed ;
This night must I to Buckellsfordbery,
 For I never had greater need.’

14 And some of them whistld, and some of them
 sung,
 And some these words did say,
And ever when my lord Barnard’s horn blew,
 ‘ Away, Musgrave, away ! ’

15 ‘ Methinks I hear the thresel-cock,
 Methinks I hear the jaye ;
Methinks I hear my lord Barnard,
 And I would I were away.’

16 ‘ Lye still, lye still, thou Little Musgrave,
 And huggell me from the cold ;
‘T is nothing but a shephard’s boy,
 A driving his sheep to the fold.

17 'Is not thy hawke upon a perch ?
 Thy steed eats oats and hay ;
 And thou a fair lady in thine armes,
 And wouldest thou bee away ?'

18 With that my lord Barnard came to the dore,
 And lit a stone upon ;
 He plucked out three silver keys,
 And he opend the dorcs each one.

19 He lifted up the coverlett,
 He lifted up the sheet :
 'How now, how now, thou Littell Musgrave,
 Doest thou find my lady sweet ?'

20 'I find her sweet,' quoth Little Musgrave,
 'The more 't is to my paine ;
 I would gladly give three hundred pounds
 That I were on yonder plaine.'

21 'Arise, arise, thou Littell Musgrave,
 And put thy clothës on ;
 It shall nere be said in my country
 I have killed a naked man.

22 'I have two swords in one scabberd,
 Full deere they cost my purse ;
 And thou shalt have the best of them,
 And I will have the worse.'

23 The first stroke that Little Musgrave stroke,
 He hurt Lord Barnard sore ;

The next stroke that Lord Barnard stroke,
 Little Musgrave nere struck more.

24 With that bespake this faire lady,
 In bed whereas she lay :
 'Although thou 'rt dead, thou Little Musgrave,
 Yet I for thee will pray.'

25 'And wish well to thy soule will I,
 So long as I have life ;
 So will I not for thee, Barnard,
 Although I am thy wedded wife.'

26 He cut her paps from off her brest ;
 Great pitty it was to see
 That some drops of this ladie's heart's blood
 Ran trickling downe her kneec.

27 'Woe worth you, woe worth, my mery men all
 You were nere borne for my good ;
 Why did you not offer to stay my hand,
 When you see me wax so wood ?'

28 'For I have slaine the bravest sir knight
 That ever rode on steed ;
 So have I done the fairest lady
 That ever did woman's deed.

29 'A grave, a grave,' Lord Barnard cryd,
 'To put these lovers in ;
 But lay my lady on the upper hand,
 For she came of the better kin.'

B

Percy MS., p. 53, Hales and Furnivall, I, 119.

* * * * *

1

'FFOR this same night att [Bucklesfeildberry]
 Little Musgreue is in bed with thy wife.'

2 'If it be trew, thou litle foote-page,
 This tale thou hast told to mee,
 Then all my lands in Buckle[s]feildberry
 I'le freely giue to thee.

3 'But if this be a lye, thou little foot-page,
 This tale thou hast told to mee,

Then on the highest tree in Bucklesfeildberry
 All hanged that thou shalt bee.'

4 Saies, Vpp and rise, my merrymen all,
 And saddle me my good steede,
 For I must ride to Bucklesfeildberry ;
 God wott I had neuer more need !

5 But some they whistled, and some thé sunge,
 And some they thus cold say,
 When euer as Lord Barnetts horne blowes,
 'Away, Musgreue, away ! '

6 'Mie thinkes I heare the throstlecocke,
 Me thinkes I heare the iay,
 Me thinkes I heare Lord Barnetts horne,
 Away, Musgreue, away ! '

7 'But lie still, lie still, Little Musgreue,
And huddle me from the cold,
For it is but some sheaperds boy,
Is whistling sheepe ore the mold.'

8 'Is not thy hauke vpon a pearch,
Thy horsse eating corne and hay?
And thou, a gay lady in thine armes,
And yett thou wold goe away!'

9 By this time Lord Barnett was come to the dore,
And light vpon a stone,
And he pulled out three silver kayes,
And opened the dores euery one.

10 And first he puld the couering downe,
And then puld downe the sheete ;
Saies, How now? How now, Little Musgreue?
Dost find my gay lady sweet?

11 'I find her sweete,' saies Little Musgreue,
'The more is my greefe and paine ;'

* * * *

12
'Soe hane I done the fairest lady
That euer wore womans weede.'

13 'Soe hane I done a heathen child,
Whiche ffull sore greiueth mee,
For which Ile repent all the dayes of my life,
And god be with them all three !'

C

a. Pepys Ballads, I, 364, No 187. b. Pepys Ballads, III, 314, No 310. c. Roxburghe Ballads, III, 146. d. Roxburghe Ballads, III, 340. e. Bagford Ballads, I, 36.

1 As it fell on a light holyday,
As many more does in the yeere,
Little Mousgrovie would to the church and
pray,
To see the faire ladyes there.

2 Gallants there were of good degree,
For beauty exceeding faire,
Most wonderous lovely to the eie,
That did to that church repaire.

3 Some came downe in red velvet,
And others came downe in pall,
But next came downe my Lady Barnet,
The fairest amongst them all.

4 She cast a looke upon Little Mousgrovie,
As bright as the summer's sunne ;
Full well perceived then Little Mousgrovie
Lady Barnet's love he had wonne.

5 Then Lady Barnet most meeke and mild
Saluted this Little Mousgrovie,
Who did repay her kinde courtesie
With favour and gentle love.

6 'I have a bower in merry Barnet,
Bestrowed with cowslips sweet ;
If that it please you, Little Mousgrovie,
In love me there to meete,'

7 'Within mine armes one night to sleepe,
For you my heart have wonne,
You need not feare my suspicuous lord,
For he from home is gone.'

8 'Betide me life, betide me death,
This night I will sleepe with thee,
And for thy sake I le hazzard my breath,
So deare is thy love to me.'

9 'What shall wee doe with our little foot-page,
Our counsell for to keepe,
And watch for feare Lord Barnet comes,
Whilst wee together doe sleepe ?'

10 'Red gold shall be his hier,' quoth he,
'And silver shall be his fee,
If he our counsell safely doe keepe,
That I may sleepe with thee.'

11 'I will have none of your gold,' said he,
'Nor none of your silver fee ;
If I should keepe your counsell, sir,
'T were great disloyaltie.'

12 'I will not be false unto my lord,
For house nor yet for land;
But if my lady doe prove untrue,
Lord Barnet shall understand.'

13 Then swiftly runnes the little foot-page,
Unto his lord with speed,
Who then was feasting with his deare friends,
Not dreaming of this ill deede.

14 Most speedily the page did haste,
Most swiftly did he runne,
And when he came to the broken bridge
He lay on his brest and swumme.

15 The page did make no stay at all,
But went to his lord with speed,
That he the truth might say to him
Concerning this wicked deed.

16 He found his lord at supper then,
Great merriment there they did keepe :
'My lord,' quoth he, 'this night, on my word,
Mousgrove with your lady does sleepe.'

17 'If this be true, my little foot-page,
And true as thou tellest to me,
My eldest daughter I 'le give to thee,
And wedded thou shalt be.'

18 'If this be a lye, my little foot-page,
And a lye as thou tellest to mee,
A new paire of gallowes shall straight be set,
And hanged shalt thou be.'

19 'If this be a lye, my lord,' said he,
'A lye that you heare from me,
Then never stay a gallowes to make,
But hang me up on the next tree.'

20 Lord Barnet then cald up his merry men,
Away with speed he would goe;
His heart was so perplext with grieve,
The truth of this he must know.

21 'Saddle your horses with speed,' quoth he,
'And saddle me my white steed ;
If this be true as the page hath said,
Mousgrove shall repent this deed.'

22 He charg'd his men no noise to make,
As they rode all along on the way ;

23 'Nor winde no hornes,' quoth he, 'on your life,
Lest our comming it should betray.'

24 But one of the men, that Mousgrove did love,
And respected his friendship most deare,
To give him knowledge Lord Barnet was
neere,
Did winde his bugle most cleere.

25 And evermore as he did blow,
'Away, Mousgrove, and away ;
For if I take thee with my lady,
Then slaine thou shalt be this day.'

26 'O harke, fair lady, your lord is neere,
I heare his little horne blow ;
And if he finde me in your armes thus,
Then slaine I shall be, I know.'

27 'O lye still, lye still, Little Mousgrove,
And keepe my backe from the cold ;
I know it is my father's shepheard,
Driving sheepe to the pinfold.'

28 Mousgrove did turne him round about,
Sweete slumber his eyes did greet ;
When he did wake, he then espied
Lord Barnet at his bed's feete.

29 'O rise up, rise up, Little Mousgrove,
And put thy clothës on ;
It shall never be said in faire England
I slew a naked man.'

30 'Here 's two good swords,' Lord Barnet said,
'Thy choice, Mousgrove, thou shalt make ;
The best of them thy selfe shalt have,
And I the worst will take.'

31 The first good blow that Mousgrove did strike,
He wounded Lord Barnet sore ;
The second blow that Lord Barnet gave,
Mousgrove could strike no more.

32 He tooke his lady by the white hand,
All love to rage did convert,
That with his sword, in most furious sort,
He pierst her tender heart.

33 'A grave, a grave,' Lord Barnet cryde,
'Prepare to lay us in ;
My lady shall lie on the upper side,
Cause she 's of the better kin.'

33 Then suddenly he slue himselfe,
Which grieves his friends full sore ;
The deaths of these thra worthy wights
With teares they did deplore.

34 This sad mischance by lust was wrought ;
Then let us call for grace,
That we may shun this wicked vice,
And mend our lives apace.

D

Kinloch MSS, I, 287.

1 THERE were four and twenty gentlemen
A playing at the ba,
And lusty Lady Livingstone
Cuist her ee out oure them a'.

2 She cuist her ee on Lord Barnard,
He was baith black and broun ;
She cuist her ee on Little Musgrave,
As bright as the morning sun.

3

‘What’ll I gie ye, my Little Musgrave,
Ae nicht wi me to sleep ?’

4 ‘Ae nicht wi you to sleep,’ he says,
‘O that wad breed meikle strife ;
For the ring on your white finger
Shows you Lord Barnard’s wife.’

5 ‘O Lord Barnard he is gane frae hame,
He’ll na return the day ;
He has tane wi him a purse o goud,
For he’s gane hind away.’

6 Up startit then the wylie foot-page,
‘What will ye gie to me,’ he said,
‘Your council for to keep ?’

7 ‘O goud soll be my little boy’s fee,
And silver soll be his hire ;
But an I hear a word mair o this,
He soll burn in charcoal fire.’

8 But the wylie foot-page to the stable went,
Took out a milk-white steed,
And away, away, and away he rade,
Away wi meikle speed.

9 It’s whan he cam to the water-side,
He smoothd his breist and swam,
And whan he cam to gerss growing,
He set down his feet and ran.

10 ‘Whan he cam to Lord Barnard’s towr
Lord Barnard was at meat ;
He said, ‘If ye kend as meikle as me,
It’s little wad ye eat.’

11 ‘Are onie o my castles brunt ?’ he says,
‘Or onie my towrs won ?
Or is my gay ladie brought to bed,
Of a dochter or a son ?’

12 ‘There is nane o your castles brunt,
Nor nane o your towrs won ;
Nor is your gay ladie brought to bed,
Of a dochter or a son.

13 ‘But Little Musgrave, that gay young man,
Is in bed wi your ladie,

• • • • •

14 ‘If this be true ye tell to me,
It’s goud soll be your fee ;
But if it be fause ye tell to me,
I’se hang ye on a tree.’

* * * * *

15 Whan they cam to yon water-side,
They smoothd their breists and swam ;
And whan they cam to gerss growing,
They set doun their feet and ran.

* * * * *

16 ‘How do ye like my sheets ?’ he said,
‘How do ye like my bed ?
And how do ye like my gay ladie,
Wha’s lying at your side ?’

17 ‘O I do like your sheets,’ he said,
‘Sae do I like your bed ;
But mair do I like your gay ladie,
Wha’s lying at my side.’

18 ‘Get up, get up, young man,’ he said,
‘Get up as swith’s ye can ;
Let it never be said that Lord Barnard
Slew in bed a nakit man.’

* * * *

19 'How do ye like his bluidy cheeks?
Or how do ye like me?
'It's weill do I like his bluidy cheeks,
Mair than your haill bodie.'

E

Campbell MSS, II, 43.

1 FOUR and twenty gay ladies
Were playing at the ba,
And [out] came Lord Barnaby's lady,
The fairest o them a'.

2 She coost her eyes on Little Musgrave,
And he on her again;
She coost her eyes on Little Musgrave,
As they twa lovers had been.

3 'I have a hall in Mulberry,
It stands baith strong and tight;
If you will go to there with me,
I'll lyne with you all night.'

4 'To lyne with you, madam,' he says,
'Will breed both sturt and strife;
I see by the rings on your fingers
You are Lord Barnaby's wife.'

5 'Lord Barnaby's to the hunting gone,
And far out oer the hill,
And he will not return again
Till the evening tide untill.'

6 They were not well lain down,
Nor yet well fallen asleep,
Till up started Lord Barnaby's boy,
Just up at their bed-feet.

7 She took out a little penknife,
Which hung down low by her gair :
'If you do not my secret keep,
A word ye's neer speak mair.'

8 The laddie gae a blythe leer look,
A blythe leer look gave he,
And he's away to Lord Barnaby,
As fast as he can bie.

9 'If these tidings binna true,
These tidings ye tell to me,
A gallows-tree I'll gar be made
And hanged ye shall be.

* * * *

20 Then she has kissd his bluidy cheeks,
It's oure and oure again,'

10 'But if these tidings are true,
These tidings ye tell me,
The fairest lady in a' my court
I'll gar her marry thee.'

11 He's taen out a little horn,
He blew baith loud and sma,
And aye the turning o the tune
'Away, Musgrave, awa!'

12 They were not well lain down,
Nor yet well fallen asleep,
Till up started Lord Barnaby,
Just up at their bed-feet.

13 'O how like ye my blankets, Musgrave?
And how like ye my sheets?
And how like ye my gay lady,
So sound in your arms that sleeps?'

14 'Weel I like your blankets, Sir,
And far better yere sheets;
And better far yere gay lady,
So sound in my arms that sleeps.'

15 'Get up, get up, now, Little Musgrave,
And draw to hose and sheen;
It's neer be said in my country
I'd fight a naked man.'

16 'There is two swords into my house,
And they cost me right dear;
Take you the best, and I the worst,
I'll fight the battle here.'

17 The first stroke that Lord Barnaby gave,
It was baith deep and sore;
The next stroke that Lord Barnaby gave,
A word he never spoke more.

18 He's taen out a rappier then,
He's struck it in the straw,
And thro and thro his lady's sides
He gard the cauld steel gae.

19 'I am not sae wae for Little Musgrave,
As he lys cauld and dead;
But I'm right wae for his lady,
For she'll gae witless wud.'

20 'I'm not sae wae for my lady,
For she lies cauld and dead ;
But I'm right wae for my young son,
Lies sprawling in her blood.'

21 First crew the blaek cock,
And next crew the sparrow ;
And what the better was Lord Barnaby ?
He was hanged on the morrow.

F

Jamieson's Popular Ballads and Songs, I, 170.

1 'I HAVE a tower in Dalisberry,
Which now is dearly dight,
And I will gie it to Young Musgrave,
To lodge wi me a' night.'

2 'To lodge wi thee a' night, fair lady,
Wad breed baith sorrow and strife ;
For I see by the rings on your fingers
You're good Lord Barnaby's wife.'

3 'Lord Barnaby's wife although I be,
Yet what is that to thee ?
For we'll beguile him for this ae night,
He's on to fair Dundee.'

4 'Come here, come here, my little foot-page,
This gold I will give thee,
If ye will keep thir secrets close
'Tween Young Musgrave and me.'

5 'But here I hae a little pen-knife,
Hings low down by my gare ;
Gin ye winna keep thir secrets close,
Ye'll find it wonder sair.'

6 Then she's taen him to her chamber,
And down in her arms lay he ;
The boy coost aff his hose and shoon,
And ran to fair Dundee.

7 When he cam to the wan water,
He slackd his bow and swam,
And when he cam to growin grass,
Set down his feet and ran.

8 And when he cam to fair Dundee,
Wad neither chap nor ca,
But set his braid bow to his breast,
And merrily jumpd the wa.

9 'O waken ye, waken ye, my good lord,
Waken, and come away !'
'What ails, what ails my wee foot-page,
He cries sae lang ere day ?'

10 'O is my bowers brent, my boy ?
Or is my castle won ?'

Or has the lady that I loe best
Brought me a daughter or son ?'

11 'Your ha's are safe, your bowers are safe,
And free frae all alarms,
But, oh ! the lady that ye loe best
Lies sound in Musgrave's arms.'

12 'Gae saddle to me the black,' he cried,
'Gae saddle to me the gray ;
Gae saddle to me the swiftest steed,
To hie me on my way.'

13 'O lady, I heard a wee horn toot,
And it blew wonder clear ;
And ay the turning o the note,
Was, Barnaby will be here !'

14 'I thought I heard a wee horn blaw,
And it blew loud and high ;
And ay at ilka turn it said,
Away, Musgrave, away !'

15 'Lie still, my dear, lie still, my dear,
Ye keep me frae the cold ;
For it is but my father's shepherds,
Driving their flocks to the fold.'

16 Up they lookit, and down they lay,
And they're fa'en sound asleep ;
Till up stood good Lord Barnaby,
Just close at their bed-feet.

17 'How do you like my bed, Musgrave ?
And how like ye my sheets ?
And how like ye my fair lady,
Lies in your arms and sleeps ?'

18 'Weel like I your bed, my lord,
And weel like I your sheets,
But ill like I your fair lady,
Lies in my arms and sleeps.'

19 'You got your wale o se'en sisters,
And I got mine o five ;
Sae tak ye mine, and I's tak thine,
And we nae mair shall strive.'

20 'O my woman's the best woman
That ever brak world's bread,

And your woman 's the worst woman
That ever drew coat oer head.

21 ' I hae twa swords in ae seabbert,
They are baith sharp and clear ;
Tak ye the best, and I the warst,
And we 'll end the matter here.

22 ' But up, and arm thee, Young Musgrave,
We 'll try it han to han ;
It 's neer be said o Lord Barnaby,
He strack at a naked man.'

23 The first straik that Young Musgrave got,
It was baith deep and sair,

* * * * *

24 ' A grave, a grave,' Lord Barnaby cried,
' A grave to lay them in ;
My lady shall lie on the sunny side,
Because of her noble kin.'

25 But oh, how sorry was that good lord,
For a' his angry mood,
Whan he beheld his ain young son
All weltring in his blood !

G

Motherwell's MS., p. 643, from the recitation of Mrs Mc-Conechie, Kilmarnock.

1 LORD BARNARD's awa to the green wood,
To hunt the fallow deer ;
His vassals a' are gane wi him,
His companie to bear.

2 His lady wrate a braid letter,
And seal'd it wi her hand,
And sent it aff to Wee Messgrove,
To come at her command.

3 When Messgrove lookt the letter on,
A waefu man was he ;
Sayin, Gin I 'm gript wi Lord Barnard's wife,
Sure hanged I will be.

4 When he came to Lord Barnard's castel
He tinklit at the ring,
And nane was so ready as the lady hersell
To let Wee Messgrove in.

5 ' Welcome, welcome, Messgrove,' she said,
' You 're welcome here to me ;
Lang hae I loed your bonnie face,
And lang hae ye loed me.'

6 ' Lord Barnard is a hunting gane,
I hope he 'll neer return,
And ye sall sleep into his bed,
And keep his lady warm.'

7 ' It cannot be,' Messgrove he said,
' I ween it cannot be ;
Gin Lord Barnard suld come hame this nicht,
What wuld he do to me ?'

8 ' Ye naething hae to fear, Messgrove,
Ye naething hae to fear ;

I 'll set my page without the gate,
To watch till morning clear.'

9 But wae be to the wee fut-page,
And an ill death mat he die !
For he 's awa to the green wood,
As hard as he can flee.

10 And whan he to the green wood cam,
' T was dark as dark could bee,
And he fand his maister and his men
Asleep aneth a tree.

11 ' Rise up, rise up, maister,' he said,
' Rise up, and speak to me ;
Your wife 's in bed wi Wee Messgrove,
Rise up richt speedilie.'

12 ' Gin that be true ye tell to me,
A lord I will mak thee ;
But gin it chance to be a lie,
Sure hanged ye sall be.'

13 ' It is as true, my lord,' he said,
' As ever ye were born ;
Messgrove 's asleep in your lady's bed,
All for to keep her warm.'

14 He mounted on his milk-white steed,
He was ane angry man ;
And he reachd his stately castell gate
Just as the day did dawn.

15 He put his horn unto his mouth,
And he blew strong blasts three ;
Sayin, He that 's in bed with anither man's wife,
He suld be gaun awa.

16 Syne out and spak the Wee Messgrove,
A frichtit man was he ;

'I hear Lord Barnard's horn,' he said,
'It blaws baith loud and hie.'

17 'Lye still, lye still, my Wee Messgrove,
And keep me frae the cauld ;
'T is but my father's shepherd's horn,
A sounding in the fauld.'

18 He put his horn unto his mouth,
And he blew loud blasts three ;
Saying, He that 's in bed wi anither man's wife,
'T is time he was awa.

19 Syne out and spak the Wee Messgrove,
A frichtit man was he :
'Yon surely is Lord Barnard's horn,
And I maun een gae flee.'

20 'Lye still, lye still, Messgrove,' she said,
'And keep me frae the cauld ;
'T is but my father's shepherd's horn,
A sounding in the fauld.'

21 And ay Lord Barnard blew and blew,
Till he was quite wearie ;
Syne he threw down his bugle horn,
And up the stair ran he.

22 'How do you like my blankets, Sir ?
How do you like my sheets ?
How do ye like my gay ladie,
That lies in your arms asleep ?'

23 'Oh weel I like your blankets, Sir,
And weel I like your sheet ;
But wae be to your gay ladie,
That lyes in my arms asleep !'

24 'I'll gie you ae sword, Messgrove,
And I will take anither ;
What fairer ean I do; Messgrove,
Altho ye war my brither ?'

25 The firsten wound that Messgrove gat,
It woundit him richt sair ;
And the second wound that Messgrove gat,
A word he neer spak mair.

26 'Oh how do ye like his cheeks, ladie ?
Or how do ye like his chin ?
Or how do ye like his fair bodie,
That there 's nae life within ?'

27 'Oh weel I like his cheeks,' she said,
'And weel I like his chin ;
And weel I like his fair bodie,
That there 's nae life within.'

28 'Repeat these words, my fair ladie,
Repeat them ower agane,
And into a basin of pure silver
I 'll gar your heart's bluid rin.'

29 'Oh weel I like his cheeks,' she said,
'And weel I like his chin ;
And better I like his fair bodie
Than a' your kith and kin.'

30 Syne he took up his gude braid sword,
That was baith sharp and fine,
And into a basin of pure silver
Her heart's bluid he gart rin.

31 'O wae be to my merrie men,
And wae be to my page,
That they didna hold my cursed hands
When I was in a rage !'

32 He leand the halbert on the ground,
The point o 't to his breast,
Saying, Here are three sauls gaun to heaven,
I hope they 'll a' get rest.

H

Motherwell's MS., p. 120.

1 LITTLE MUSGROVE is to the church gone,
Some ladies for to sply ;
Doun came one drest in black,
And one came drest in brown,
And down and came Lord Barlibas' lady,
The fairest in a' the town.

* * * *

2 'I know by the ring that 's on your finger
That you 'r my Lord Barlibas' lady :'
'Indeed I am the Lord Barlibas' lady,
And what altho I bee ?'

* * * *

3 'Money shall be your hire, foot-page,
And gold shall be your fee ;
You must not tell the seerets
That 's between Musgrove and me.'

4 'Money shall not be hire,' he said,
'Nor gold shall be my fee ;'

But I'll awa to my own liege lord,
With the tidings you've told to me.'

5 When he cam to the broken brig,
He coost aff his clothes and he swimd,
And when he cam to Lord Barlibas' yett,
He tirled at the pin.

6 'What news, what news, my little foot-page ?
What news have ye brocht to me ?
Is my castle burnt ?' he said,
'Or is my tower tane ?
Or is my lady lighter yet,
Of a daughter or son ?'

7 'Your castle is not burnt,' he says,
'Nor yet is your tower tane,
Nor yet is your lady brocht to bed,
Of a daughter or a son ;
But Little Musgrave is lying wi her,
Till he thinks it is time to be gane.'

8 'O if the news be a lie,' he says,
'That you do tell unto me,
I'll ca up a gallows to my yard-yett,
And hangd on it thou shallt be.'

9 'But if the news be true,' he says,
'That you do tell unto me,
I have a young fair dochter at hame,
Weel wedded on her you shall be.'

10 He called upon his merry men,
By thirties and by three :
'Put aff the warst, put on the best,
And come along with me.'

11 He put a horn to his mouth,
And this he gard it say :
'The man that's in bed wi Lord Barlibas' lady,
It's time he were up and away.'

12 'What does yon trumpet mean ?' he sayd,
'Or what does yon trumpet say ?'

I think it says, the man that's in bed wi Lord
Barlibas' lady,
It's time he were up and away.'

13 'O lie you still, my Little Musgrave,
And cover me from the cold,
For it is but my father's shepherd,
That's driving his sheep to the fold.'

14
In a little while after that,
Up started good Lord Barlibas,
At Little Musgrave his feet.

15 'How do you like my blankets ?' he says,
'Or how do you like my sheets ?
Or how do you like mine own fair lady,
That lies in your arms and sleeps ?'

16 'I like your blankets very well,
And far better your sheets ;
But woe be to this wicked woman,
That lies in my arms and sleeps !'

17 'Rise up, rise up, my Little Musgrave,
Rise up, and put your clothes on ;
It's neer be said on no other day
That I killed a naked man.'

18 'There is two swords in my chamber,
I wot they cost me dear ;
Take you the best, give me the warst,
We'll red the question here.'

19 The first stroke that Lord Barlibas struck,
He dang Little Musgrave to the ground ;
The second stroke that Lord Barlibas gave
Dang his lady in a deadly swound.

20 'Gar mak, gar mak a coffin,' he says,
'Gar mak it wide and long,
And lay my lady at the right hand,
For she's come of the noblest kin.'

I

Motherwell's MS., p. 305, from the recitation of Rebecca Dunse, 4th May, 1825 : one of her mother's songs, an old woman.

* * * * *

1 'It's gold shall be your hire,' she says,
'And silver shall be your fee,
If you will keep the secrets
Between Little Sir Grove and me.'

2 'Tho gold should be my hire,' he says,
'And silver should be my fee,
It's I'll not keep the secret
Betwixt Little Sir Grove and thee.'

3 Up he rose, and away he goes,
And along the plain he ran,
And when he came to Lord Bengwill's castle,
He tinkled at the pin ;
And who was sae ready as Lord Bengwill himsell
To let this little page in.

4 'Is any of my towers burnt ?' he said,
 'Or any of my castles taen ?
 Or is Lady Bengwill brought to bed,
 Of a daughter or a son ?'

5 'It's nane of your towers are burnt,' he said,
 'Nor nane of your castles taen ;
 But Lady Bengwill and Little Sir Grove
 To merry bed they are gane.'

6 'If this be true that you tell me,
 Rewarded you shall be ;
 And if it's a lie that you tell me,
 You shall be hanged before your ladi'e's ee.'

7 'Get saddled to me the black,' he says,
 'Get saddled to me the brown ;
 Get saddled to me the swiftest steed
 That ever man rode on.'

8 The firsten town that he came to,
 He blew baith loud and schill,
 And aye the owre-word o the tune
 Was, 'Sir Grove, I wish you well.'

9 The nexten town that he came to,
 He blew baith loud and long,
 And aye the owre-word of the tune
 Was 'Sir Grove, it is time to be gone.'

10 'Is yon the sound of the hounds ?' he says,
 'Or is yon the sound of the deer ?
 But I think it's the sound of my brother's horn,
 That sounds sae schill in my ear.'

11 'Lye still, lye still, Sir Grove,' she says,
 'And keep a fair lady from cold ;
 It's but the sound of my father's herd-boys,
 As they're driving the sheep to the fold.'

12 They lay down in each other's arms,
 And they fell fast asleep,
 And neer a one of them did wake
 Till Lord Bengwill stood at their feet.

13 'How do you love my soft pillow ?
 Or how do you love my sheets ?
 Or how do you love my fair lady,
 That lies in your arms and sleeps ?'

14 'Full well I love your soft pillow,
 Far better I love your sheets ;
 But woe be to your fair lady,
 That lies in my arms and sleeps !'

15 'Rise up, rise up, Sir Grove,' he says,
 'Some clothes there put you upon ;
 Let it never be said in fair England
 I fought with a naked man.'

16 'Oh where shall I go, or where shall I fly,
 Or where shall I run for my life ?
 For you've got two broadswords into your hand,
 And I have never a knife.'

17 'You shall take the one sword,' he says,
 'And I shall take the other,
 And that is as fair I'm sure to day
 As that you are my born brother.'

18 'Hold your hand, hold your hand, my brother dear,
 You've wounded me full sore ;
 You may get a mistress in every town,
 But a brother you'll never get more.'

19 The very first stroke that Lord Bengwill gave
 him,
 He wounded him full sore ;
 The very next stroke that Lord Bengwill gave him,
 A word he never spoke more.

20 He's lifted up Lady Bengwill,
 And set her on his knee,
 Saying, Whether do you love Little Sir Grove
 Better than you do me ?

21 'Full well I love your cherry cheeks,
 Full well I love your chin,
 But better I love Little Sir Grove, where he lies,
 Than you and all your kin.'

* * * * *

22 'A grave, a grave,' Lord Bengwill cried,
 'To put these lovers in,
 And put Lady Bengwill uppermost,
 For she's come of the noblest kin.'

J

Motherwell's MS., p. 371, from the recitation of Agnes Lyle, Kilbarchan.

1 Four and twenty ladies fair
 Was playing at the ba,

And out cam the lady, Barnabas' lady,
 The flower amang them a'.

2 She coost an ee on Little Mossgrey,
 As brisk as any sun,
 And he coost anither on her again,
 And they thocht the play was won.

3 'What would you think, Little Mossgrey,
To lye wi me this nicht ?
Good beds I hae in Barnabey,
If they were ordered richt.'

4 'Hold thy tongue, fair lady,' he says,
'For that would cause much strife ;
For I see by the rings on your fingers
That you 're Lord Barnabas' wife.'

5 'Lord Barnabas' lady indeed I am,
And that I 'll let you ken,
But he 's awa to the king's court,
And I hope he 'll neer come hame.'

6 Wi wrapped arms in bed they lay
Till they fell both asleep,
When up and starts Barnabas' boy,
And stood at their bed-feet.

7 'How likes thou the bed, Mossgrey ?
Or how likes thou the sheets ?
Or how likes thou my master's lady,
Lyes in thy arms and sleeps ?'

8 'Weel I love the bed,' he said,
'And far better the sheets ;
But foul may fa your master's lady,
Lies in my arms and sleeps !'

9 She pulled out a rusty sword,
Was sticking by the stroe ;
Says, Tell no tidings of me, my boy,
Or thou 'll neer tell no moe.

10 He 's awa to the king's court,
As fast as he can dree ;
He 's awa to the king's court,
For to tell Barnaby.

11 'Are there any of my biggins brunt ?
Or any of my young men slain ?
Or is my lady brocht to bed,
Of a dochter or a son ?'

12 'There is none of your biggings brunt,
There 's none of your young men slain ;
But Little Mossgrey and your lady
They are both in a bed within.'

13 'If that be true, my bonnie boy,
Thou tellest unto me,
I have not a dochter but only one,
And married ye shall be.

14 'But if it be a lie, my bonnie boy,
You 're telling unto me,
On the highest tree of Bailsberry,
Thereon I 'll gar hang thee.'

15 There was a man in the king's court
Had a love to Little Mossgrey ;
He took a horn out of his pocket,
And blew both loud and hie :
'He that 's in bed wi Barnabas' lady,
It 's time he were away !'

16 'Oh am I not the maddest man
Ere lay in a woman's bed !
I think I hear his bridle ring,
But and his horse feet tread.'

17 'Lye still, lye still, Little Mossgrey,
And keep me from the cold ;
It 's but my father's small sheep-herd,
Calling his sheep to the fold.'

18 With wrapped arms in bed they lay
Till they fell both asleep,
Till up and darts Barnabas himself,
And stood at their bed-fit.

19 'How likest thou the bed, Mossgrey ?
And how loves thou the sheets ?
And how loves thou my lady fair,
Lyes in your arms and sleeps ?'

20 'Well I love your bed,' he says,
'And far better your sheets ;
But foul may fa your lady fair,
Lyes in my arms and sleeps !'

21 'Rise, O rise, Little Mossgrey,
Put on your hose and shoon ;
I 'll neer hae 't said in a far countrie
I killed a naked man.'

22 Slowly, slowly rose he up,
And slowly put he on,
And slowly down the stairs he goes,
And thinking to be slain.

23 'Here 's two swords,' Barnabas said,
'I wad they cost me dear ;
Tak thou the best, I 'll tak the warst,
We 'll try the battle here.'

24 The first stroke that Mossgrey got,
It was baith sharp and sore ;
And the next stroke his lady got,
One word she neer spak more.

25 'Ye 'll mak a coffin large and wide,
And lay this couple in ;
And lay her head on his right hand,
She 's come o the highest kin.'

K

Dr Joseph Robertson's Journal of Excursions, No 5, taken down from a man in the parish of Lcochel, Aberdeenshire, February 12, 1829.

- 1 It 's four and twenty bonny boys
Were playin at the ba,
And out it cum Lord Barnet's ladie,
And playit out ower them a'.
- 2 And aye she shot it 's Little Mousgray,
As clear as any sun :
' O what wad ye gie, it 's Little Mousgray,
It 's in O my arms to won ? '
- 3 ' For no, for no, my gay ladie,
For no, that maunna be ;
For well ken I by the rings on your fingers,
Lord Barnet's ladie are ye.'
- 4 When supper was over, and mass was sung,
And a' man boun for bed,
It 's Little Mousgray and that lady
In ae chamber was laid.
- 5 It 's up and starts her little foot-page,
Just up at her bed-feet :
' Hail weel, hail weel, my little foot-page,
Hail well this deed on me,
An ever I lee my life to brook,
I 'se pay you well your fee.'
- 6 Out it spaks it 's Little Mousgray :
' I think I hear a horn blaw ;
She blaws baith loud and shill at ilka turning of the
tune,
Mousgray, gae ye your wa ! '

7 ' Lie still, lie still, it 's Little Mousgray,
Had the caul win frae my back ;
It 's bat my father's proud shepherds,
The 're huntin their hogs to the fauld.'

8 O up it starts the bold Barnet :

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.
.

9 ' Win up, win up, it 's Little Mousgray,
Draw ti your stockins and sheen ;
I winna have it for to be said
I killed a naked man.

10 ' There is two swords in my scabbart,
They cost me many a pun ;
Tak ye the best, and I the warst,
And we sall to the green.'

11 The firsten strok Lord Barnet strak,
He wound Mousgray very sore ;
The nexten stroke Lord Barnet strak,
Mousgray spak never more.

12 O he 's taen out a lang, lang brand,
And stripped it athwart the straw,
And throch and throu his ain ladie
And he 's gart it cum and ga.

13 There was nae main made for that ladie,
In bower whar she lay dead !
But a' was for her bonny young son,
Lay blobberin amang the bluid.

L

Buchan's MSS, I, 27 ; Scottish Traditional Versions of Ancient Ballads, Percy Society, XVII, 21.

- 1 FOUR an twenty handsoine youths
Were a' playing at the ba,
When forth it came him Little Munsgrove,
The flower out ower them a'.
- 2 At times he lost, at times he wan,
Till the noon-tide o the day,
And four an twenty gay ladies
Went out to view the play.
- 3 Some came down in white velvet,
And other some in green ;
Lord Burnett's lady in red scarlet,
And shin'd like ony queen.

4 Some came down in white velvet,
And other some in pale ;
Lord Burnett's lady in red scarlet,
Whose beauty did excell.

5 She gae a glance out ower them a',
As beams dart frae the sun ;
She fixed her eyes on Little Munsgrove,
For him her love lay on.

6 ' Gude day, gude day, ye handsome youth,
God make ye safe and free ;
What woud ye gie this day, Munsgrove,
For ae night in bower wi me ? '

7 ' I darena for my lands, lady,
I darena for my life ;

I ken by the rings on your fingers
Ye are Lord Burnett's wife.'

8 'It woud na touch my heart, Munsgrove,
Nae mair than 't woud my tae,
To see as much o his heart's blood
As twa brands coud let gae.'

9 'I hae a bower in fair Strathdon,
And pictures round it sett,
And I hae ordered thee, Munsgrove,
In fair Strathdon to sleep.'

10 Her flattering words and fair speeches,
They were for him too strong,
And she 's prevailed on Little Munsgrove
With her to gang along.

11 When mass was sung, and bells were rung,
And a' man bound for bed,
Little Munsgrove and that lady
In ae chamber were laid.

12 'O what hire will ye gie your page,
If he the watch will keep,
In case that your gude lord come hame
When we 're fair fast asleep ?'

13 'Siller, siller 's be his wage,
And gowd shall be his hire ;
But if he speak ae word o this,
He 'll die in a burning fire.'

14 'The promise that I make, Madam,
I will stand to the same ;
I winna heal it an hour langer
Than my master comes hame.'

15 She 's taen a sharp brand in her hand,
Being in the tidive hour ;
He ran between her and the door,
She never saw him more.

16 Where he found the grass grow green,
He slacked his shoes an ran,
And where he found the brigs broken,
He bent his bow an swam.

17 Lord Burnett ower a window lay,
Beheld baith dale and down ;
And he beheld his ain foot-page
Come hastening to the town.

18 'What news, what news, my little wee boy,
Ye bring sae hastilie ?'
'Bad news, bad news, my master,' he says,
'As ye will plainly see.'

19 'Are any of my biggins brunt, my boy ?
Or are my woods hewed down ?
Or is my dear lady lighter yet,
O dear daughter or son ?'

20 'Thiere are nane o your biggins brunt, master,
Nor are your woods hewn down ;
Nor is your lady lighter yet,
O dear daughter nor son.'

21 'But ye've a bower in fair Strathdon,
And pictures round it sett,
Where your lady and Little Munsgrove
In fair Strathdon do sleep.'

22 'O had your tongue ! why talk you so
About my gay ladye ?
She is a gude and chaste woman
As in the North Countrie.'

23 'A word I dinna lie, my lord,
A word I dinna lie ;
And if ye winna believe my word,
Your ain twa een shall see.'

24 'Gin this be a true tale ye tell,
That ye have tauld to me,
I 'll wed you to my eldest daughter,
And married you shall be.'

25 'But if it be a fause story
That ye hae tauld to me,
A high gallows I 'll gar be built,
And hanged shall ye be.'

26 He 's called upon his landlady,
The reckoning for to pay,
And pulled out twa hands fou o gowd ;
Says, We 'll reckon anither day.

27 He called upon his stable-groom,
To saddle for him his steed,
And trampled ower yon rocky hills
Till his horse hoofs did bleed.

28 There was a man in Lord Burnett's train
Was ane o Munsgrove's kin,
And aye as fast as the horsemen rade,
Sae nimbly 's he did rin.

29 He set a horn to his mouth,
And he blew loud and sma,
And aye at every sounding's end,
'Awa, Munsgrove, awa !'

30 Then up it raise him Little Munsgrove,
And drew to him his sheen ;
'Lye still, lye still,' the lady she cried,
'Why get ye up sae seen ?'

31 'I think I hear a horn blaw,
And it blaws loud and sma' ;
And aye at every sounding's end,
Awa, Munsgrove, awa !'

32 'Lye still, lye still, ye Little Munsgrove,
Had my back frae the wind ;
It's but my father's proud shepherd,
Caing his hogs to town.'

33 'I think I hear a horn blaw,
And it blaws loud and shrill,
And aye at every sounding's end
Bids Munsgrove take the hill.'

34 'Lye still, my boy, lye still, my sweet,
Had my back frae the cauld ;
It's but the sugh o the westlin wind,
Blawing ower the birks sae bauld.'

35 He turned him right and round about,
And he fell fast asleep ;
When up it started Lord Burnett,
And stood at their bed-feet.

36 'Is 't for love o my blankets, Munsgrove ?
Or is 't for love o my sheets ?
Or is 't for love o my gay lady ?
Sae soun in your arms she sleeps !'

37 'It 's nae for love o your blankets, my lord,
Nor yet for love o your sheets ;
But wae be to your gay ladye,
Sae soun in my arms she sleeps !'

38 'Win up, win up, ye Little Munsgrove,
Put all your armour an ;
It 's never be said anither day
I killed a naked man.'

39 'I hae twa brands in ae scabbard,
Cost me merks twenty-nine ;
Take ye the best, gie me the warst,
For ye 're the weakest man.'

40 The first an stroke that Munsgrove drew
Wounded Lord Burnett sair ;
The next an stroke Lord Burnett drew,
Munsgrove he spake nae mair.

41 He turned him to his ladye then,
And thus to her said he :
'All the time we 've led our life
I neer thought this o thee.'

42 'How like ye now this well-faird face,
That stands straight by your side ?
Or will ye hate this ill-faird face,
Lyes weltering in his blude ?'

43 'O better love I this well-faird face,
Lyes weltering in his blude,
Then eer I 'll do this ill-faird face,
That stands straight by my side.'

44 Then he 's taen out a sharp dagger,
It was baith keen and smart,
And he has wounded that gay ladye
A deep wound to the heart.

45 'A grave, a grave,' cried Lord Burnett,
'To bury these two in,
And lay my ladye in the highest flat,
She 's chiefest o the kin.'

46 'A grave, a grave,' said Lord Burnett,
'To bury these two in ;
Lay Munsgrove in the lowest flat,
He 's deepest in the sin.'

47 'Ye 'll darken my windows up secure,
Wi staunchions round about,
And there is not a living man
Shall eer see me walk out.'

48 'Nae mair fine clothes my body deck,
Nor kame gang in my hair,
Nor burning coal nor candle light
Shine in my bower mair.'

M

Motherwell's Minstrelsy, Appendix, p. xx, XXI

It fell upon a Martinmas time,
When the nobles were a' drinking wine,

That Little Mushiegrove to the kirk he did go,
For to see the ladies come in.

N

Communicated by Miss Margaret Reburn, as heard in County Meath, Ireland, about 1860.

1 'How do you like my rug?' he said,
'And how do you like my sheets?

And how do you like my false ladie,
That lies in your arms asleep?'

2 'Well I like your rug my lord,
And well I like your sheets;
But better than all your fair ladie,
That lies in my arms asleep.'

A. a. 3². in pale. 6². geight. 6³. wilt wed.
9². or sinn. 17³. thou fair.
29³. on upper.
b. 1⁴. Their masses and mattins.
2². *omits* private. 3². pale. 3⁴. among.
4⁴. I have. 5⁴. Yet word I never durst.
6². daintily bedight. 7¹. lady fair.
7². you shew. 7⁴. will I.
8¹. All this was heard by.
8³. Quo he, though I am my ladies page.
8⁴. my lord. 9². Although I lose a limb.
9³. whereas. 10⁴. thy none.
11⁴. *omits* will. 14³. when as the.
14⁴. Away, thou little Musgrave.
15³. Bernards horn. 16⁴. to fold.
17¹. the perch. 17³. thy fair.
18². lighted upon a stone.
19⁴. Doest find my lady so sweet.
20³. hunder'd pound. 21⁴. That I killed.
25³. not do. 25⁴. Though I.
26¹. *omits* That: heart. 27². ne're were.
28². on a.

B. 5⁴. Musgerue. 6 is written in the MS. after 8, but a marginal note by the scribe directs this stanza to be put two higher than it is written. Furnivall.

8⁴. awaw. 9³. out 3.

11². Between here and 12³ half a page is gone.

13⁴. all 3.

C. a. The lamentable Ditty of Little Mousgrove and the Lady Barnet. . . . London, printed for H. Gosson. *Stanzas of eight lines.*
b. London: printed for J. Clark, W. Thackeray, and T. Passenger.
c. A Lamentable Ballad of the Little Musgrave and the Lady Barnet. . . . London, printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke.
e. London: printed by and for W. O., and are to be sold by the Booksellers.
a. 15³. might lay. After 16: The second part.

b., c. Musgrave *throughout*.
1¹. light *wanting*. 1². more be.
2⁴. which did to the.
3². some came. c. pale.
3³. The next: the lady. 3⁴. c. among.
4¹. upon. 4³. well thou perceived.
5¹. The: most *wanting*. 5³. b. reply.
6³. that you please. 7². my love.
8¹. b. my life: my death. 8². will lye.
8⁴. c. my love to thee. 9³. come.
9⁴. While: doe *wanting*.
10³. So he: doe *wanting*. 11¹. he said.
13¹. ran this. 13³. b. He then.
13³. his own. 14². c. he did.
14⁴. bent his. 15². to the.
15³. b. my say. c. may say.
16². there *wanting*. c. did make.
16³. upon. 16⁴. doth.
17². that thou. b. telst. 17³. to *wanting*.
18². as *wanting*. b. to *wanting*.
18³. shall be set up. 18⁴. thou shalt.
19². thou hearest of. c. And a.
19³. Never stay a pair of gallows to make.
b. to *wanting*.
19⁴. me on.
20¹. Lord Barnet calld his merry men all.
20³. was so. 21¹. he said.
21⁴. b. his deed. 22¹. to make no noise.
22². all . . . on *wanting*. 22³. horn.
23¹. c. of them that.
23³. him notice: was come.
23⁴. wind the. 24¹. did sound.
24³. if he. 26⁴. into the.
27³. awake: did espy. b. then he.
27⁴. the beds. 28². cloathing.
28³. c. never shall. 28³. England fair.
28⁴. That I. 29¹. b. Here is two swords.
29². c. The choice: Musgrave shall.
29³. shall. 30¹. good *wanting*.
30¹.³. that *wanting*. 31². did *wanting*.
31³. And with: furious wise.
32⁴. she's the better skin: c. she is.

33². b. grieved. c. grievd.
 33³. c. death of these worthy.
 34¹. c. mischief. 34³. b. shun the.
 34⁴. And fly from sin.
 d. 1¹. a high. 9¹. with this.
 11². counsel, Madam. 21². my milk-white.
 23⁴. wind his bugle horn clear.
 33⁸. these three lovely.
 e. 1¹. a high. 1³. Little *wanting*.
 3⁸. Then next. 8¹. my life : my death.
 13³. He then. 15³. might tell to.
 19². that *wanting*. 26⁴. unto the.

28². an *for* on. 29¹. Here is two.
 29². Musgrave thy choice now make.
 31³. most *wanting*. 34³. shun the.
 E. 10¹. this tidings. 12³. Banbury.
 15³. It neer. 18². struck her.
 19⁴. wud : (with it) *in margin*.
 G. 10¹. (cam) to the green wood cam.
 H. 13¹. Oh.
 I. 9³. old word.
 K. 2¹. *Corrupt* : cf. A4, C4, D2, etc.
 13². lay slain.
 L. 9⁴. On. 48¹. decks.

82

THE BONNY BIRDY

Jamieson-Brown MS., fol. 42; Jamieson's Popular Ballads, I, 162.

JAMIESON, in printing this ballad, gave the husband the name Lord Randal, made many changes, and introduced several stanzas, "to fill up chasms." But the chasms, such as they are, are easily leapt by the imagination, and Jamieson's interpolations are mere bridges of carpenter's work. The admirably effective burden is taken into the story at stanza 11. As Jamieson remoulds the ballad, it is no burden, but a part of the dialogue throughout.

The main part of the action is the same as in 'Little Musgrave.' The superior lyrical quality of the Scottish ballad makes up for its inferiority as a story, so that on the whole it cannot be prized much lower than the noble English ballad.

Cunningham has rewritten the ballad in his own style, pretending, as often, to have known another recited copy: 'Sir Hugh,' Songs of Scotland, II, 130.

1 THERE was a knight, in a summer's night,
 Was riding oer the lee, diddle
 An there he saw a bonny birdy,
 Was singing upon a tree. diddle
 O wow for day ! diddle
 An dear gin it were day ! diddle
 Gin it were day, an gin I were away !
 For I ha na lang time to stay. diddle

2 ' Make hast, make hast, ye gentle knight,
 What keeps you here so late ?
 Gin ye kent what was doing at hame,
 I fear you woud look blate.'

3 ' O what needs I toil day an night,
 My fair body to kill,
 Whan I hae knights at my comman,
 An ladys at my will ? '

4 ' Ye lee, ye lee, ye gentle knight,
 Sa loud 's I hear you lee ;
 Your lady 's a knight in her arms twa
 That she lees far better nor the.'

5 ' Ye lee, you lee, you bonny birdy,
 How you lee upo my sweet !

No 54, p. 1. Add: J. A. & L. J. Alberdingk-Thijm, *Oude en nieuwere Kerstliederen*, p. 174, No 87. The tree is a palm.

No 55, p. 7, Legend of the Sower. Add: Alberdingk-Thijm, as above, p. 138, No 70; *Le Héritier, Litt. pop. de Normandie*, p. 81 f.

No 57, pp. 13–16. For other cases of throwing overboard for the safety of a ship, see Dr Reinhold Köhler's notes to 'Eliduc' in Warnke's edition of the Lays of Marie de France, p. C ff; *Les Pèlerins de Saint-Jacques*, Decombe, Ch. pop. d'Ille-et-Vilaine, p. 284, No 98.

No 62, p. 67, note ‡. More cases in Dr R. Köhler's note to 'Le Fraisne,' Warnke, as above, p. LXIV ff.

No 72, p. 174. Add to the Spanish and Italian ballad: 'Les trois Clercs,' Decombe, as above, p. 267, No 93; 'Les trois Écoliers,' Mélusine, I, col. 243 f; 'La Légende de Pontoise' (corrupted), *Poésies p. de la France, MS.*, I, fol. 82, Mélusine, II, 18 f.

No 75, p. 206. Add: 'En chevauchant mon cheval rouge,' Decombe, p. 212, No 76, *Amère, Instructions*, p. 36.

I will tak out my bonny bow,
An in troth I will you sheet.'

6 'But afore ye hae your bow well bent,
An a' your arrows yare,
I will flee till another tree,
Whare I can better fare.'

7 'O whare was you gotten, and whare was ye
clecked?
My bonny birdy, tell me :'
'O I was clecked in good green wood,
Intill a holly tree ;
A gentleman my nest herryed,
An ga me to his lady.'

8 'Wi good white bread an farrow-cow milk
He bade her feed me aft,
An ga her a little wee simmer-dale wanny,
To ding me sindle and saft.'

9 'Wi good white bread an farrow-cow milk
I wot she fed me nought,
But wi a little wee simmer-dale wanny
She dang me sair an aft:
Gin she had deen as ye her bade,
I woudna tell how she has wrought.'

10 The knight he rade, and the birdy flew,
The live-lang simmer's night,
Till he came till his lady's bowr-door,
Then even down he did light :

The birdy sat on the crap of a tree,
An I wot it sang fu dight.

11 'O wow for day ! diddle
An dear gin it were day ! diddle
Gin it were day, an gin I were away !
For I ha na lang time to stay.' diddle

12 'What needs ye lang for day, diddle.
An wish that you were away ? diddle
Is no your hounds i my cellar,
Eating white meal an gray ?' diddle
O wow, etc.

13 'Is nae your steed in my stable,
Eating good corn an hay ?
An is nae your hawk i my perch-tree,
Just perching for his prey ?
An is nae yoursel i my arms twa ?
Then how can ye lang for day ?'

14 'O wow for day ! diddle
An dear gin it were day ! diddle
For he that's in bed wi anither man's wife
Has never lang time to stay.' diddle

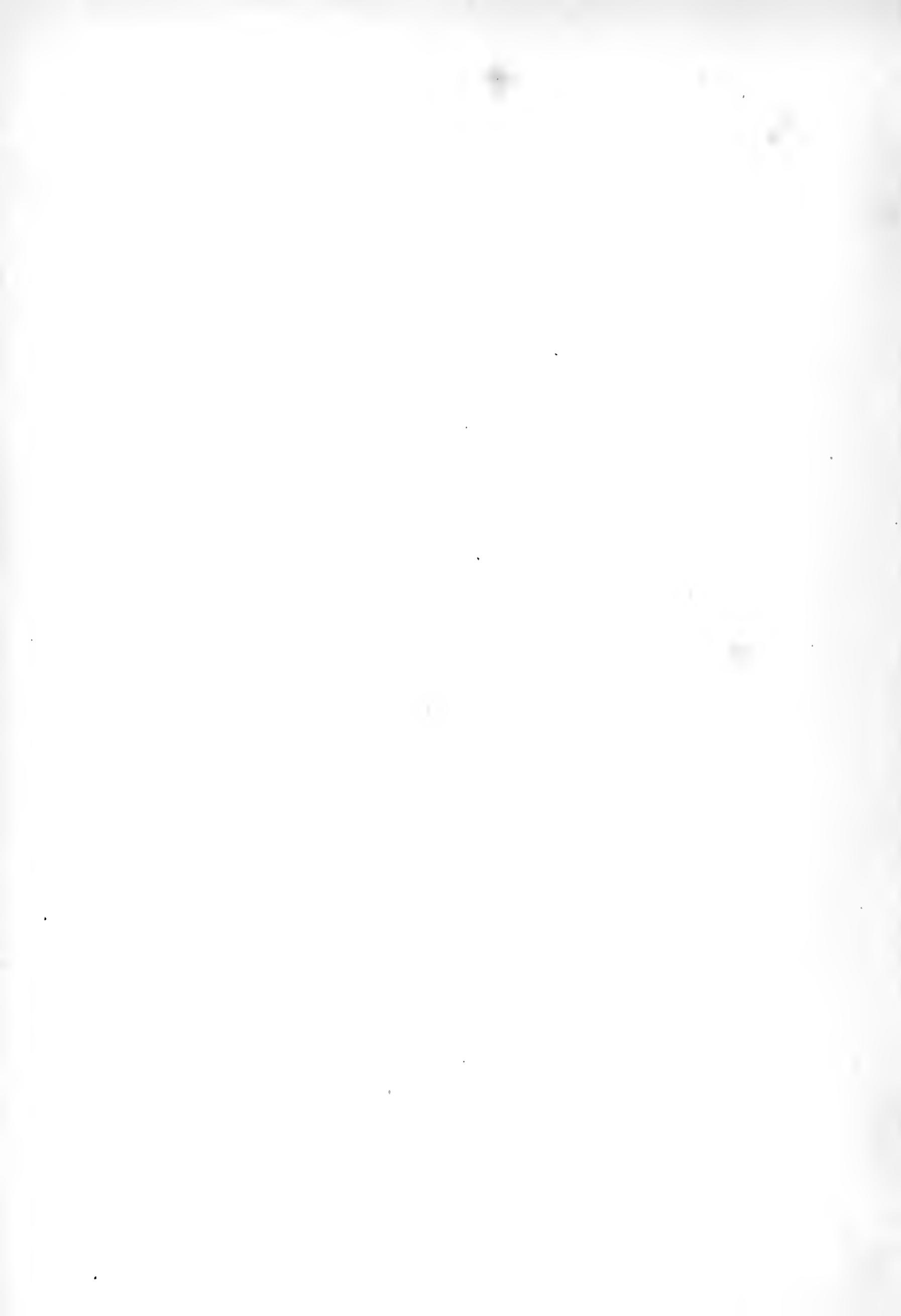
15 Then out the knight has drawn his sword,
An straiked it oer a strae,
An thro and thro the fa'se knight's waste
He gard cauld iron gae :
An I hope ilk ane sal sae be servd
That treats ane honest man sae.

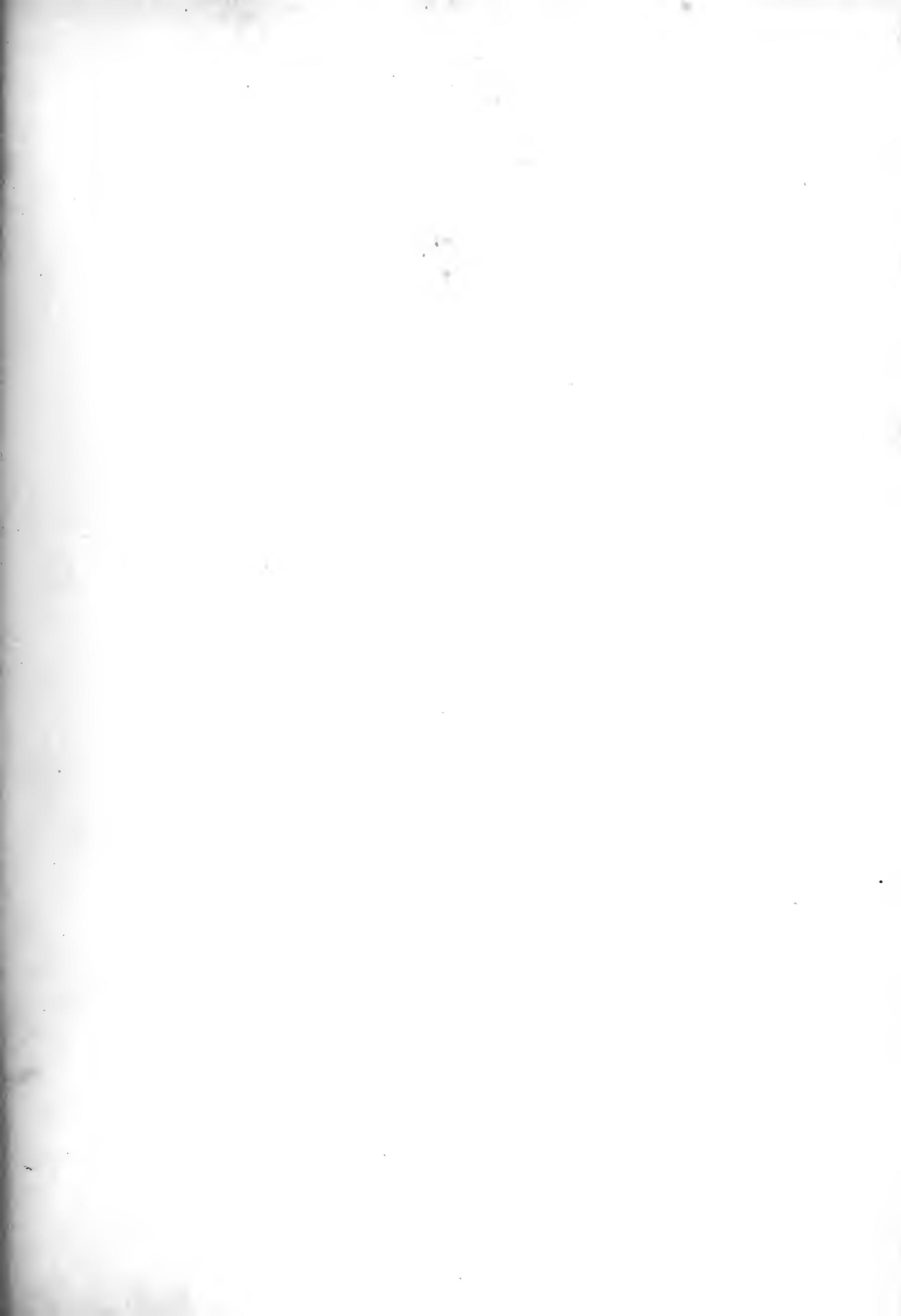
*The burden stands thus in the manuscript after
the first stanza :*

O wow for day, diddle
An dear gin it were day, diddle

Gin it were day, diddle
I were away,
For I ha na lang time to stay. diddle

13¹. nae you. (?)







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